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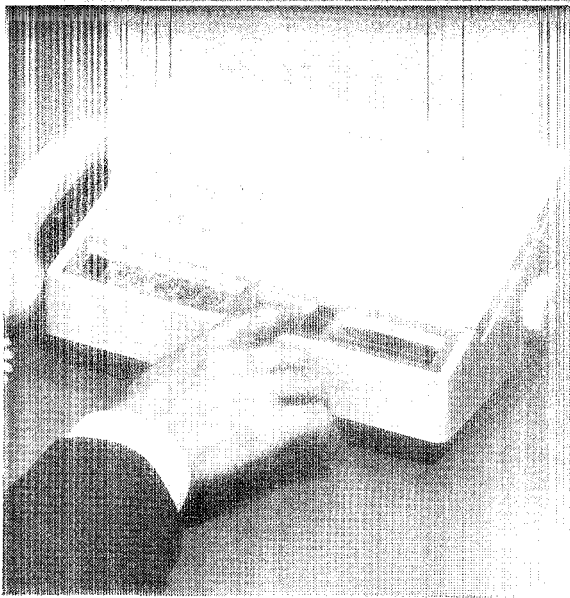
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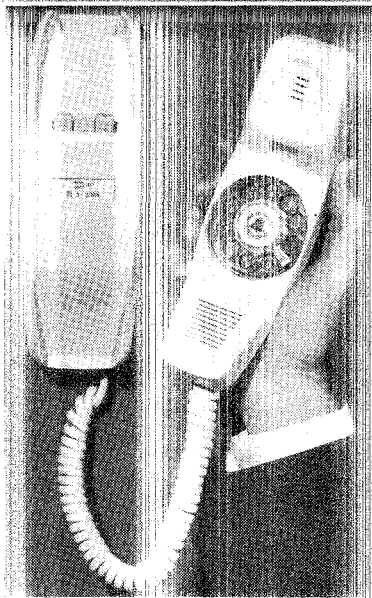


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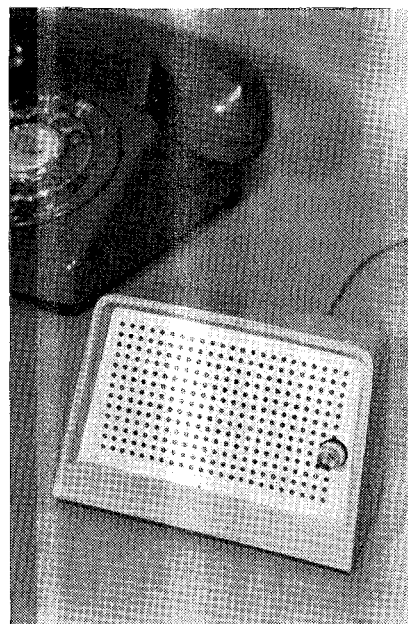
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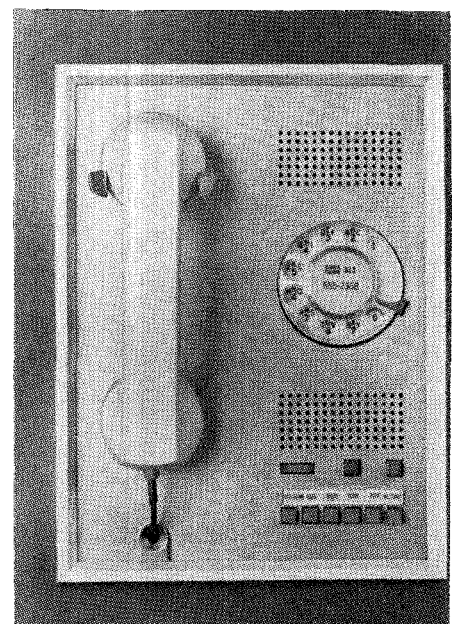
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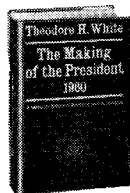
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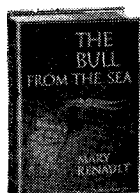
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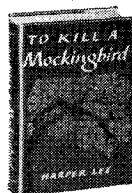
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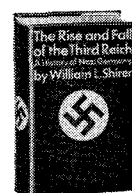
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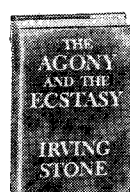
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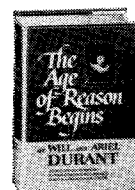
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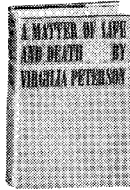
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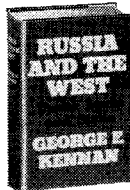
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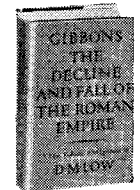
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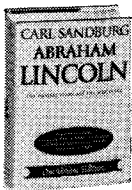
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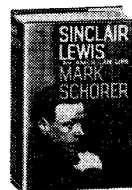
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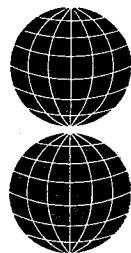
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LONDON

THE basic terms on which Great Britain can join the European Common Market have been established this spring. During June it should become clear at last whether Britain will or will not join — a decision of profound consequence, of course, for the future of the Western alliance. But the decision will not be confirmed until sometime during the autumn.

The delay in coming to a decision has been as frustrating to the Macmillan government as it has been to the Kennedy Administration. Each extra week spent in discussing terms, with the French negotiators seeming always to argue in circles, has only added to the suspicions of those in Britain who are opposed to British membership anyway that the terms, when known, will prove less than liberal. Delay has also deepened a fundamental difference of approach between the British and American governments.

The Kennedy plan for trade is based on the assumption that Britain will first have entered the Common Market. Britain's entry, however, depends, the British insist, on something like the Kennedy plan being accepted by the Common Market (and the United States) in advance. Without that, British membership could even yet prove impossible. The Kennedy Administration has shown no signs of understanding this.

It is the liberality of the terms proposed for Britain's entry, therefore, that will decide the issue. The government has to consult Commonwealth prime ministers — probably fourteen of them — and then report to the House of Commons before signing. After ten years in power, operating now within the confines of a mood of public disenchantment, the Conservatives are aware that it would be as much as their political life is worth to appear to take Britain in at the expense of the

Commonwealth — or, indeed, at the expense of their partners in the European Free Trade Association, including the neutrals Austria, Sweden, and Switzerland.

Commonwealth versus Common Market

British entry, even on the best terms, probably requires the acceptance of some sacrifices by most of the Commonwealth. Britain will give up the imperial preference system but will be compensated itself by entry into the European Market. Its Commonwealth partners will gain no automatic compensation. In essence, their problem is simple. The Commonwealth consists of fifty-eight territories and islands. Thirteen are countries already independent. Nine more will probably be independent within a year. (Most of the rest are too small to be viable.) The new countries, in particular, vitally need the assurance of stability and economic growth.

Up to now, they have enjoyed a free and protected market in Britain. But British entry into the Common Market means the removal of this free market and the substitution of active discrimination against the Commonwealth countries — free entry into Britain for Dutch butter and Italian textiles, for instance, and tariffs or quotas on New Zealand butter and Indian textiles. Transitional arrangements can easily be made to ease the break. But the big question remains: for New Zealand and India, what is it to be a transition to?

Macmillan has to weigh the answer very carefully. If the electorate became convinced it was the wrong answer, because it was not liberal enough, this could give Hugh Gaitskell and the Labor Party their one big chance. For although a revival of the Liberal Party has been the most striking political phenomenon of 1962, it is Gaitskell the Socialist, not Grimond the Liberal, who has



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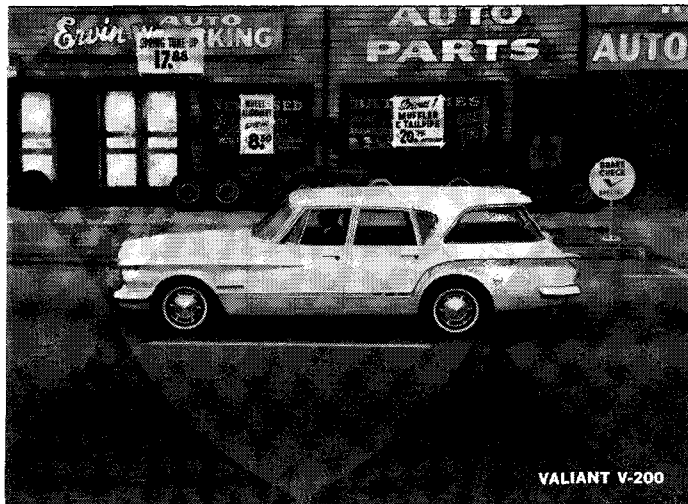
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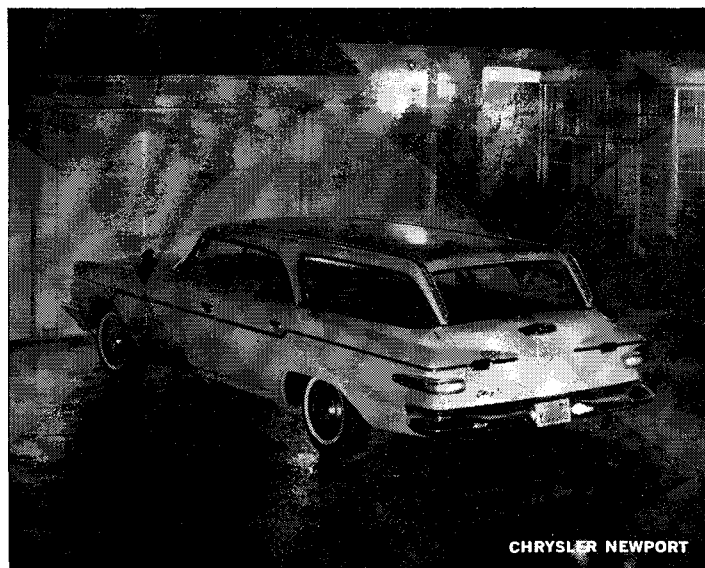
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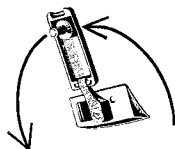
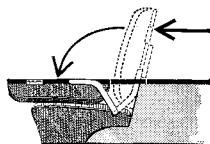
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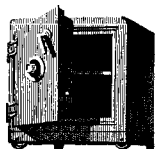
The rear window rolls down

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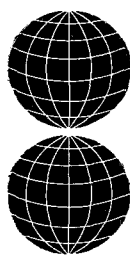
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Report on London



been the one consistent advocate of getting a pro-Commonwealth pact with Europe or having no pact at all.

On all other issues, the voters who have been deserting the Tory Party in such numbers have almost to a man sided with the Liberals. On this they could not, for the Liberals are committed to British entry on almost any terms. Since the Liberals are not strong enough to form an alternative government, the Tories can reassure themselves with the belief that, when it comes to voting for a government instead of for a single representative, as at a by-election, the lost 20 percent of Tory votes will be returned once more to the fold — provided a Common Market agreement has not outraged the dissenters further.

The Common Market apart, the swing to liberalism is the most significant political happening in a decade. Its effect on the government was visible in the budget, which promised to remove the extra tax levied on houses occupied by their owners, reduced the sales tax on cars, levied a tax on short-term investments and speculative profit from stock deals and real estate, and made property held abroad liable to death duties. Lloyd explained: "The purpose is to produce a feeling of broad equity of treatment among taxpayers." A notable omission was the tax on all capital gains.

The underprivileged middle class

The majority of the votes the government has been losing to the Liberals have come from the professional classes and the higher-paid wage earners. These people are living on their incomes. For them, in a high-tax economy like Britain's, an "incomes policy," placing severe restraint on their salary increases, multiplies the inequality that already exists between them and the business community. Not only does the ability to make untaxed capital gains give many businessmen an obvious advantage; not only do fringe benefits like company houses, cars, meals, entertainment expenses, and so on reduce the organization man's reliance on taxed income; but through generous company pension funds business executives under British tax rules can have almost all their saving done for them tax-free, while most professional people with small pension prospects have to save what they themselves can out of taxed income.

This inequality has consequences more serious than simply to produce a large floating vote, a mass of perhaps five million middle-class people who feel they have neither the privileges of the welfare state nor those of the organization man. It is also eroding the nation's professional and scientific wealth. Nearly four thousand doctors have left England in the past five years, and probably as many young research scientists. Both parties must now take account of this strong middle-class revolt. The government is beginning to do so.

The Conservative leadership

Selwyn Lloyd's National Economic Development Council is a Liberal rather than a Tory or Socialist concept. And it is on Liberal lines that Macmillan is expected to recast his government in late summer or autumn.

While R. A. Butler will almost certainly remain in effect deputy prime minister and heir apparent, "liberal" Tories like MacLeod, Lord Hailsham, and Edward Heath are being canvassed now for promotion. Coming up among the juniors is Sir Edward Boyle, an economist who resigned over Suez. But perhaps the most intriguing question is this: what is the future of Lord Home?

With reform of the House of Lords under discussion, the possibility that peers may soon sit in the Commons cannot be discounted. The making of "life commoners" — peers who might be enabled to renounce their titles for their own lifetimes and so qualify both for a vote (which they are also denied at present) and a seat in the Commons — has been proposed. This, however, would be constitutionally difficult, and it might denude the House of Lords of talent.

An alternative which seems more likely is for the House of Lords, where nearly 900 peers can sit but only about 150 do, to elect each year several representatives to join the Commons. There is a constitutional precedent for this in the election of representative Irish and Scottish peers.

One way or another, Lord Home, disqualified now by constitutional tradition, could after all qualify as a future Prime Minister. Hiding his toughness, generally, in a mild manner, Lord Home seems to many people the most impressive recruit to the government since Macmillan took over.

There remains the self-effacing Mr. Butler. Besides being Home Secretary, he was given the job of presiding over the cabinet committee dealing with the Common Market and was also made coordinator of African policy. Duncan Sandys and Reginald Maudling, Commonwealth and colonial secretaries respectively, have been

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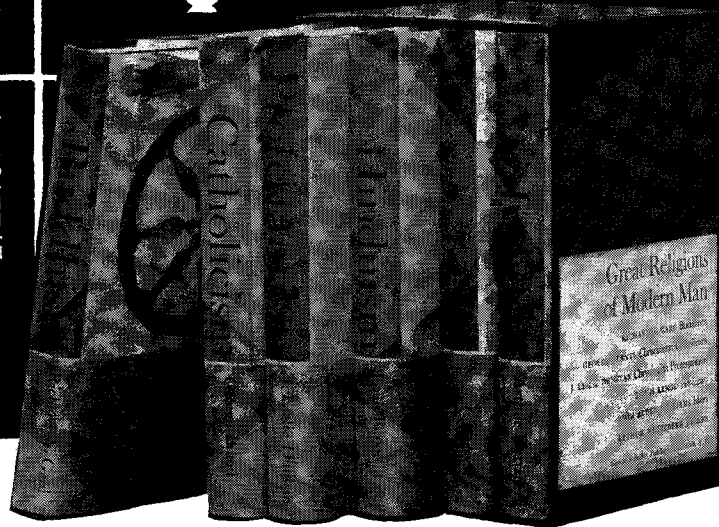
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Report on London

brought together under him. Macmillan has given Butler two equally difficult, if not impossible, jobs. If he could bring both to a successful conclusion, his authority within the party would naturally become greater than ever before in his career. Africa presents the bigger challenge.

Freeing British Africa

The freeing of British Africa is almost complete. Ghana, Nigeria, Sierra Leone, and Tanganyika are independent. Uganda is on the way. Kenya's independence waits only on the completion of a constitution that will protect minorities from one-party or big-tribe rule. The last act, however, is going to be the most difficult—the organization of independence for what remains, but may not remain much longer, the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland.

In a strictly economic context, if maintaining the unity of the Congo makes sense because its viability is based on Katanga's mineral wealth, then maintaining the Federation, based as it is on Northern Rhodesia's mineral wealth, would also seem to make sense. Unfortunately, the context has changed. The pressure for African racial independence is stronger than that for sound economics.

Nyasaland, where there are few settlers, now has a constitution providing for a native African majority and an African chief minister, Dr. Hastings Banda.

Northern Rhodesia, where there are more settlers and vast European financial interests, is being provided, however reluctantly, with a constitution which in its present form could soon produce an African majority there; and if it does not, it may have to be altered to make such a result certain.

Southern Rhodesia, where there are the most settlers, has a new constitution, providing, for the first time, for African representation but not for an African majority. And the federal government is essentially, although not exclusively, white.

Sir Roy Welensky, federal Premier, is, as he has always been, an

advocate of racial partnership. (If he were in South Africa, he would for this reason be liable to imprisonment.) But he cannot yet see that so unequal a sharing of racial partnership between territories in the same Federation, by producing unequal pressures, must sooner or later inevitably break it up.

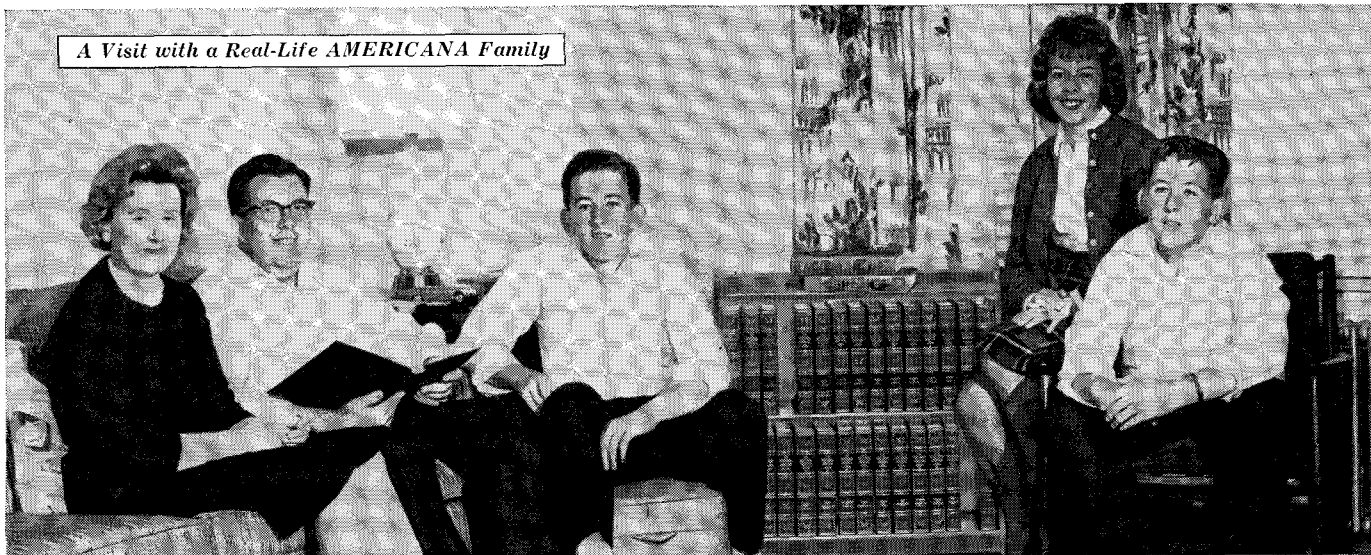
The British government, while it cannot back Sir Roy's adamant intention of maintaining the Federation at all costs, even if he must use force, would nevertheless be appalled if it broke up altogether. The only possibility seems to be to reconstitute it as a looser association of states. But for this, if there is not to be a break with the British settlers, Sir Roy's agreement will probably be necessary, as well as Dr. Banda's consent.

It is a situation of obvious difficulty and danger which is further complicated by the semi-independent position of Sir Edgar Whitehead, Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia. Constitutionally, a solution cannot be imposed on him from London either. And Southern Rhodesia is a close neighbor of South Africa.

In the background is a newly appreciated fact: in all the African territories that are becoming independent, there is a need for white administrative and technical personnel that cannot possibly be filled by Great Britain alone. Outside the Rhodesian Federation, more than half the British officials, experts, and farmers in Africa are leaving, either because they have been told to or because they feel there is no future for them.

A British peace corps (the Commonwealth Service) is in existence and will be enlarged. Some fifty thousand Commonwealth students are studying in Britain. British universities are lending teachers to Africa in large numbers. But in every case the numbers simply are not and cannot be large enough. The aid of the Common Market will need to be sought in providing administrators and technicians and training, as well as in providing trade for Africa. The United Nations may also be called in. It is being realized at last in London that Africa has become a world problem. And so, of course, has the Common Market.

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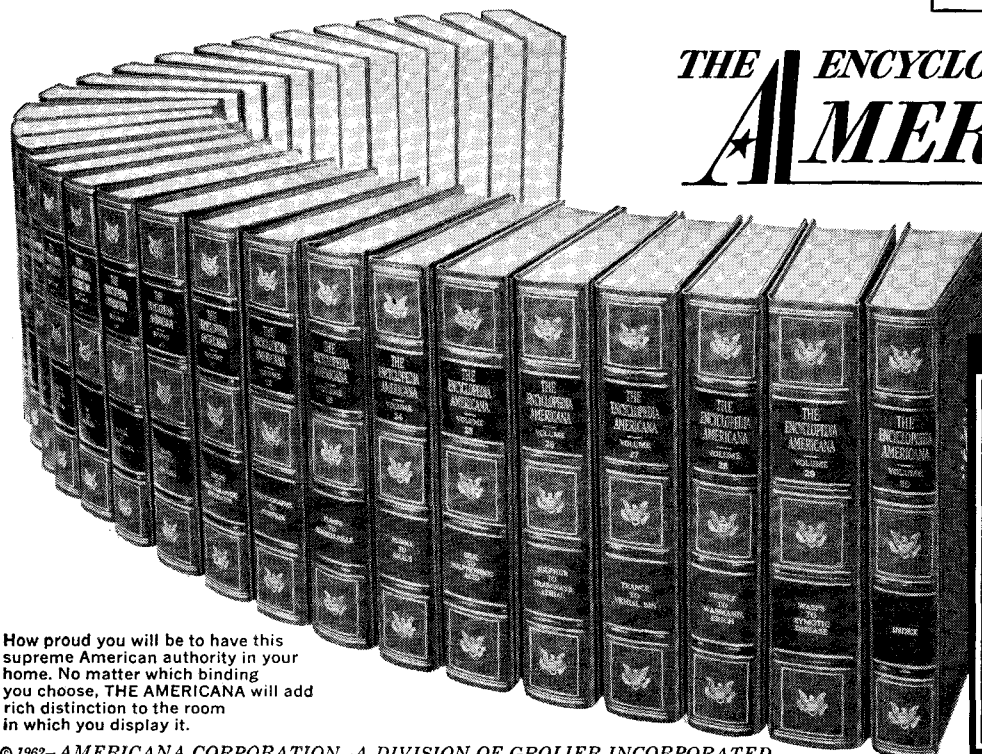
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The Atlantic Report WASHINGTON



SOME months ago, President Kennedy was annoyed at reading a newspaper article charging that there was no "grand design" to his foreign policy. Since then, there has been not only a spate of articles on such a design, but, more important, the Administration has begun to form the outlines of its worldwide policy. Because much that this or any other Administration does in the foreign policy field comes under the head of countermeasures, a grand design at best can offer only a generalized set of guidelines to policy makers throughout the government. But that in itself is valuable.

The military plan is the most evident of all, for it has been widely stressed and publicized by both the President and Defense Secretary McNamara. Since his meeting with Soviet Premier Khrushchev in Vienna a year ago, the President has concentrated on building the strength of American conventional military forces so that he may have what he has termed a "choice between surrender and all-out nuclear war." Congress has provided the funds quite willingly, and the job has been nearly completed. Included in this buildup has been the beginning of forces trained to cope with guerrilla warfare. The war in South Vietnam is the testing ground for these men, and militarily the signs there are encouraging.

In addition, President Kennedy has continued the Eisenhower policy of adding to the nuclear second-strike capability, with emphasis on mobility (the nuclear-powered Polaris submarines) and on hardened bases for the solid-fuel Minuteman missiles now being buried in numerous parts of the United States.

Trade and aid

These military measures are well known, especially to the Soviet Union, but political and economic measures are equally important. They spring from the rapid liquidation of the colonial empires of our western European allies.

First, the Administration is seeking to pull together the industrial free nations of the Northern Hemisphere — the United States and Canada,

western Europe, and Japan. The development of the European Common Market has propelled a new trade policy for the United States, now in the making by the Congress. Increased and freer trade among all these industrial nations is the aim, but greater political consultation is also very important. As long as the free world's general economic health is good and continues to grow better, all the signs point to greater trade and closer political-economic relationships. Of course, there will be pulling and hauling, by the nature of the democratic process and the interrelation of free governments. But basically our government has nothing to fear from increased self-confidence and national strength in London, Paris, Bonn, Tokyo, or anywhere else.

A great deal of effort has gone into Washington's attempts to convince industrial friends and allies to play a larger role in aiding the underdeveloped half of the globe. Success has been spotty, but the Administration, led by the President, Undersecretary of State George Ball, and Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon, keeps plugging away.

The second aim is to help build a new relationship between the former colonial world and the former colonial powers and other industrial nations. It is this relationship which the Communists are fighting hard to prevent, switching their outcry from "colonialism" to "economic imperialism." Only a start has been made so far.

Essential to the development of this relationship with the new nations is a greater sense of independence and a higher degree of modernization. Indeed, as Washington sees it, the fierce nationalism now increasingly evident in so many new nations, as well as in others which long have had nominal independence, is akin to the nationalism which swept post-Napoleonic Europe. It creates new problems, but it also is a mighty bulwark against the Communists' efforts to penetrate and put their own stamp on other nations.

Third, the Administration is trying to sort out its own often confused and contradictory policies



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NEW ENGLAND LIFE

Report on Washington

on foreign aid to the southern half of the globe. A critical factor is our ability to bring to bear on the economic problems of the underdeveloped lands the coordinated resources of the industrial free nations. One new device, already proving to be successful in the case of aid to India, is the international consortium, a mixture of public and private lending by several nations, by world organizations, and by private financial institutions.

Studies are going ahead in Washington on aid problems in a half dozen sample nations, designed to explore the road ahead and the parts which should be played both by the United States and by its partners in aid. But even with the best-laid long-range plans, it will not be possible to escape emergency aid programs in many areas of the globe. It would help, however, if the emergency programs were better related to long-range aims than they have been in the past.

Washington and the more progressive forces in the underdeveloped nations must find a way to convince the haves in each country (especially in Latin America) that their long-run security and their prospects for increased wealth lie in sharing more of what they have with the awakened have-not elements of their own societies. The Marxists contend that this is impossible, that the rich are too blind. Indeed, the contrary has yet to be proved in many places.

Red split

Despite sporadic efforts by Moscow and Peiping to conceal their differences so as to present a united front to the free world, it is believed in Washington that the crisis within the Communist world is too deep to be easily resolved. The economic desperation inside Red China has forced a retreat from the Great Leap Forward, but there is no evidence that it has altered the ideological thinking in Peiping. The problem for Washington is what to do in view of the Communist schism.

Walt W. Rostow, the State Department's planning chief, has suggested that the free world must find areas of "overlapping interest" with

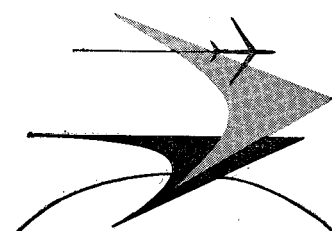
Communist nations. This is the significance of the talks between Moscow and Washington about joint efforts in space, of the continued cultural exchanges between the two countries, and of the attempts to find areas of agreement in the arms-control field. More can be done with the satellites aligned with Khrushchev, more of the kind of cooperation which both Eisenhower and Kennedy have carried on with Communist Poland and Yugoslavia. Khrushchev and his allies need this kind of cooperation with the free world, yet each effort deepens the division between him and Mao Tse-tung.

In a speech at Berkeley, California, the President earlier this year took the long view by saying that "no one who examines the modern world can doubt that the great currents of history are carrying the world away from the monolithic idea toward the pluralistic idea — away from Communism and toward national independence and freedom." He was careful to add that "the processes of history are fitful, halting and aggravating," and that "the specter of thermonuclear war will hang over mankind." Kennedy has been criticized for overoptimism, but his problem is to use the power and influence of America not in a boisterous militant way but with sophistication, to nudge history itself.

The battle for the House

In the elections this fall there is no practical possibility for the Republicans to capture control of the Senate, where only a third of the membership, plus those who hold their seats by appointment, must run. All the House is up for election this year, and in many key areas the candidates will be running in newly created districts, the result of the shifts in the 1960 census. Redistricting, the experts believe, will net the Republicans a few extra seats, but this is by no means certain.

The GOP target, naturally, is to capture control of the House. In fact, this is doubtful, and the Republicans know it. But the GOP hopes to increase its House membership by enough to cement more firmly the GOP-Southern Democratic coalition, which has balked, but not always defeated, the Kennedy legislative program.



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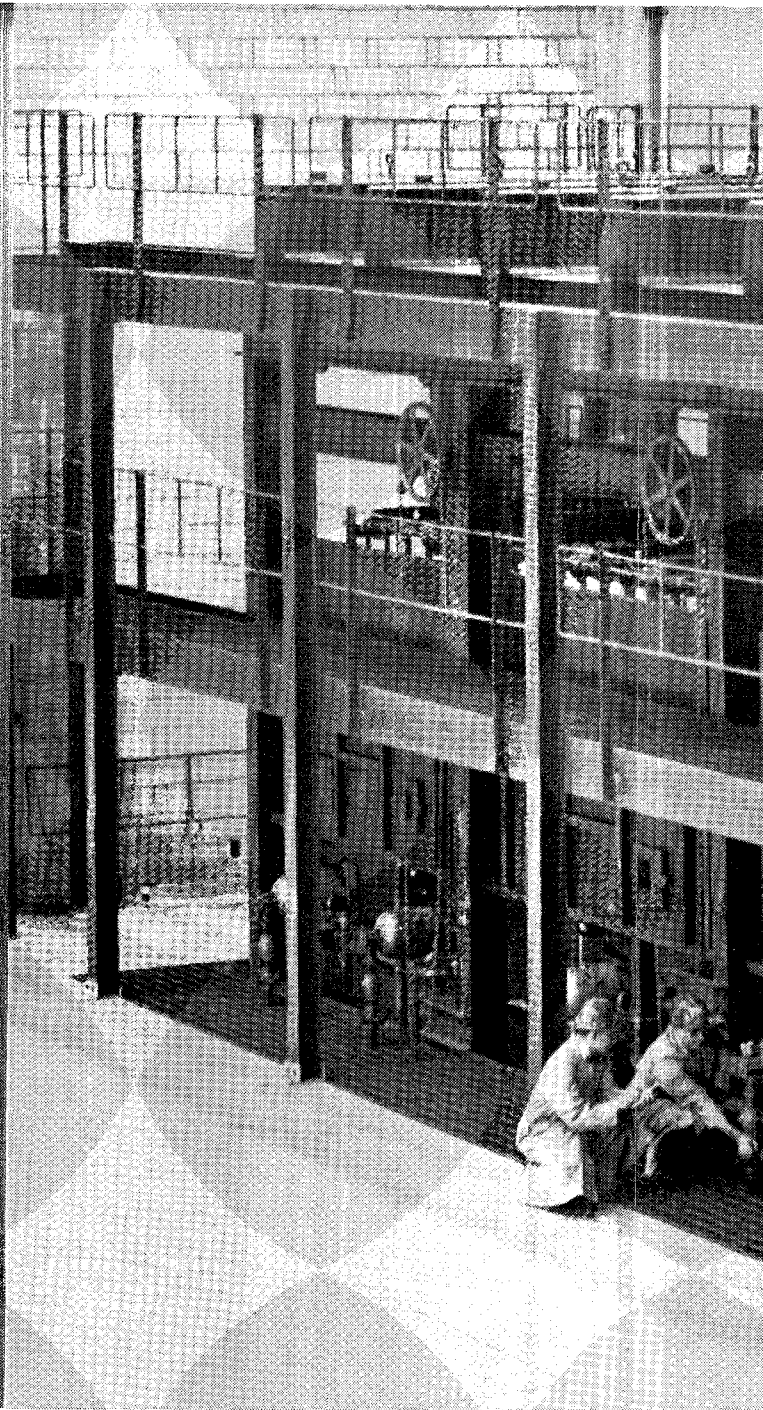
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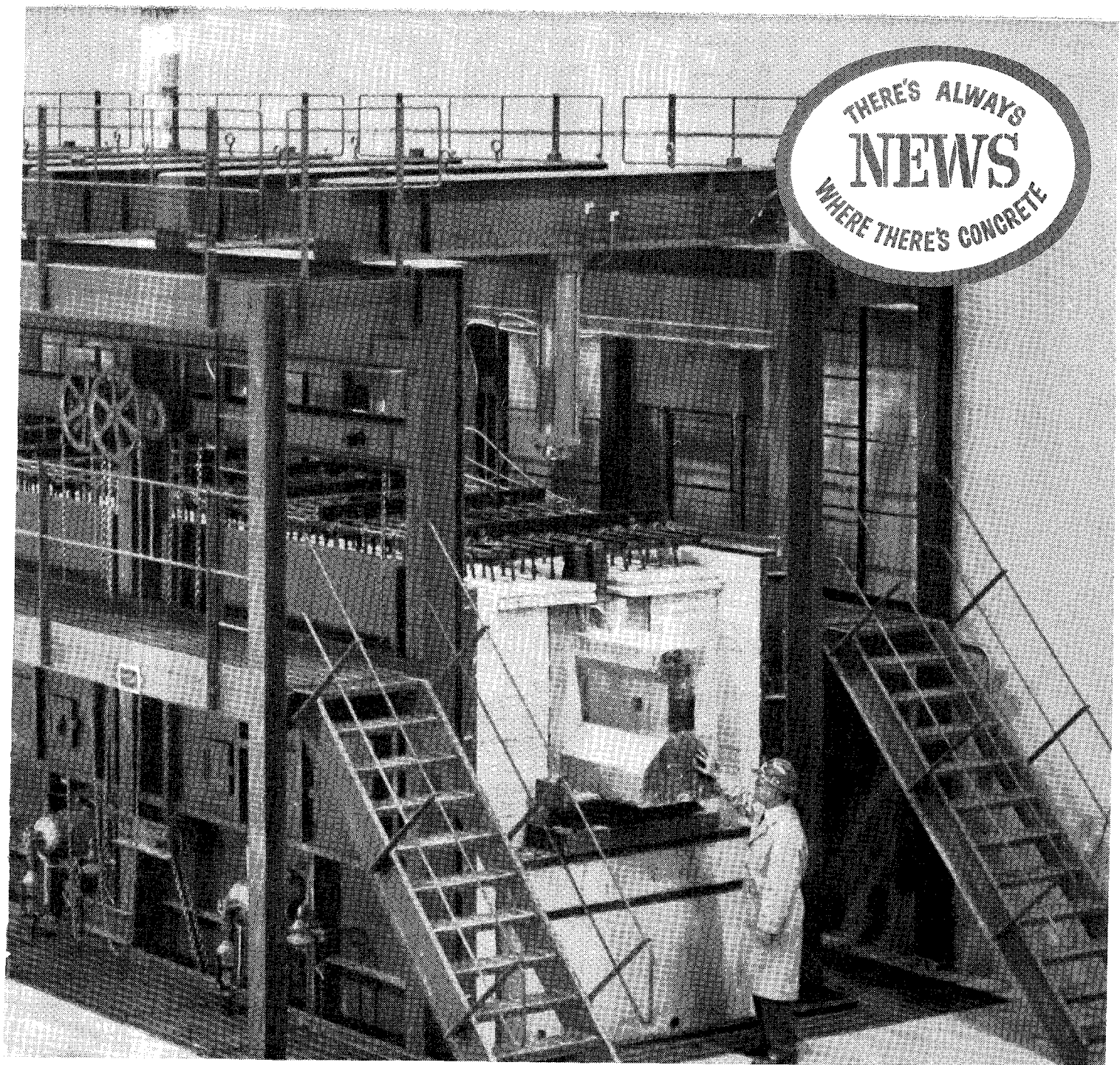
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Report on Washington

The Democratic target is to recapture the critical two dozen seats the Democrats lost in the House when Kennedy was winning the presidency. This margin would break the GOP-Southern Democratic power, or at least weaken it so that the Kennedy program would be assured a far higher chance of success in the next Congress. The issues involved are essentially domestic, not foreign.

Only once in modern times, at the peak of the Roosevelt New Deal in 1934, has the party in control of the White House increased its membership in the House in a non-presidential year. And F.D.R.'s 1934 increase was only nine seats. Democratic dreamers think that that record can be topped this year, and they are buoyed up by the Gallup poll, but they are far from being certain.

The key issue, in the strategists' view, is the Kennedy plan for medical care for the aged through Social Security. The aim is to force a record vote in the House, to make every member stand up and be counted. Both the Gallup poll and a number of polls taken by members of Congress offer encouragement. Kennedy is keeping up a constant barrage on the subject; doctors hostile to the negative stand of the American Medical Association are being rounded up; mass meetings are being held, including a big one for the President to address in New York.

Aid to education

One issue which disturbs the Democrats springs from the unresolved struggle over federal aid to education. It is now evident from some special elections, and from the senatorial struggle among the Democrats in Massachusetts for Kennedy's old seat, that the President's adamant stand against aid for parochial schools cuts both ways. Congressmen from predominantly Protestant and non-church areas say that their hopes for Democratic gains this fall depend in part on the President's strict adherence to his position. But in city and suburban areas with big Catholic populations, some Democratic candidates are going to find it difficult to back the President's stand.

In a New York City special election earlier this year, a GOP challenger who came out for aid for parochial schools against a Democrat who stuck with the President came within an eyelash of capturing a normally Democratic district. There was a very small vote, but the shadow on the wall was readily visible to the party politicians. Such situations could mean the difference between success and failure in the Democratic drive to win a liberal, pro-Kennedy majority in the House.

Off-year congressional elections never bring a voter turnout equal to that of presidential years; only about 75 percent of those who voted for Kennedy or Nixon can be expected to go to the polls this November. This gives additional power to the party organizations and to local issues and special pleading. House members react to their own constituencies, however much they may sympathize with or reject the Kennedy philosophy. It is for this reason that the Administration strategists are seeking national issues of concern in every congressional district, and they think the issue of medical care for the aged is a major one.

Mood of the Capital

The nagging, persistent refusal of the economy to boom and of unemployment to decrease sharply has tended to offset an otherwise increasing mood of confidence in the Capital. The economy seems to keep moving ahead just enough to prevent the kind of backfire on Congress which would produce votes for some of the Kennedy measures to give it a major shot in the arm. It has taken a maximum of pressure to win from Congress, especially from the House, even the minimum of tools asked by the President.

The result is another big deficit this fiscal year, ending June 30 — though not big enough by some economists' views. Still, the Congress and the country are so imbued with the conventional wisdom of budget balancing that even this deficit has been trimmed by congressional refusal to vote more Kennedy programs. Faster national economic growth, while recognized by almost all as essential, thus remains the major unresolved domestic issue. And the limping economy is the major blight on otherwise increasingly hopeful prospects.

Teen-Age Girls Need Much Better Health Guidance

Our Young Women Eat Poor Diets And Pay
In Loss Of Natural Beauty And Vitality.

Our failure to encourage our children to develop sane and sensible health habits early in life is one of the paradoxes of this age of increasing knowledge and affluence. This situation might actually be termed tragic in the case of millions of teen-age girls who have not learned that their failure to follow sound health habits makes it doubly hard, if not impossible, for them to achieve the physical appearance and the vitality which so many of them want. These girls crave this to the point where they readily adopt foolish and expensive, often dangerous, fads to try to achieve their goals.

Although we are often described as being a "child-centered" society, parental striving to provide a good life for our children does not necessarily mean that we are always doing those things which might provide true happiness for our youngsters. When we fail as badly as we have until now in teaching our daughters how to eat properly so that their chances of achieving good health would be improved, we can hardly claim to be the intelligent and enlightened parents we would like to think we are.

A number of studies conducted by State Agricultural Experiment Stations and by the Institute of Home Economics of the U.S. Department of Agriculture have been summarized in a booklet published in October 1959 by the California Agricultural Experiment Station. **NUTRITIONAL STATUS U.S.A.** reports that generally the nutritional status of the American people is fairly good, but, "the diets of the teen-age girls presented the least favorable picture of all those examined."

Girls Often Ignore Sound Nutrition

This unfavorable picture in the nutritional status of teen-age girls cut across the board so far as socioeconomic levels are concerned. These girls don't have poor diets because they live in underprivileged homes or because their parents are uneducated. A large percentage of these girls have diets deficient in several very important food nutrients because in too many cases we parents and others who are responsible for guiding the health habits of our young people fail to fulfill our responsibilities. Boys apparently avoid most dietary deficiencies simply because they are often "bottomless pits" when it comes to food and eat enough food so that they experience few nutrient deficiencies.

Girls, however, become intensely interested in physical appearance early in their teens, and they also want enough vitality to keep up with their various groups. They do not understand in many cases that heredity, rather than any magic pills and potions, will determine the basic shape their bodies will take. There is much that can be done, of course, through following sound health habits, including a well balanced diet, to influence the young lady's physical development, as well as to assure her the energy and vigor she wants.

Weight control is extremely important in the lives of

these young girls, and it is often pitiful to witness these youngsters suffering through one crisis after another. If a young person has been allowed to develop those poor eating and exercise habits which lead to excess weight, then every effort should be made by sympathetic parents and others to help the teen-ager learn to adopt new lifetime eating patterns rather than to stay on that fruitless treadmill of trying one fad diet after another, a plan that seldom accomplishes true weight control and which often leads to emotional problems of great magnitude.

They Must Learn From Adult Examples

Teen-age girls need our attention and well planned help. They must be guided toward sound health habits, including recognition of the need for adequate rest and for a program of physical activity that will help them develop their young bodies adequately. They must learn to eat for fitness as well as for enjoyment, and one eating goal here does not conflict with the other! They can easily learn to follow the Daily Food Guide, to select their foods from the four major groups: (1) milk and milk products; (2) meats, poultry, and fish; (3) fruits and vegetables; (4) grains and cereals.

Of course, all of us have to learn to balance total food intake with energy needs. For teen-agers obesity is often a tragedy, not only because it is physically unattractive but also because, in many cases, the obesity indicates that the young person is trying to solve some emotional problems by stuffing with food.

Most of us in this country believe that our children are our most precious resource. We spare little effort and few dollars to provide the very best for our children — new schools, more teachers, etc. Yet we often fail to realize how badly many of us fall down on the job of helping our children right at our own family dinner tables where we parents should be teaching our children some of the most important habits they will ever develop, including eating a daily diet that is satisfactory both in quantity and quality.

We might well keep in mind, too, that it is far more effective to teach by example rather than by preaching. Teen-age girls might overcome their calcium deficiencies if they were observing their mothers drinking milk as a regular part of the meal pattern. As a matter of fact, since the studies of nutritional status indicate that the mothers of teen-age girls aren't doing as well as they should in selecting adequate diets, perhaps we have here the makings of an excellent mother-daughter project for many years to come — to learn together how to eat in order to enjoy better health.



american dairy association

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FOR the young and dedicated Dutch administrators who arrived in West New Guinea in the early fifties, the task confronting them seemed difficult but magnificent. New Guinea had been at the end of the line in the Netherlands East Indies, a wild, impenetrable, tropical land, bigger than California, totally undeveloped, largely unexplored, and populated by people who hunted for and ate human heads.

What there had been in the way of administrative facilities had been almost totally destroyed during World War II and the Indonesian struggle for independence which followed it. In virgin country, more primitive by far than anything else in the former Netherlands East Indies, there was a challenge that demanded an enormous response from men who were determined to make good the old, proud, but now suspect Dutch claim that of all colonizers they were the best.

While it is true that the desire to salvage something out of the wreckage of the Indies empire and the even more compelling need to appease the angry Dutch parliamentarians, who bitterly opposed the government's submission to Indonesian demands, were the real reasons behind the decision to withhold the residency of New Guinea and its approximately 700,000 inhabitants from Indonesian sovereignty and administration in 1949, the Dutch sense of mission in New Guinea has been unique in the sorry story of colonialism. With little prospect of commercial gain — and the certainty of considerable loss when the oil fields around Sorong at the western end of the island began to dry up — the Dutch put \$30 million a year into education, public health, economic development, and other fields designed to promote the Papuans' welfare. The task was so formidable, and, even with the best-intentioned efforts, likely to take so long, that no one seriously thought in terms of self-government or self-determination for the Papuans.

As Indonesian pressures increased, however, the Dutch radically revised their ideas. Abandoning plans for long-term development, they embarked

on a crash program to prepare West New Guinea for self-government. By 1960, the Dutch intention was to hand over all but a handful of administrative posts to a Papuan elite within ten years, or even less. The following year, when Soviet military equipment began to give the Indonesian military forces real teeth, The Hague offered to bow out gracefully and, while continuing its annual subsidy, to transfer its own powers to an international authority under the United Nations.

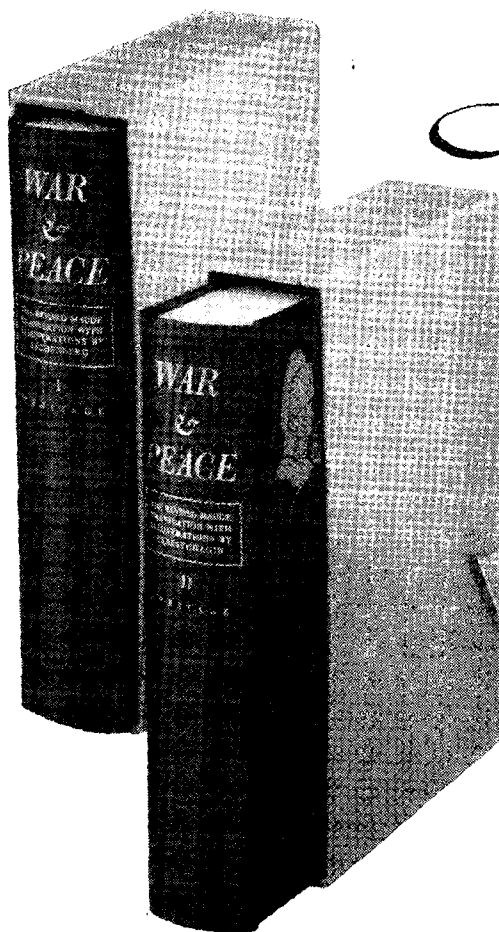
The United Nations against the Dutch

This final bid for the principle of self-determination in West New Guinea was well intentioned but ill advised. Predictably, the Dutch failed to get the two-thirds majority required in the General Assembly even for a compromise motion. Except for Japan and Laos, both of which abstained, Asia was solidly for the Indonesians and against the Dutch.

Asian leaders in the United Nations were unimpressed with the Dutch argument in favor of self-determination. Where, they asked, did the principle of self-determination end? If every minority group claimed the right to self-determination, the United Nations would have a thousand members, not a hundred. If economic viability, now or in the predictable future, was to be the means test, it was as unreasonable for the Papuans to become self-governing as it was to suggest that the Karens and the Shans in Burma, the Nagas in India, or the Meo tribesmen in Laos should rule their own separate, independent states. Having failed to get the two-thirds majority it needed, The Hague was left with no further diplomatic cards to play. From this point on, it was clear, Indonesia would have the initiative.

The need for a solution

To the United States, which for years had maintained its neutrality in the dispute, the prospect that Indonesia might now use its newly acquired military strength, including long-range Russian jet bombers and fighters, submarines, heavy destroyers, and a considerable amount of other fairly sophisticated equipment, to attain its



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West New Guinea

objectives in West New Guinea demanded a change of attitude, if not quite a change of policy.

As Washington saw it, a settlement of the dispute now became more important than the expedient principle of self-determination. Conflict in southeast Asia over an issue that Asians regarded as colonial, and in which the Communist bloc was only too glad to aid and abet the Indonesians, was, from the Western point of view, the worst possible solution. It would alienate Indonesia, the biggest, richest, and most populous southeast Asian state, and might drive it into the Communist camp.

Australia, which had long feared the consequences in Papua and the mandated Territory of New Guinea if Indonesia became its neighbor in New Guinea, suddenly realized the greater danger of isolating itself from Asia. After years of lobbying on behalf of the Netherlands in the United Nations, it made an agonizing reappraisal of policy and decided to let Djakarta know it would be happy to have Indonesians next door in New Guinea.

Many in Holland were no less anxious for a settlement. For years Dutch businessmen had condemned what they regarded as the woefully bad business of pursuing a policy that cost the Netherlands Djakarta's goodwill and an estimated \$1.6 billion investment in Indonesia.

Responding to these pressures, Professor de Quay, the Netherlands Prime Minister, announced that his government was prepared to negotiate with the Indonesian government for a peaceful settlement "without preconditions and in the presence of a third party."

Indonesia's advantage

Knowing now that they had all the advantages, the Indonesians showed little interest in a conference on these terms. Though they softened their earlier demands for sovereignty with the proposal that they would be happy merely to take over the administration and eventually to let the Papuans choose for themselves, the idea of sitting down at a

conference table with the Dutch seemed remote from most Indonesians' thoughts.

"We were born in the flames of revolution and will go on fighting until all our country is free," declared President Sukarno when he issued his command for the "liberation of West Irian" (West New Guinea) on December 19. "We are not a nation of beggars, but a nation of fighters who have been bathed in fire since 1945."

It is a curious and singularly undesirable aspect of the evolution of the United Nations that this sort of bombast can also be good diplomacy. Article 24 of the UN Charter confers on the Security Council primary responsibility for the maintenance of international peace and security. United Nations action in the event of an Indonesian attack would therefore mean, in the first instance, recourse to the Security Council, probably in the form of a Netherlands appeal.

The Soviet Union, which has not only encouraged Sukarno to adopt his current line but has provided him with the means of making good his threats, would immediately veto any proposal unacceptable to Indonesia, such as a resolution calling for a cease-fire and withdrawal of Indonesian forces. Assuming that the issue were transferred to the General Assembly, Indonesia has already demonstrated that on the West New Guinea dispute it can count on a solid, blocking third of the votes.

With every conceivable advantage on its side, Indonesia realized that it could profitably beat the war drums at home while marking time abroad. Veterans' organizations, women's organizations, former rebels against Sukarno — almost everyone, in fact, except the modest and moderate leaders of the outlawed Socialist and Masjumi parties, who were clapped in jail — announced their readiness to fight for the "liberation of West Irian."

The first clash occurred some thirty miles off the New Guinea coast. The Indonesians lost a motor torpedo boat; Commodore Jos Sudarso, the deputy naval chief of staff, and eighty-two others were killed or captured. Djakarta reacted with

moderation. Though some of Sukarno's advisers were in favor of retaliatory action, there were no immediate incidents. Indonesia had the means to cause a rumpus in West New Guinea anytime it wanted to. But West New Guinea itself, not trouble, was its objective.

With Australia backing away from its earlier solid front with the Netherlands in New Guinea and Washington anxious, above all, for a settlement, President Sukarno and his followers needed only to keep the crisis boiling and West New Guinea, they were sure, would be theirs.

The fear in most Western capitals was that since Indonesia and the Netherlands had drawn so far apart over the years, the issue might be decided on the battlefield and not at the conference table. This fear became acute in March, when secret talks between Indonesia and the Netherlands collapsed almost before they had begun. Arranged after long and patient effort by the United States, which sat in as a third party, the talks got no further than the Indonesian insistence that the Netherlands should agree in advance to hand over the administration of West New Guinea. When the Netherlands declined to surrender its only bargaining point, the Indonesian delegate walked out.

Djakarta was divided on the merit of this tactic. However, the advocates of a vigorous policy, led by President Sukarno and Dr. Sukarno, the Foreign Minister, prevailed. Indonesian infiltrators landed at scattered points along the coast of West New Guinea, and tension rose rapidly as both sides moved reinforcements into the area.

A primitive and savage land

Fewer lands have ever been less worth fighting for. Rich in scenery but desperately poor in natural resources, West New Guinea makes the rugged, backward eastern part under Australian administration seem like an orderly, well-kept tropical garden. A magnificent range of mountains, capped with permanent snow and rising to 16,000 feet, stretches like a spine along the center of the island. There are a few foot trails through passes as high as 13,000 feet across the mountains, but no roads or even jeep tracks.

"Jigger of Common Sense"

Knack With Gooseberries

by Julian P. Van Winkle



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But turn one of those Boyle County women loose in her kitchen with a fresh-picked bowl of gooseberries, gently plucked at the time their fat bellies turn from green to sunshine yellow. Watch her add a drib of this to a drab of that and stir it amongst the fruit.

ENTER, KITCHEN MAGIC

Believe me, the pie she'll pull from the oven and slice on your plate will be something a man can say honest grace over, —golden crusts enfolding ambrosial berries, swimming in a sweet, winy sauce with a just a whisper of clove and cinnamon.

It takes that native knack! Danville cooks seem to have it, perhaps because gooseberries are so

plentiful thereabouts, and they've had so many to tame!

But shun the pie that lacks the knack!

PEDDLER MISCALCULATES

One Danville family, for instance, once imported an uppity cook from way up North. She was great on Boston Baked Beans, but totally unschooled in the mysteries of the gooseberry.

An itinerant peddler once appeared at her kitchen door to ask for a handout.

"Ain't you de same man I give a piece of my gooseberry pie to las' Tuesday?" she queried.

"Yes indeedy, mam!" he replied. "But I hardly expected to find the same cook in dis yere kitchen today!"

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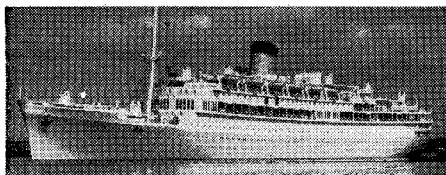
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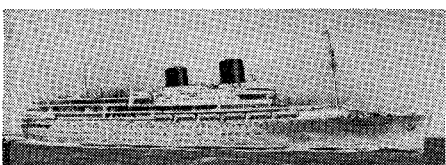
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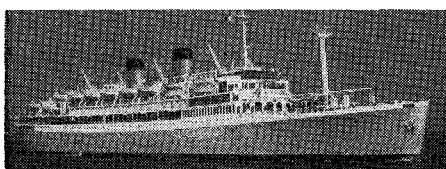
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West New Guinea

Among the natives who live in the deep valleys in the mountain folds, even the wheel and the use of iron are not known. South and north of the mountains are some of the world's largest swamps, malarial, crocodile infested, unproductive, and sparsely populated by natives, who in at least one coastal area are still headhunters.

Planes shuttle around the coast linking the main administrative centers, and before the noonday clouds blanket the mountains, make hazardous trips to the mission and administrative outposts in the interior. Christian missionaries divide the island into the Catholic north and the Protestant south. Though their collective claims to 200,000 converts may be dubious, the missionaries have played a significant part in making contact with remote tribal groups. For nearly a century the church had the field to itself, and almost all the early progress in health and education was due to its efforts. Even today, when everyone is working against the clock to establish contact with the estimated 200,000 natives who still live beyond the administration, the missionaries are often first to befriend new and savage tribes.

Hollandia, the capital, is a pretty little town on Humboldt Bay. As a precaution against air raids, General MacArthur's forces deployed their installations over a wide area here during World War II. The Dutch, making such use as they could of what was left of the installations, have done likewise, and the population of the town, which reached a peak of about 17,000 in 1960, is widely dispersed. About a third of the 150 miles of road and jeep tracks in all West New Guinea wind in and about the town and around the hills, which are dotted with bungalows made of pink coral bricks.

Back to Holland

Today many of the houses are empty. The Indo-European refugees from the Netherlands East Indies who did not want to live under Indonesian rule in 1950 are fleeing again, this time to Holland, at the rate of about four hundred a month. Since they filled the clerical posi-

tions in the administration and in local Dutch import-export firms, their departure has been a serious blow. The largest Dutch firm now airmails its clerical work to Holland, where it is handled by the same clerks who only a year ago performed these tasks in Hollandia. The middle echelons of the administration have also been badly hit by the exodus. Replacements cannot be found in Holland, and the crash training program of local administrators has not yet reached the stage where there are enough skilled Papuans to take over.

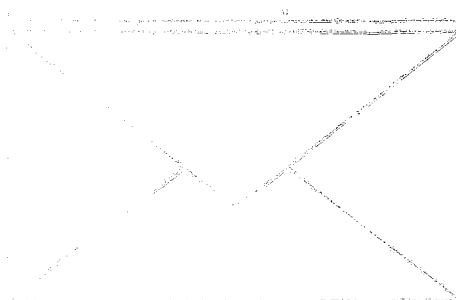
On the one hand, therefore, there are not enough trained Papuans to serve as clerks, and on the other, there is the New Guinea Council, whose sixteen elected and twelve nominated members have been promised that the future of West New Guinea will be theirs to shape. Their vested interest in self-determination ensures that the council is strongly against an Indonesian takeover. Among others who have less to lose, the obvious merit in the Dutch effort and the constant emphasis on self-determination in recent years have built up a genuine resistance to the Indonesian propaganda, which is broadcast from Radio Makassar and spread by underground organizations.

Since Indonesian is the lingua franca of the coastal regions, and such Netherlands East Indies administrators as there were before World War II came mostly from Indonesia, the Indonesians are not entirely without indigenous support. But, in any event, the issue is of direct interest only to the more sophisticated Papuans in the coastal towns and villages. To the tribesmen, who do not even wear clothing and work only to keep alive, the question of self-determination or rule by Indonesia is not merely of no interest or importance, it is not even known.

Indonesia's resolution to wrest New Guinea from the Dutch has become an intense emotional and deeply nationalistic campaign in which almost all Indonesians have joined. Moscow and Peiping appreciated this several years ago and made the most of it; the West understood only at what may yet prove to be a little after the eleventh hour.

Atlantic Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR



national lottery along the lines of the Irish Sweepstakes. As he says in his article, most Americans can easily afford to spend the amount they do on gambling. A national lottery would accomplish two purposes. It would allow these people to bet without providing money to illegal gambling syndicates, and it would provide the government with an additional source of income. This additional income would help to stem the rising tide of taxes, or might be used to keep down mounting postal rates.

STEPHEN M. TAYLOR
Homer, Ill.

Strip mining

SIR:

I was very interested in "The Rape of the Appalachians" by Harry M. Caudill in the April *Atlantic*. What impressed me the most was the uncontrolled ravages resulting from the activities of the strip miners. I thought all strip-mining operations were pretty much based on the Ohio model.

In that state, the strip miner is forced to restore the land he has used. Also, the average lease does not take the land away from the owner. He gets a flat fee, plus royalties on each ton mined, plus the aforementioned restoration at the expense of the coal company. All this was and is done at a profit to all parties.

I understand that this arrangement came about in a large part by the efforts of the state of Ohio because it wished to preserve the land.

LEONARD HAMMER
Queens Village, N. Y.

How women spend

SIR:

Sally Iselin's article "How Women Spend" in the April *Atlantic* may be an accurate record of the idiocies of her overprivileged friends, but it is maddeningly unfair as a picture of American women in general.

SALLY NEWCOMB
Bound Brook, N. J.

SIR:

To me, this article is an insult to the women of America. If we were all Mrs. Gotrockses, there would be no need for the *Atlantic*, and our husbands would all be such wrecks trying to keep up with their bills they would have no energy for a magazine of serious intent.

ISABELLE MEYERS
Durham, N. H.

Gambling — right or wrong?

SIR:

I have read Attorney General Robert Kennedy's "The Baleful Influence of Gambling," in the April *Atlantic*, and it has left me smoldering. Like many other authoritative discussions on the subject, it dwells on how the wealth of our nation is in danger of sinking into the iniquitous dens of the underworld, while at the same time it carefully evades the heart of the problem.

Gambling has become a public issue, and we have a right to know whether it is morally right or wrong. It is the duty of our government to come to a decision about this, and once it has made its choice, we, as citizens, should abide by that outcome.

It seems rather ridiculous that in the twentieth century, when we boast of our progress in science and culture, we are unable to decide whether the housewife who wagers her dime is a saint or sinner. Whether or not her money terminates in the hands of a crime syndicate is not relevant. The act, and not the eventual outcome, over which the individual has almost no control, is where the center of attention should be focused. In our tax-hungry nation we are too easily led into following other channels.

Until a few years ago, we had a weekly bingo game in our community. The majority of those who attended were elderly people, among whom were many God-fearing, church-going women who had raised good Christian families and deserve praise for their value to our nation.

Overnight a sinister howl was

raised about organized gambling. A grand jury investigation was launched, and bingo games were closed down tight in the dragnet. Many of these women are still bewildered and unable to receive firm confirmation from either secular or ecclesiastical authorities as to how they did wrong.

To parallel this situation, we will have a swarm of tourists arriving each year containing the usual percentage of hoodlums. They can spend their days and nights at various places betting unlimited dollars at the pari-mutuels, and no one, including Attorney General Kennedy, seems concerned.

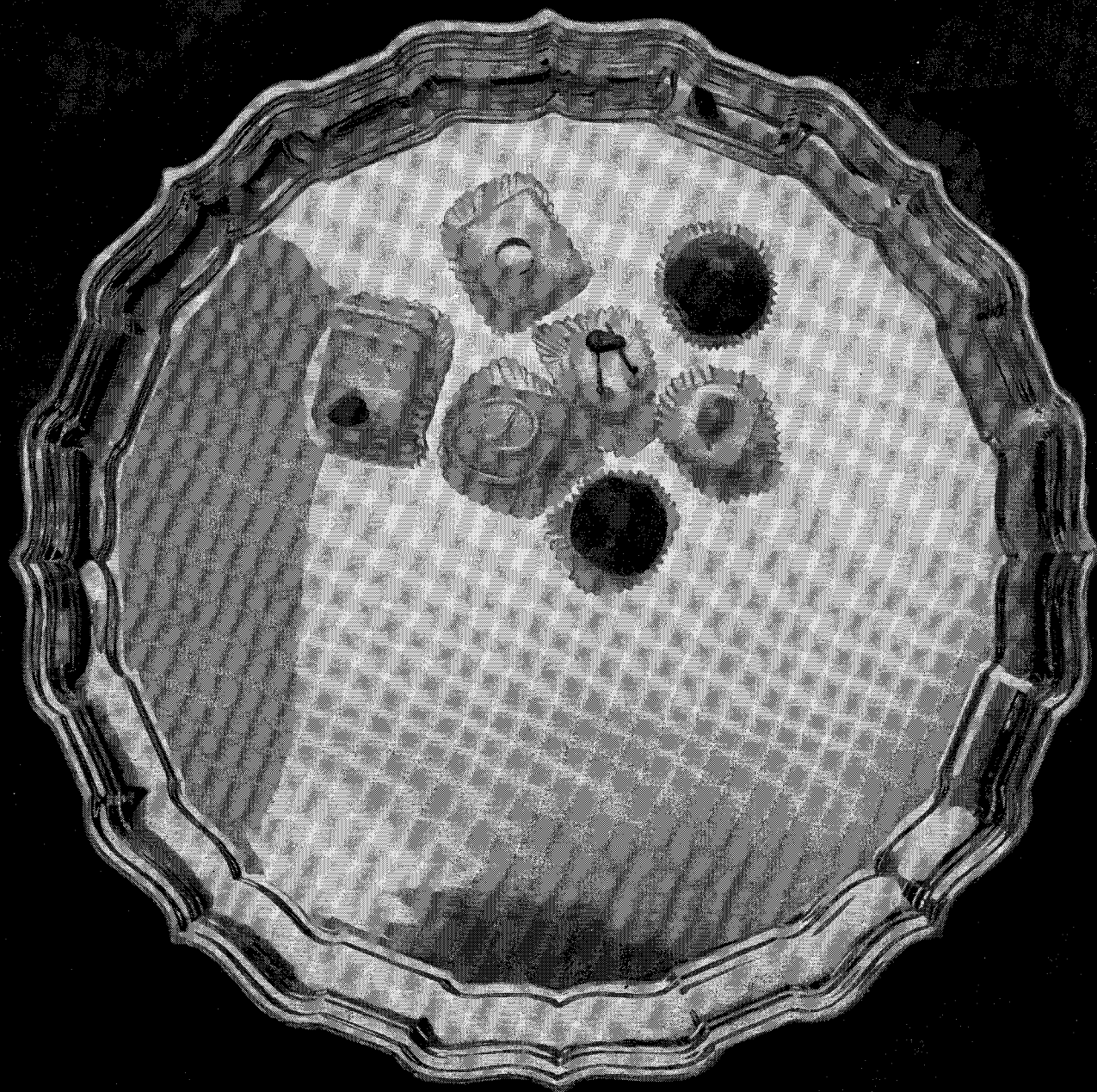
From this we can conclude how government philosophy is spawned from a seedbed of revenue: That which produces taxes is righteous and acceptable, and that which does not is wicked.

If gambling is wrong, we could decry it with a single law. If it is acceptable, it should receive shelter under government guidance and protection, in which case our housewife could wager her pennies and our residents could go back to playing bingo without having disparaging remarks come down from above.

FRED ETZELT
Delray Beach, Fla.

SIR:

"The Baleful Influence of Gambling" by Robert Kennedy was an interesting and informative article. As the Attorney General, he is naturally concerned mainly with the prevention of illegal gambling and its equally illegal companions. However, he left out one interesting side of this question, the possibility of a



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DISSENSION INSIDE THE KREMLIN

BY EDWARD CRANKSHAW

Clearly there is dissension inside the Kremlin, says EDWARD CRANKSHAW, but it is "no longer something to be thought of in terms of crisis, but as an integral aspect of the evolution of government in the Soviet Union." Mr. Crankshaw, a leading authority on the U.S.S.R., is the author of CRACKS IN THE KREMLIN WALL and RUSSIA AND THE RUSSIANS.

IN OCTOBER of last year it looked as though the Soviet Union had reached, and was about to negotiate, a critical turning point in its post-Stalin evolution. The occasion was the 22nd Congress of the Soviet Communist Party. There seemed no necessity to hold this Congress just then, unless it was to draw a line under the past and lay down a clear direction for the future.

The 20th Congress, in 1956, had been the de-Stalinization Congress, in which the new leadership, Khrushchev above all, contrived to rid itself of a large part of the past. It not only repudiated Stalin; it also shook itself free from the paralyzing Leninist dogma of the inevitability of war, and thus gained new freedom of maneuver in the international field. The 21st Congress, three years later, was called an extraordinary Congress; its main purpose was to celebrate Khrushchev's victory over the anti-Party group in June, 1957, and to consign its members, Malenkov, Molotov, Kaganovich, "and Shepilov, who joined them," to oblivion. The ostensible purpose of the 22nd Congress last October was to discuss and approve the new Communist Party program, a Twenty-Year Plan which was to bring the Soviet Union to the verge of the millennium, not in 1984 but in 1981, in time for Khrushchev's eighty-seventh birthday.

It had been a long fight for Khrushchev since,

early in 1954, he had forced Malenkov's resignation from the premiership. The secret speech against Stalin in 1956 had been a major battle in the campaign. The loosening up after that had led to the bloodshed in Hungary and the moral defeat of the Soviet leadership by Gomulka in Poland, both in the late fall of 1956. It had also very nearly led to Khrushchev's downfall. In the winter of 1956 he was desperate; but he fought back, and by the early summer of 1957, he had won. Even though men as widely different in ideas and attitudes as Malenkov and Molotov had come together for the sole purpose of overthrowing him, he turned the tables on them, and with the help of the provincial Party bosses and of Marshal Zhukov at the head of the army, he scattered his enemies. Soon after that he contrived to get rid of Marshal Zhukov.

Khrushchev was supreme. But he was still not an autocrat as Stalin had been an autocrat. Blind devotion and uncritical admiration are not qualities which Khrushchev inspires in those closest to him. Nor does he instill awe, as Stalin did. A healthy regard for his temper; fear of his malice, by all means. But not awe. Above all, there is a reluctant respect for his genius as a practical politician; he is, indeed, the first true politician, as the word is understood in the West, to be produced

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by Soviet Russia. With this goes a high valuation of his extraordinary combination of physical stamina, nervous drive, boldness and cunning, and adroitness. There is nobody else anywhere near the top of the Communist hierarchy who can drive and lead as Khrushchev drives and leads. So the Soviets need him. He is the best head of state they have got, and they know it.

This does not mean that they approve of all he does, or that they do not sometimes succeed in checking him in full flight. Khrushchev is without doubt the top boss, the leader, but he is boss by permission of the others. His colleagues could easily put him down. But the fact that such a thing could happen does not mean that it is in the least likely to happen. First, a decisive majority has to agree that it is desirable; there must also be agreement as to who is to replace him.

What follows from this? Surely a sort of democracy follows — not a grass-roots democracy, but what one might call a top-people democracy. The crucial point is that if Khrushchev, the leader himself, cannot have his own way in everything, this also applies to his closest colleagues and to all the members of the Communist hierarchy all the way down the line. There is no unquestioned, authoritative line, as there was in Stalin's time. And, paradoxically, the very fact that Khrushchev is not a complete autocrat makes decisive opposition, the sort of opposition that ends in a putsch or a palace revolution, more difficult. The opposers are not all the time united against a tyrant; rather, they are free to maneuver amongst and against themselves. Comrade X will be intriguing for his own advancement and seeking the boss's favor; Comrade Y will be lining himself up with Comrades A and B, whom he detests, in order to put pressure on the boss to do this or stop doing that; and so on. The chances of Comrades A to Z all coming together to demand, more or less unanimously, the boss's head are pretty remote — as in a Western democracy. Surely a lack of clear-cut policy follows — as in a Western democracy.

The more voices the Soviet leader must attend to, the less certain and deliberate will be his policies. Changes of line which appear to us to be the result of chessboard calculations may be, and sometimes demonstrably are, in fact, due to uncertainty — the more so when we think of the new position of the Soviet Union in the Communist world. Stalin was not merely absolute master in his own house; he was also the acknowledged leader of the global Communist movement. How different from Khrushchev, who has collided head on with the Chinese, is defied by the Albanians, and is heavily questioned by other Communist parties outside Russia, or by elements in them.

All this it is necessary to establish when thinking about dissension inside the Kremlin. There is clearly much dissension. Continuing and sharp disagreements about various matters of policy can alone explain the events of past months. But to predicate dissension is not to predicate a clear-cut conflict between Khrushchev and his supporters on the one hand and an anti-Khrushchev party on the other. The scene is much more confused than that.

What are the main focuses of disagreement? There is the problem of China. Is Khrushchev right in pressing the Chinese quarrel so far? If he is right, should he push it to its logical conclusion and accept the responsibility for an open split? If he is wrong, how can the quarrel best be patched up? How far should the Soviet Union go in accommodating itself to Chinese ideas for the sake of unity? Should it give China nuclear arms? Should it recognize a Chinese Communist, as distinct from a Russian Communist, sphere of influence in Asia? Should it continue to supply material and technicians to China, even if it is felt that these are being wasted and misapplied?

There are the questions, intimately bound up with the Chinese question, of war and peace, of the hard line versus the soft, of Germany, of disarmament, of nuclear testing, of the desirability of dealing seriously with America.

There are the questions of heavy industry versus consumer goods, of more or less freedom of expression, of the place of the Party functionary in a changing society.

There is, above all, the great question of food production and of how to develop and modernize Soviet agriculture.

All these issues, and many more besides, give almost infinite scope for argument — and for vacillation and dithering. More important still, there are probably no two individuals who hold identical views on all these matters.

Let us, bearing this in mind, look at last October's Congress and the strange policy void which followed it.

QUITE soon it was plain that the October Congress was by no means a straightforward victory parade. Rather, it was in many ways the dramatization of a continuing struggle. Instead of turning his back on the past and welcoming the future with confidence and calm, Khrushchev came out fighting. He pitched into the poor old shattered anti-Party group more viciously than ever before; he put the aged Marshal Voroshilov, still sitting on the platform as a member of the Party Presidium, in the pillory; he caused Molotov to be accused of actively plotting against the higher lead-

ership from his sinecure post in Vienna; he brought out new accusations against Stalin and charged Molotov, Kaganovich, Malenkov, Voroshilov, and others with participation in some of Stalin's crimes. Above all, by going bald-headed for Enver Hoxha and the Albanian leadership, charging them with sins which everyone present knew were really the sins of Peiping, he reopened, more publicly than ever before, the great Sino-Russian quarrel which had been papered over at the Moscow meeting of the eighty-one Communist parties less than a year before. To crown everything, with extreme suddenness he caused Stalin's body to be cast out of its tomb, with Chou En-lai's wreath resting, still green and fresh, against the bier. Chou En-lai, having sharply protested against the attack on Albania, flew home to Peiping with the Congress still in session, to be demonstratively welcomed at the airport by Mao Tse-tung.

In the midst of this uproar, the new Party program was analyzed and approved. Madame Furtseva, the formidable, brilliant, and attractive protégée of Khrushchev, rose to speak and expatiated on the glorious days of the 22nd Party Congress, which marked a climacteric in the advance toward Communism. But Madame Furtseva herself had to turn her mind from the joys of the present and the future and take time off to accuse the anti-Party group of complicity in the murder, or execution on false charges, of Marshal Tucha-chevsky and the greater part of the Red Army higher command in 1937. She also contributed, as did Mikoyan, to the sense of hidden struggle. Mikoyan was not content to state the Khrushchev line about coexistence and the avoidance of war; he defended it with passion. Against whom was he defending it? Madame Furtseva went even further. She did much more than add her voice to the general chorus of approbation; she went out of her way to plead with the audience, begging the Congress to understand that Khrushchev had had to fight very hard to overcome formidable difficulties, and her tone was such as to suggest that he was by no means out of the woods.

The interesting thing about Madame Furtseva, the first woman ever to achieve the level of the Party Presidium (the old Politburo), is that she had already lost a good deal of ground. After her notable performance at the 22nd Congress, she was dropped, without explanation, from the Presidium, together with others (Mukhitdinov and Ignatov) known to have been close to Khrushchev. Soon after that she was in a Moscow nursing home, officially suffering from a heart attack, actually from a nervous breakdown. In March she disappeared even from the list of candidates for the Supreme Soviet election. So did Aristov, a great organizational figure, and Mukhitdinov, who at

forty-five had appeared to have Khrushchev behind him and the world at his feet. So did Belyaev, one of Khrushchev's right-hand men, who had earlier been made the scapegoat for the 1960 fiasco in the virgin lands. Voroshilov, who had been so violently attacked at the Congress, survived. Molotov went as a free man to place his vote.

This is not name-dropping. What I am trying to do is to show the futility of name-dropping. Nobody has the least idea why Furtseva and Mukhitdinov went, or, indeed, what they stood for. Nobody, to go further back, has the least idea why Kirichenko went before them. Kirichenko had always been known as Khrushchev's right hand in the Ukraine. He was brought to Moscow by Khrushchev and soared to the heights as Khrushchev soared. At the 21st Congress in 1959 he made a more positive contribution than any man except Khrushchev. Yet in a very short time he was gone. Did he go because Khrushchev decided he was threatening to become a dangerous rival? Did he go because others decided that the Khrushchev-Kirichenko combination was too powerful and must be broken up? It is impossible to tell. And the real burden of this article is to suggest that it does not matter one way or the other.

KREMLINOLOGY is out of date. There was a time when it served a purpose. It grew up under Stalin. Under Stalin there was an almost total dearth of hard information about the Soviet Union. Statistics were meager and false. Nobody ever spoke except Stalin, and he spoke only rarely. When he did speak, he had nothing of interest to say about the domestic affairs of the Soviet Union, and his pronouncements on foreign relations were oracular and deceitful. The little that could be learned about the state of Russia and Stalin's intentions had to be gathered laboriously by reading between the lines, and above all, by studying new appointments, promotions, and demotions. From the time of the great purges onward, the leading political and administrative organs — the Politburo, the Secretariat, the Orgburo, the Control Commission — and the police hierarchy formed a closed circle, a strictly limited group of men exceptionally added to, exceptionally subtracted from, who appeared to be engaged in a sort of ritual puppet dance.

With the passage of time, it became possible for the close student of this remarkable parade to discover to some extent what these changeless individuals stood for, hardness or softness, overconfidence or paranoia, conservatism or experimentalism, total bloodiness or qualified bloodiness, pragmatism or dogmatism, and so on. Once this

was known, it was possible to make inspired guesses about Stalin's mood or intentions by watching the advances and retreats of these puppet figures, because the master had the interesting habit of presenting them to the public view in a constantly changing order of merit. This was the whole *raison d'être* of Kremlinology, which, I suggest, is no longer a useful pursuit.

It is no longer useful, first, because Khrushchev, one of the world's most compulsive talkers, is perpetually shouting his intentions at the top of his voice and in a stream of nonstop speeches, harangues, interviews, and inspired newspaper articles which can be read and digested by all who have the time. This is not to say, of course, that Khrushchev is not very often misleading. But he says enough to serve as a useful guide. Second, Kremlinology is out of date because it is no longer necessary to try to fit ideas to people.

What concerns us, the onlookers, is not who holds what ideas, but rather which ideas and attitudes are winning at any given time. There is a constant debate in the Kremlin, and this debate is intimately affected by the views of what can only be called pressure groups outside. Far more people are involved in the actual making of policy than was the case under Stalin; and these people are constantly changing. Belyaev goes, Voronov comes (from where?); Kirichenko vanishes, Frol Kozlov soars (why?). We do not even know what Khrushchev himself stands for. In many cases it is impossible to say whether any given policy he advocates is close to his own heart or whether it has been forced on him by others.

For example, here is Khrushchev speaking to the Central Committee in January of 1961. He is attacking, and very sharply, those who put too much stress on heavy industry at the cost of food production: "Some of our comrades have developed an appetite for giving the country more metal. This is a praiseworthy desire, provided no damage is done to other branches of the national economy. But if more metal is produced while other branches lag, their expansion will be retarded. Thus, not enough bread, butter, and other foodstuffs will be produced. This would be a lopsided development."

Again, as recently as May of 1961, he said in a speech at the British exhibition in Moscow: "Soviet heavy industry must be considered as built. Therefore, in the future light and heavy industry will develop at the same pace."

But two months later, out came the new Party program, which once more insisted, in the old familiar terms, on the paramount importance of heavy industry and made no provision for any serious diversion of resources to light industry and the manufacture of consumer goods.

And in March of this year, at the latest plenum of the Central Committee, advertised in advance as the crowning effort to put Soviet agriculture in order, we find Khrushchev specifically declaring that there can be no increased investment in agriculture at the expense of industry. When it is a question of turning out more tractors quickly, all he can recommend is that a factory that has lately taken to making family motorcars must at once go back to making tractors.

Does this mean that Khrushchev has changed his mind in the past year? Or does it mean that he has been overridden by the Comrades who "have developed an appetite for giving the country more metal"?

We do not know. How much does this ignorance really matter? We at least know what is happening. We know that Khrushchev is still there as the boss. And we know more or less the sort of man he is. The rest is, surely, history in the making.

THE point is that the Soviet Union is developing, slowly and painfully, along certain lines, toward a freer and more enlightened society; that, short of a major upheaval, it will continue developing along those lines, now faster, now more slowly, now falling a step backward; that this development is the outcome of innumerable and complicated pressures, social, economic, political, and military; that to hold the country together during this unfreezing process calls for prodigies of balancing; that Khrushchev is a supreme balancer.

It follows, surely, that we should begin to change our whole attitude toward the idea of dissension in the Kremlin. Dissension is no longer something to be thought of in terms of crisis (as it certainly still was in 1957), but as an integral aspect of the evolution of government in the Soviet Union, to be taken for granted — as we take it for granted in the West.

This is not to say that future crises are ruled out. On the contrary, at any time, and over any one of a number of issues, Khrushchev might be so heavily defeated that he would have to go. But I believe that the Soviet Union has now reached a stage when this could happen without a direct reversal of all Khrushchev's policies, or, more particularly, a reversion to Stalinism in any thoroughgoing way. Khrushchev can have survived the past eight years only because the general body of opinion in the Soviet Communist hierarchy is broadly in sympathy with his general direction, even though individuals, or groups, may dissent sharply from his handling of particular issues.

If this view is accepted, and only if it is accepted, we can make sense of what went on

before, during, and after the 22nd Congress last October. It is clear enough that the new Party program was not achieved without a great deal of debate. It is clear to anyone who has studied Khrushchev's speeches over the past few years that the program was not a one-man *diktat*; rather, it was the fruit of compromise. More than that, when it came to light industry and the problem of agriculture, the debate was still continuing, so that no firm line could be laid down.

But when Khrushchev stood up last October to make his report, he knew very well that, in spite of opposition in detail, he was fully master of the situation, and he must have decided that he was strong enough to force a number of issues which were still thought to be open. I think particularly of the Chinese issue (there is no doubt at all that the attack on Albania and Molotov was unexpected). I think also of the symbolic casting out of Stalin and the renewed and ferocious attacks on the anti-Party group. Here Khrushchev sought to underline past victories and to indicate to all dissident elements that, in the last analysis, he was boss and proposed to behave like one; that debate and opposition were all very well up to a point, but there were limits; and that he had no intention of putting up with any more argument about matters that had already been decided — he had smashed opposition in the past, and he had known how to compromise in the past to ensure his own continuance in office. The lesson of his attack on the anti-Party group was that opposition could be smashed again.

But it did not quite work. Khrushchev carried the day at the Congress. But after the Congress there was evidently some very plain talking. And there followed an extraordinary period of emptiness and suspense, pierced intermittently by strange cries. Certain government departments almost ceased functioning at all; everyone was waiting for something. The air was thick with rumors about conflict, about impending dismissals. Madame Furtseva had her nervous breakdown. There were others. Ilychev, recently promoted to be the chief of propaganda, the keeper of the ark of the covenant, fired simultaneous broadsides against the heretics of the right, the revisionists (those who want to move too fast), and the heretics of the left, the dogmatists (the neo-Stalinists).

Toward the end of January, the air began to clear a little, and the ranks, it seemed, began to close. *Pravda* came out heavily in support of the Khrushchev line on coexistence, simply laying it down, not arguing about it. Pospelov, never an ardent Khrushchevite, contributed some thoughts about Lenin's way with heretics, discussing quietly whether or not it was a good thing to expel them

from the Party. After all the confusion about Molotov's future, the statements and the denials about his return to Vienna, *Pravda* came out with a definitive statement of his sins. It was clear that Khrushchev had succeeded in swinging the Party into line behind him. In December Ilychev had been furiously arguing on behalf of Khrushchev. Argument had now given place to plain instruction.

This still did not mean that Khrushchev was going to have his way in everything. He had got his way, certainly, about his Chinese policy, about a new attempt to treat with America, very probably about Berlin. But there were still innumerable opportunities for debate. One of them was dramatized again by Ilychev on the one side and Ilya Ehrenburg on the other. Ehrenburg, with some courage, felt impelled to write about the shabby treatment of Pasternak at his death. This nastiness, he said, had reflected "a certain attitude on the part of certain people and a way of life which, fortunately, is more and more receding into the background." He was careful not to say that it had entirely receded. And the reason was made clear in an article by Ilychev about creative freedom in the arts. Lenin, Ilychev agreed, had certainly advocated creative freedom for artists in expressing their ideals, but, he went on, this could only apply when the ideals of the individual artist coincided with the ideals of the people as a whole. Ehrenburg, nevertheless, survives.

Still more revealing was the widely publicized plenum of the Central Committee which opened on March 5. The object of this meeting was to recognize the shortcomings of Soviet agriculture and lay down conditions for a mighty new upsurge. But Khrushchev simply tinkered with the problem. There were no radical measures offered which came anywhere near the heart of the matter — the condition and mood of the collectivized peasants. Two mock panaceas were offered, and defensively at that — the abolition of ley farming and the institution of special management committees under the chairmanship of local Party secretaries. The main problem of how to get the peasants on the side of the regime was not even touched.

Why was this? Clearly because there was no agreement among the Comrades. Khrushchev was to be allowed to try a couple of experiments, one agricultural, one administrative, while everybody thought again and the situation drifted.

The evolution of a new top-people democracy in the higher levels of the Party has manifested itself more and more in evident indecisiveness and drift, and in switches of line, not to be regarded as deliberate and calculated acts of policy, but rather as temporizing expedients. We must get used to manifestations of this kind in Soviet foreign policy. We should, I think, welcome them.

The Sound of Young Laughter

BY MAY DIKEMAN

A Vassar graduate and the mother of three children, MAY DIKEMAN made her first appearance in the ATLANTIC in May of last year with her short story "The Tender Mercies," which won second prize among the Atlantic "Firsts." Miss Dikeman lives in New York City and is finishing work on her novel.

WHAT is *wrong* with him?" Victoria asked in a whisper when their hostess went up to look in on her husband.

"I don't know," murmured Kenneth. It was true, but he had the professional student's tight-lipped way of expressing ignorance as if only being discreet. Victoria shrugged her shoulders, which were so luminously tanned that they looked wet, and stared off down the terrace.

Sometimes this was all it took to get Victoria sore at him. Ordinarily, it didn't get Kenneth down too much. From his mother, he was conditioned to nerves in women. And it was a sign of sensitivity. Also, he believed it could be that the more surface misunderstandings, the deeper the basic relationship, and that their getting married (it was set for fall) would relax Vicky. Besides, after a fuss, Victoria always gave in and told Kenneth she wasn't good enough for him, and that he was a much, much better *person* than she was, although Kenneth's roommate, Joe, who had called Victoria a terrific-looking tomato who would be hard to handle, said, "I do not regard it as a good sign when a girl tells me she is not good enough for me. When a girl tells me I am a much, much better *person* than she is, I say, man, watch out."

But Kenneth had banked a lot on this weekend at the Voerds'. He wanted to show Victoria and Erika Voerd, his philosophy chairman, off to each other. He wanted to get Victoria into the atmosphere of what he believed, although he hadn't met Axel Voerd yet, to be a mature marriage. Knowing that Axel Voerd was supposed to be convalescing from something, he had demurred a bit when Mrs. Voerd invited them, but she

insisted it would do Axel good. "So come," she had exclaimed. "Bring Victoria, your fiancée — she is a good creature, your Vicky!" This description was so inept that it struck Kenneth as a possible unique insight.

Now, as he looked across at Victoria's narrow, bronzed, shield-shaped kneecaps under a tennis-anyone sort of getup so white it looked combustible in the sunshine, the very dazzle made him dread a fiasco — a quarrel the Voerds would notice, or even Victoria calling it off with him. The last idea gave Kenneth a joint-locking fear that made his own body seem constrictive, as if he were tied up. However, it was by this feeling, which he'd never had before, that he knew he was really in love with his fiancée.

Fiancée was a word he never expected to be throwing around, but Victoria, as he sometimes sang to her to "My Sugar Is So Refined," was the fiancée kind of girl. She was an ash-blond, with an ash-blond's gray eyes, so light that the pupils seemed set for distance, as if she were spotting a boat, the evening star, or the guest who just came in. Her suntan didn't give her that bumptiously sturdy look it gave some girls; it gave her eyes bigger shadows and made her arms and legs look fracturable as well as sinewy, so that Kenneth had to admit to all kinds of phony parlance involving thoroughbreds and so forth. She looked so weekend-in-Connecticut now; she had this quality of gracing the occasion, making the immediate present as nostalgic as a chorus of "Aurelie." And if this were a thing that went along with belonging to the when-daddy-overexpanded set, Kenneth felt that it was, as they said in the humanities, "valid."

Kenneth had real reasons for insecurity. The big one was that he was privately, helplessly aware, as if of impotence, that he was committed to never making any money in his life unless by fellowships or grants. This wasn't even as manageable as a case of deceiving himself, but rather as if some outer, obdurate self were deceiving *him*. Then, there was an almost cubist discrepancy in his looks. Front view he was handsome, theatrically so, because of bushy eyelashes; his profile was weak. If he had been integrally homely, he would have adapted, handled it with flair. As it was, caught by a side-view mirror, he would think, Here I was being Byronic when I was looking like an ostrich swallowing a golf ball. Finally, it had been while he was hospitalized (it turned out to be mononucleosis) that they got engaged. Joe, whose field was mechanism, electronic and female, once remarked that lookers like Victoria had an instinct for being in at the kill. And in rare bad moments, Kenneth wondered if the disappointment Victoria sometimes showed in him was that he hadn't died.

SO FAR, except for the delay in meeting Axel Voerd, the weekend seemed to Kenneth marvelous in its simplicity. They played a little croquet, and Erika Voerd baked; she baked kuchens, tortes, and strudels. The house was a push-button colonial, and Kenneth found something very gracious in this scholarly European couple's impartial zeal for American gadgets, both antique and modern, although ordinarily he held the correct derision for both. But their apparent equal pleasure in rush candle dippers and automatic dishwashers made them seem more vital than if they'd bought a ruin and furnished it with old Hapsburg-style pieces. "They're unselfconscious," he would describe it, back at school. "They're not snobs about conveniences. No tearing out the central heating. It was an experience of royalty in the kitchen, so to speak."

"Axel again apologizes, he says how he welcomes you," cried Erika Voerd, lugging the oil paintings she had promised to bring out, her astronomer husband's hobby. "He hopes maybe to be well to come down for dinner." Her resolute diminutiveness, strident voice, amenable smile, the elegance of ideal balance between frills and butchiness, her flag-blue eyes and swan-blond hair aged to the shade many younger women bleached to, made undergraduates ask, "Terrific?" and their girls cry, "Isn't she the great old *end*?"

"I was just saying to Vic," said Kenneth, "I love the way you don't affirm a kind of Freud-Strauss synthesis in Connecticut."

"Oh, we don't like to do that," said Mrs. Voerd,

surprised, "because why." Like an ordinary suburban matron, she talked decor on the conventionally rueful note. She told them how she had been penny-wise, pound-foolish, trying to put the expression into American money, and enjoying their laughing at her. "So I made for the entrance hall the economy of the pattern of daisies. It is too moving." "Busy," suggested Kenneth. "Busy! Busy!" Mrs. Voerd thanked him. "And the decorator had told me, for a house of scale, baronial, sumptuous, a pattern of" — she made gestures of drawing thread from a needle — "high feathers." "Plumes?" Victoria offered, timidly, and they all exclaimed triumphantly, "Plumes! Plumes!"

Mrs. Voerd stood her husband's paintings against the low stone wall of the terrace. They were very small canvases showing tiny, globby cadmium-yellow suns and nebulas on scrubbed-in ultramarine backgrounds. "They're certainly very interesting," said Kenneth, swallowing. "They've got a certain very definite quality."

A special sweetness of Mrs. Voerd's (in her work, she was such a mordant critic) was that she took social remarks at respectful face value. "I think they are!" she said. "I think they do!"

Victoria said, "He must be a terribly good *astronomer*." Because she appeared cool and poised, these faux pas of hers sounded intended. Kenneth murmured, "Oh, Victoria!", which made her give him a resentful blink and look away.

"But Axel is authority!" agreed Mrs. Voerd, in a fierce tone of joy. She pronounced it *o-tor-ity*, so that it sounded like a classical title. She told them things Axel had done with azimuths and asteroids and equinoctials. Kenneth loved the way she said the word "colure" in a deep purr, pursing her mouth in a kiss. Victoria, in the rather flat voice in which girls talk to older women, remarked, "I thought it was all *radar* now."

"It is all radar now!" Mrs. Voerd agreed, still more proudly. "*Stars* is not practical! Axel always says, *is not practical*!" She propped up a little canvas. Suddenly she looked up, shading her eyes. Although there hadn't been a sound, Kenneth realized that Axel Voerd was actually with them. But how had she known? The man in the living-room photograph, in seamanlike black, so close up he seemed larger than life, was out on his sundeck, almost directly above them. Kenneth heard him give a short cough and take a breath. They weren't noises of a sick old man. Even in these solitary, respiratory little sounds, the voice was alert and virile. Mrs. Voerd's upraised face constricted in the sunshine and looked powdery, as if it could flake into the air. Kenneth felt a pang like jealousy, the feeling he got at a concert with a musician. "This is senseless," he thought. "She's a woman who loves her husband. Which is very

marvelous." But as if to throw himself between them, he said, almost in a shout, "I love the way he isn't afraid of *color*."

"I was saying to Ken," said Victoria, also throwing her voice, "your husband looks like Tolstoy. Or — or some Baltic *captain*."

"Oh, the picture, that is by the Stamford Yacht Club," explained Mrs. Voerd. She indicated another canvas. "That is Betelgeux." She lingered lovingly over the *geux*. "I think Betelgeux."

As he recalled some cataclysmic perception from Mrs. Voerd's last book, her refuge in her husband's tiny, crudely painted heavens seemed to Kenneth her source of power; instead of relaxing by playing four-hand arrangements for pipe organ, or championship chess, this scholarly old couple got lost in the stars.

Mrs. Voerd turned the talk to the young couple's plans. With the rapt smile of a classic mother, as if these held a glory they were unaware of, she questioned Victoria, ducking her head to follow the girl's face as she would shift to knock her cigarette. "Well, Ken, of course, will go on with his doctorate, and I'll have to get some sort of *job*." Victoria laughed and added, beseechingly, "I majored in history sort of by *accident*."

"How? How do you mean this, you major in history by accident?" Mrs. Voerd asked eagerly, as if told of an academic distinction, and Vicky told her the story, probably slightly doctored, but cute, about how she told her deaf major-field adviser she was crushed over her D in a physics quiz, and he understood her to have announced she wanted to major in history. Most of Victoria's anecdotes described her fulfillment of misapprehensions she had accidentally given people. But she got the story off charmingly without making herself sound like a dimwit, and it brought up her vulnerable quality. "She's so vulnerable," Kenneth often explained to Joe. Joe replied, "Man, you're hooked."

Mrs. Voerd went up again to look in on her husband, and from the windows, they heard the rich, gargling sounds of German. Neither of them knew any German except for some philosophy, cookery, and operetta words. It sounded to Kenneth as if the Voerds were intensely and joyously planning weltschmerz, sauerbraten, and gestalt for *Die Fledermaus*. He and Vicky had to look at each other, and they started to laugh silently, whispering "Shut up!" One word kept recurring in Axel's talk, which sounded like Nutsy, or Mootzie, and they realized that this was some kind of pet name he called his wife, which shocked them.

"Axel is so disappointed!" reported Mrs. Voerd. "He is much better, but not yet for tonight, but tomorrow for surely! He wishes again I should tell you once more how he welcomes you, it does him

good that you are here, your presence in the house, and the sound of your young laughter."

Until dinner, she showed them her Early American collection, which looked to Kenneth like discarded plumbing parts. As she showed them jaggling irons and jagger wheels for doing things to pastry, the idea of people's forging weapons for dealing with pastry, and of a great modern philosopher hunting them in barn auctions and paying big prices for them, gave Kenneth a sense of the majesty of the mundane. He looked at Victoria, who was examining a silver-luster Toby with a bemused expression, and thought, "Ancestors! We're going to be ancestors."

THAT night Kenneth got a few minutes alone with Victoria. It had the stolen savor most of his times alone with her had, with her telling him her mother's warnings. Tonight she told him her mother said not to stay up with Kenneth after the Voerds went to bed because "it would *look* so bad." "You know, never mind if I got *pregnant*, just it would *look* so bad," said Victoria. The reference to pregnancy she tossed off, but her bitterness about her mother's concern for appearances was passionate. Am I jealous of her mother? thought Kenneth. That's senseless. "My mother wouldn't worry about my getting you pregnant," he said, consolingly. "She'd worry about my not getting my eight hours. We must face it, honey. Our mothers trust us morally."

Even saying good night, they had two short fights and reconciliations. Victoria didn't want Joe to be best man. "I think Joe is a marvelous *person* with marvelous *qualities*," she said. "It's just that he just isn't terribly *presentable*." "I'm afraid I don't pick my friends on the basis of how they look in cutaways," said Kenneth, stiffly. Then Victoria said his loyalty to his friends was what she loved about him. She said, "I just was brought up in these phony, disgusting criteria, and it makes me hate myself and hate everybody." Kenneth felt that she wanted him to rake her mother over the coals with her, but that this would be getting on dangerous ground. Also, from his own mother, he knew how to handle this dressy, girl-sized, hypertensive type of matron. You just kidded them along.

They lounged back on his bed. The white mattress in the screened sleeping porch had a movie-safari look. Victoria's suntan in the golden, insect-repellent-bulb light made her look anointed. Her neckline V of tan made all the white below it seem doubly bare. She smelled like the main floor of a fancy department store, like new ironing. Over their breathing and the bumping of white

millers on the screen, some kind of insect kept pronouncing, "Nanette, Nanette," and another made fast irregular clicks like a typewriter. She giggled and whispered, "But, darling, this *looks* so bad," and he said, "My eight hours! I must have them! I must have them tonight!"

From upstairs, they heard the Voerds talking. The distance blurred it so that the German all sounded like indignant noises of strangling, "*Hoot, oot, woot, woot!*", and they started to giggle, shushing each other. They got pensive about the Voerds. "I hope to God we get to meet Axel tomorrow," said Kenneth. "You know, they'd be terrific material for a profile. A double profile hasn't been done too often. I see them as a kind of transcended latter-day Sidney and Beatrice Webb. But," he added sternly, "I'm not a journalist."

"Of course, if you regard it as prostituting yourself to compromise at all, how are we going to support our *children*?" said Victoria.

"Would you want too *many* children?" asked Kenneth. Victoria, jerking upright, in an angular, tomboyish position, and yanking back her hair, so that her clear features shone like a fourteen-year-old boy's, said rapidly, as if reciting, that to her marriage was meaningless if it did not contain children, and Kenneth pointed out that you should not have children in a marriage that was otherwise meaningless. Since this was an abstract problem, it did not interest them long, and Victoria did one of her passionate about-faces which Kenneth had come to depend upon and said his dedication and single-mindedness were what she loved about him. "I loathe gray-flannel rat-race types," she said. "My roomie's mahogany magnate would drive me *mad*. Just from his letters to her I *know* he has fat *hands*."

They said another good night, standing at the screen. The country darkness seemed cubic, as if the sleeping porch were a golden cage blocked up by the night. A white miller, the beanlike bug body and Kleenex-scrap wings, bumped in front of their eyes. "Betelgeux!" Victoria whispered, pointing to the dark. They laughed and clutched each other. Kenneth said, "Darling, we're going to be ancestors." She gave a submissive little shudder that he felt run down her legs.

After she went up to her guest room, Kenneth was too jumpy to sleep. He started a letter to Joe, but it was a "You should see me now" letter, and he destroyed it. The frustration of a sense of exaltation was that friends received it apprehensively, as if they knew you were going to die. The night had a crisis quality before he did get sleepy, and then he slept hard till morning.

Set on a tray on Axel Voerd's desk in the office adjoining the sleeping porch Kenneth found juice

and coffee cake for himself and Victoria, the car keys, a locker key, and a note from Erika propped against the celestial globe which asked if he "would mind to" drive to the deep-freeze lockers and get a couple of nice broilers for lunch, before it got too hot. She had drawn a little road map of the route to the lockers, with the turnoff on the highway and the lockers marked by stars.

Exultantly Kenneth got Victoria, and they went out through the breezeway to get the car. "Hey," said Kenneth. "We're eloping!"

"I never knew dew got things so wet," said Victoria.

To Kenneth this was the best part of the weekend, the chance to drive Victoria in a good car in the early-Sunday country. The car handled so powerfully it seemed to burn its own swath and compose views no one had ever seen before. The country looked like a garden, the scrubby trees of the low second-growth woods singled out like ornamental plantings. Under this annunciatory A.M. glaze, it became an ordered setting, a full palette of greens shone in deliberate probity, little Fra Angelicos with beveled wings and nimbus seemed possible, and only expressions like "grand design" and "creation" seemed to apply. The morning was proclamatory; if later would be glaring and humid, this present was all the more — Kenneth could only think *valid*. Down an open swath he saw oil-white patches of houses against the blue Sound, calendar art come true at both ends in a chronicle writing in him and Victoria. "Why not *settle*, ultimately?" he thought. Being city-bred, to *settle* was the most radical adventure. "What's so impossible?" Because she was his partner in this freedom, he felt deeply tender for Victoria, and her moodiness got through to him very faintly at first.

But she was in one of her most difficult moods. She got on the subject of British accents. She said British accents did something fantastic to her. In a tone of desperation, she said, "I forget British accents *exist*, and then I hear a British accent and I get weak in the *knees*." She suddenly asked Kenneth what his neck measurement was. He told her dryly he could probably cultivate a British accent and a bull neck, but then he looked at her and thought she looked like one of those wedding-stagefright girls in the newspapers who ride a cross-country bus and sit through six movies. She had bride nerves, that was all. And being a delicate-featured ash-blond, her getting a little mussed looked touching. The rising heat had fuzzed her hair slightly at the temples, deepened the shading of her eyes, and creased her gray dress across her narrow groin. "She's so vulnerable," he thought, again.

They drove past an ivy-grown small stone

church as the bell was ringing. "Oh," cried Victoria, as if wounded. "I wish I could go to church."

"I'll take you to church!" said Kenneth. He slowed the car and felt at the open neck of his sport shirt. "I'd need to go back for a tie."

"No, I don't have a hat," she said.

"A scarf?" suggested Kenneth, but evidently this was too stupid to get an answer. With the sun fuller, the morning got weightier, the trees rose out of darkening pools of shade like the landmarks that ratify in the memory the bad news that came just then.

Then, as usual after being difficult, she switched to her mother. "Ken," she asked, in an almost entreating voice, "does your mother embarrass you to absolute *tears*?"

"Well," said Kenneth, "I mean, I just wouldn't take her to a party for Allen Ginsberg —"

"No, no, no, no, *no*!" Victoria interrupted. "I mean, when she says you don't love her. I mean, when she wants to go deeply, deeply into — oh —"

"My mother is essentially a materialist," said Kenneth. "I mean, my eight hours is the extent —" Victoria didn't seem to listen, and for a while she didn't talk. Kenneth reached his right hand across the car seat and gently gripped her thigh. As if his caress prompted her, Victoria burst out again. "I've got something figured out about my mother. My mother's got a *myopia* neurosis."

"Oh?" said Kenneth. The interrogative *oh* was a mannerism he knew annoyed her, but it still came out. She started to expound her theory. This broke the flow of the country drive more jarringly than all the capricious business had. She sat forward and talked against the hum of the motor. Concentrating on her vulnerable quality got harder and harder for Kenneth. "Mother was, of course, *the* celebrated beauty of her day, unquote, and she would *not* wear glasses. I seriously doubt that my mother has ever in her life seen anything beyond her own manicured hand before her celebrated *face*. I really and truly believe my mother almost literally doesn't know other people *exist*!"

"I had an uncle who was very deaf —" said Kenneth, but to his relief, they got to the turnoff for the lockers.

He parked in the gravel area, and they went up a flagstone walk screened by a beachy translucent turquoise plastic partition. The factual intimacy of this bathhouse connotation made Kenneth only able to think about touching her. He had the burdened feeling he ought to straighten out a lot of things with her, but now it seemed a waste of this privacy. When he kissed her she kissed back, and when he touched her she seemed the smoother through the scratchy gray summer-suit stuff. She

smelled like surf swimming, of lotion and washed hair. After all the little complications that seemed to beset her, the idea of physical love appeared to Kenneth as vastly healing, like glorious weather, and he could believe that once they really got together everything would be all right.

Driving back in now drilling sunshine that dug the landscape in shovelfuls of shade and glare, they got very gay. They talked about some of the same things as before, but now they laughed at them. They imitated their mothers complimenting each other's hats by saying how terrible they themselves would look in the hat. "I look like a clown in a high crown," squealed Victoria. "I look like *death* in a veil. I look like a racehorse in flowers. I'd look as if I'd had a few too many!" "I'd look like a whore!" yelled Kenneth. "A corpse!"

They were laughing when they drove into the Voerds' driveway. Two cars were parked in the circle. "Sunday hordes!" said Kenneth. "This early. Damn. Buzzards." He took the package of frozen broilers, and they went up the path to the front door, which stood wide open.

THE hall was as bright as outdoors. All the daisies on the wallpaper, Mrs. Voerd's penny-wise daisies, looked as if they were growing. The house looked turned inside out, for painters, movers, or for sale. Sign-shapes of sunshine stood on the stairs. Kenneth saw that the sunshine came from the two open doors at the top. Both of Axel Voerd's doors, the two doors to the master bedroom suite, stood wide open. "They've taken him to the hospital," thought Kenneth. For some reason he was ashamed of himself and Victoria. The real-estate brightness of the hall resounded; it struck him that haunted houses were sunny, bright, and open.

Then, from the dining room he heard Erika Voerd's voice say, "But it is my young guests." She came along the hall. The sunshine made her face a drawn-up mask of the type in which the features are cut out of the metal. Even while already trying to change it to dismay, Kenneth felt his face smile in involuntary response to her own smile. "It is all over for Axel," she said. She held her hands as if offering them a treasure, in the gesture with which people tell their loss. At his side he heard Victoria give a low cry, but as if repelled by a story of sadism or a disgusting sight. "But it is all *right*!" said Mrs. Voerd. "Only you must forgive I make your errand, because I know you would feel, and what could you do. But it is all *right*, it is all right! He was made glad hearing your voices, and your young laughter."

A man who looked like some kind of professional

family friend, a doctor or lawyer, came up. Silently he shook hands ceremoniously with Victoria and Kenneth and said, "You don't speak Hungarian?" It became apparent that this was the only English he knew. A brazen-haired woman in slacks so tight her hips looked crisscrossed by many cords underneath came up and made Erika Voerd sit down on a chair. With her voice breaking for the only time, Mrs. Voerd said, "But my young friends have had no meal!" The woman made a crooning noise and started to rub Mrs. Voerd between the shoulder blades like a masseuse. She had the almost drunkenly sullen expression many people wear in the presence of bereavement. Kenneth thought how round-shouldered Mrs. Voerd looked. Her upper back formed a small dome. What had her husband called her, Nootzie, Mootzie? She looked to him so diminished that he got the feeling that it was he who was growing, maladroit as a clown on stilts, and might at any moment hit his head. This sense of a ludicrous disparity of size struck him dumb. To speak was so impossible he held his teeth set.

Soon the people started to come. A son and daughter, with the wife and husband, arrived, but Kenneth didn't know which were the real children and which were the in-laws. The bleached woman in the slacks turned out to be the wife of a great poet. The Lutheran pastor from Westport came, explaining, as if this were his reason, that the Voerds hadn't "belonged." Everyone ignored Kenneth and Victoria. Erika was borne away among them all. There was a lot of mention of "heavy sedation." The poet's wife started to tell Kenneth that Axel had had his previous heart attack at her party, but when someone spoke to her, she dropped Kenneth and her story. After a while, Kenneth and Victoria got their things together, called their cab, and left without anyone speaking to them.

As they tore at country-taxi speed down the shining blue highway with the green banners of countryside flying off on each side, Kenneth said, "Ultimately, the question is what will this do to Erika Voerd as a *thinker*."

He addressed this to the heavy neck of the cab driver. Also throwing her voice for the benefit of the driver, Victoria said, "She seems to have transcended terrifically." The driver immediately spoke. Kenneth lurched in his seat before he realized that the driver was talking into his phone. "Party to the station," he said. "No, I'm still working on it."

They came up against a huge ink-brushed can-can girl on pink, a poster for a Broadway show, over a big empty luggage cart. A desertlike sun isolated the station. The train came in in a jet of steam that smelled like a men's room. "I'll

have to notify people," said Kenneth, a little cheered. "The entire faculty. I'm obligated. I'll have to call their homes even though it's Sunday. It's a responsibility." Just as they boarded the train, he got a strange impression of a deadly flash of her eye and the words, "*Fun*, though!"

IN THE train, she got impossible. If he had wanted to say it, been the type who could, what would have been the Noel Coward sound of "Victoria, you're a bitch" almost made tears come into his eyes. He prayed that soon she would stop and say she didn't know what was the matter with her, and say she was sick. A few other times, after being bitchy, she pleaded being sick, or, after a party, not remembering what had happened, and these were certainly shabby tricks he disliked, but now he prayed she would pull all her shabby tricks.

She did takeoffs of him telling about the tragedy. Like many shy, aloof girls, she was an abandoned mimic when the mood was on her. Seeing himself played by someone he had been so close to, like seeing his profile in a side mirror, made him sit so still that small twinges and tickles of circulation needled his body all over.

First she did him doing the story for the grotesque. "So we come in with the frozen chickens. A lawyer comes up and asks if we speak Hungarian. The chickens are defrosting all over the floor. —'s wife (what a tramp!) starts a masseur job on the widow. Mrs. Voerd says it's all right because he was happy hearing our young laughter."

Then she did his mood change. She shifted position and wrinkled her forehead as she did his trying for powerful effect with understatement. "It seems she had been occupying the same bed as himself. (It was a double bed.) They were a terrifically devoted couple. So in the morning she wakes up. She finds him. I mean, it was kind of rough. But it was essentially ritualistic the way she preserved the forms. Admetus, so to speak. I mean, it was an essentially *Greek* experience."

Exploratory horror, as if he had gotten a wound he had not been able to look at closely yet, made Kenneth feel a fullness of dread; something had happened in which the only certainty was that it would be worse when he looked at it.

She didn't say she was sick; she cried, trying not to (mastering herself completely when the conductor came through), and said she was sorry, she was sorry she couldn't marry him. In a terrified whisper, as if she were confiding that she had had an abortion or a prison record, she said she actually somewhat doubted that she had ever actually been really and truly in love with him.

Kenneth kept his eyes fixed on their two red tickets clamped in the seat-back slot at a thirty-three-and-a-third-degree angle apart, as if from the patness of this image he could draw a counterpoison. He realized he hadn't believed he would really get away with marrying Victoria; he had hoped they could push it through before she noticed the mistake. He would marry a wool-haired little girl named Yetta or Blanche, in a draw-string blouse falling off and a skirt painted on, who would support him by researching for Wilfred Funk, and not the idea of marrying her, but the idea that he would come to want to, made him shut his eyes; that the compatible would become desirable made death seem real.

Probably his and Victoria's mothers would remain friendly. It made him cold to the quicks of his fingernails to think that matrons' rapport over hats would flourish when grand passion had drowned to a tear in the beer over a closing-time chorus of "Sunshine came along with thee, and swallows in the air."

In a child's reciting voice as she talked against her crying, Victoria said the self-excoriating banalities. She said again that she wasn't good enough for him, and this time Kenneth knew immediately that this had always meant she didn't love him. She also said, "I very, very seriously doubt that I have ever in my life really loved anyone except myself," and this second banality now seemed to Kenneth simply literally true, and equally true of himself.

He wanted Victoria, the idea of it, and having everybody know; but the things that bothered her, her mother-thing, her apparent yen for a nineteen-inch-neck Britisher, didn't move him, and the idea of things ever happening to her looks, to her bronzed miniature-shield kneecaps, or her conical breasts, was an affront. He knew his pang at the sight of Erika Voerd's face, as she looked up toward her husband's sundeck, knowing she couldn't see him, was jealousy of her ability to love.

But, even now, he thought, there was a chance for him and Victoria, if he could get rid of caring about himself, if he could say to her, "It is all over, but it is all right!"

With a cold feeling, as if facing noble danger, he wondered if he could get rid of caring in the least how he himself felt, if he could possibly stop mattering to himself at all; but it all stuck to him, fear of getting hurt, as he was hurt now, and wanting her, the strongest self-love of all, desire, the centaur's blood that soaked Heracles' cloak — it burned through him as he tried to tear it off and think only about her herself. He tried to concentrate on how all of this was tough on her as well, on her problems, on her mother-ambivalence

thing; but he thought of what she did to him and of what she had done to him, and the more he tore all that away, the more it stuck to him, the Deianiran robe, it burned into his flesh.

Only when a lot of time had passed, he thought, and he looked through the funeral-lace dirt of the window at the flying green country as if the trees were milestones, each sword of shade knighting him with a year's time, only after many stunning accolades of age, might he know this love which could say, "But it is all right! It is all right!", on the very morning of death.

MY FRIEND, MY BROTHER, DEAR WRITER OF THE DECADE

BY ESTA SEATON

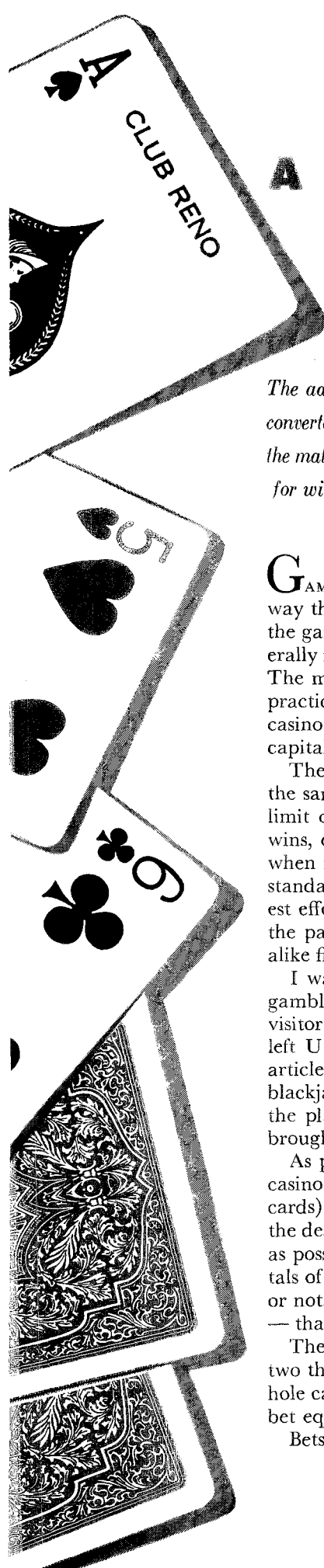
I don't want to hear about your troubles
I'm not going to tell you about mine.

It's OK by me if you came
from Albany, Ohio
Or upstate Des Moines,
New Jersey.

And I forgive you
the Second World War
and/or Korea. Only
just don't tell me about it.

I too had a childhood.
What the hell, who hasn't?
Ripped its seams, and tried
to grow
Nursed its pains and watched
the scars unheal.
But like — who was it said it —
"Skip it!"
Fats Waller?
Sure.
Diamonds that Woolworth doesn't —

You see, you've got me started
You and your twenty-year-ago sorrows
You roaming the streets of New York
Now correcting themes in Albany,
Ohio
At the great University of



A PROF BEATS THE GAMBLERS

by Edward O. Thorp

The advantage in two-handed blackjack, long supposed to lie with the dealer or the house, was converted recently to the profit of the player by EDWARD O. THORP, a young assistant professor in the mathematics department of New Mexico State University. A detailed exposition of his theory for winning at blackjack will be published in book form next fall by Blaisdell.

GAMBLERS have learned through experience that games of chance can be run in such a way that a certain percentage favors one side at the expense of the other side. That is, if the game is played a sufficient number of times, the winnings of the favored side are generally near a certain fixed percentage of the total amount of all bets placed by the opponent. The modern gambling casino takes the side of the gambling games which has proved in practice to be favorable. If necessary, the casino alters the rules of the game so that the casino advantage is sufficient to cover expenses and yield a desirable rate of profit on the capital which the owners have invested.

There have been many attempts to overcome the casino advantage. But all of them have the same flaw. The casino always sets a limit to the amount that may be bet. With this limit on bets, the casino wins the same percentage of the gross bets which it normally wins, even though a player uses a complicated betting scheme. It was no surprise, then, when it was proved, by using the mathematical theory of probability, that for *most* of the standard gambling games no betting scheme can ever be devised that will have the slightest effect upon the casino's long-run advantage. In view of this mathematical proof and the painful experience of millions of gamblers, informed people and uninformed people alike firmly believe that it is impossible to beat any of the modern casino gambling games.

I was well acquainted with these facts, and therefore I did not harbor the belief that gambling in the casinos was a likely way to make money. I was, however, a frequent visitor in Nevada. One Christmastime during school vacation, just before my wife and I left U.C.L.A. to spend a few days in Las Vegas, a professor called my attention to an article in one of the mathematics journals. The article described a strategy for playing blackjack which assertedly limited the house to the tiny edge of .62 percent. This allows the player an almost even break, so I made up a little card with the strategy on it and brought it along on our trip.

As played in the casinos, blackjack, or twenty-one, involves a dealer employed by the casino and one to six players. After players make their bets, hands of two cards each (hole cards) are dealt to each of the players and to the dealer. The players in turn, and then the dealer, are allowed to draw additional cards. The goal is a total as close to twenty-one as possible without exceeding it. The dealer's strategy is fixed: he must draw to (hit) totals of sixteen or less and may not draw to totals of seventeen or more. Players can draw or not, as they please. They also have the option of doubling down with their hole cards — that is, they can double their bet and draw exactly one more card.

The numerical value of cards is ten for all tens and face cards; it is as labeled for cards two through nine, and aces may be counted as either one or eleven, as desired. A pair of hole cards with the same numerical value may be split, to form two hands. An additional bet equal to the original one must be placed on the new hand.

Bets are usually paid off at even money. If the player's total exceeds the dealer's, he

wins. If the totals are equal, it is a tie. If the player has a lower total, he loses. If the player's total exceeds twenty-one, he "busts" and immediately loses. If the two hole cards of either the player or the dealer total twenty-one, they are termed a natural, or blackjack. Naturals are immediately turned face up and win against all non-naturals. A player is paid at the rate of three to two for a natural. There are many details which have been omitted from this sketch of rules. Also, casinos often have minor variations in these rules.

WHEN I arrived at the blackjack tables I purchased ten silver dollars. This was more than the total amount of all bets I had made in my life up to that time. I was resigned to losing, but I wanted to see how long my stack would last, as well as to try out the strategy under fire.

In a few moments the slowness of my play and the little card in my palm amused and attracted bystanders. The dealer could not conceal his scorn for one more system player. These sentiments were laced with pity when they saw me playing. Who ever heard of splitting a pair of lowly eights and doubling the amount of money being risked when the dealer's up card was the powerful ace? Who doubled down on ace, two against a five? Why stand on a piteous twelve against a four?

To add to this beginner's misery, the dealer was having a very strong run of luck. Every player at the table was losing heavily. Surely my ten crumbs would soon be swept away. Or would they? Somehow these weird plays kept turning out right. As the other players lost heaps of chips, my little stack held. It even inched up once.

And then a strange thing happened. I was dealt ace, two. I drew a two, then a three. I now had ace, two, two, three. The dealer had a nine up. The dealer might not have nineteen. Only a fool would draw again and risk the destruction of such a good hand. I consulted my card and drew. With no little satisfaction and several *tsk-tsks*, the amused onlookers saw me draw a six for fourteen. Serves me right. I drew an ace for fifteen. Tough luck; I drew again. A six! I now held ace, two, two, three, six, ace, six — a seven-card twenty-one. This is an event so rare that it happens only once per several thousand hands.

After a moment of shock, some of the bystanders said I had a twenty-five-dollar bonus coming. The dealer said no, it was only paid at a few places in Reno. I was unaware of such a bonus. But I thought it might be amusing to create the impression that I'd sacrificed my soft eighteen because I foresaw the seven-card twenty-one. The amuse-

ment and patronization of some bystanders changed to respect, attentiveness, and even to goose pimples.

After another fifteen minutes and the obliteration by the dealer of all my fellow players, I was behind a total of eight and one half silver dollars and decided to stop. The atmosphere of ignorance and superstition that pervaded my little experience securely planted in my mind the suggestion that even good players didn't know the fundamentals of this game.

When I returned home, I carefully studied the mathematics article by Baldwin, Cantey, Maisel, and McDermott on blackjack. In a flash of mathematical intuition I realized that it must be possible for the player to beat the game. The idea was this: the basic strategy by Baldwin was a complete set of instructions telling the player the best possible way to play. To simplify the calculations, it was assumed that the deck always had its average composition — that is, that all hands were dealt from a complete shuffled deck. However, when the game is actually played, used hands are placed face up on the bottom of the deck, and subsequent rounds of play come from a progressively more depleted deck. In general, the proportions of the various cards in the depleted deck will not be the same as in a complete deck. Thus, the casino advantage should fluctuate. Mathematical considerations suggested that the fluctuations should often be much larger than .62 percent, and further, the player should have the advantage frequently. If the player were to bet very heavily when he had an advantage and very lightly when he had a disadvantage, he would not need to have the advantage very often in order to make a handsome profit.

The basic problem, then, was to determine when the player has the advantage and how large this advantage is. Baldwin's calculations had taken four capable young men a total of twelve man-years of off-duty army time, working with the aid of desk calculators. My first step was to master every detail of these calculations.

The next step was to analyze the effect on the casino advantage when changes were made in the proportions of various cards in the deck. For example, suppose all the aces are removed from the deck. No naturals are then possible, and there are a number of other changes in the game. The result is that the player is seriously hurt.

It would be necessary to make a number of calculations similar to the Baldwin calculation, but because greater precision was desirable, they would each be many times as lengthy. Since ten thousand man-years at desk calculators were required, the problem could be done only by an electronic computer. I had access to the IBM 704

in the M.I.T. computation center. Writing up instructions for the computer turned out for this problem to be a long and tricky business. However, when I finished, it took the computer a mere seven hours to type out the answers — enough numbers to fill an average-size book.

The answers amazed me. The typical casino advantage over a player using the best complete deck strategy, hereafter called the basic strategy, was less than .21 percent. I have since learned that, in fact, the player using the basic strategy has a small edge of about .16 percent over the house, *without* keeping track of the cards. If various groups of cards were used up in play, the advantage surged wildly back and forth between casino and player. (The player, if he only knew it, has the advantage about half the time.) The four fives cause a bigger swing than any other four cards. When they are gone, the player has an edge of more than 3.3 percent. The next largest effect occurs when the four aces are gone. Then the casino has an edge of about 2.7 percent. When I examined the effect of variations in the proportion of the sixteen ten-value cards present, I learned that player or house advantages of more than 10 percent were frequent. Occasionally the advantage approached 100 percent! I developed a detailed system of play which involved keeping count of the number of ten-value and non-ten-value cards remaining to be played. Experiments with several people showed that twenty hours of practice was generally adequate to train them as ten-count players for casino play.

I THOUGHT that the simpler but less efficient strategy based on counting fives might make an interesting talk at an upcoming annual meeting of the American Mathematical Society in Washington, D. C. A few days before the meeting, the society published abstracts of the two hundred or so talks that were to be given. Included was my abstract describing the fives strategy, "Fortune's Formula: A Winning Strategy for Blackjack."

Following my talk, I was asked to give a press conference. Then I was televised by a major network and interviewed on a number of radio programs. Over the next few weeks I received hundreds of letters and long-distance phone calls. The bulk were requests for information. Interspersed among these were several offers to back me in a casino test of my system. The amounts proffered ranged from a few thousand dollars to as much as \$100,000. Together they totaled a quarter of a million dollars.

The decision was being thrust upon me of whether or not to go to Nevada and test my ideas

in play. I finally decided to go. Part of the reason was, I suppose, to silence that irritating question, "Well, if you're so smart, why aren't you rich?" Another was that I decided to write a book expounding my ideas, and I felt that the reader should know that in this case theory really works.

What may have finally clinched matters was scoffs and boasts from casinos that my claims were ridiculous. Their arrogance was succinctly summarized by a casino operator being interviewed on a nationwide television program. When he was asked whether the customers ever walked away winners, he said, "When a lamb goes to the slaughter, the lamb might kill the butcher. But *we* always bet on the butcher."

The most attractive offer was one of \$100,000 made by two New York multimillionaires whom I will refer to as Mr. X and Mr. Y. They are both large-scale gamblers. Mr. Y has lost \$100,000 in one of the casino games without being seriously hurt financially. Mr. X's gambling activities involve hundreds of thousands, and even millions in profit. At the invitation of Mr. X and Mr. Y, I flew from Boston to New York to discuss the system and to plan a trip to Nevada.

There were two main approaches we could adopt for betting. One, which I'll term "wild," involved betting the casino limit whenever the advantage to the player exceeded some small figure, say one percent. This method produces, on the average, the greatest gain in the shortest time. However, in a short run of a few days, the fluctuations in the player's total capital generally are violent, now favoring the player, now favoring the casino, so a large bankroll is required. Mr. X and Mr. Y said that they would back this to the extent of \$100,000, and that they would go further if necessary.

I was not in favor of this approach, since there were too many things I did not know about the gambling world. I also had no idea how I would be affected if I were to get behind, say \$50,000, and were betting each minute more than my monthly salary. Further, the purpose of the trip, from my point of view, was to test my system rather than to make big money for Mr. X and Mr. Y, so I preferred being certain of a moderate win, rather than a probable, but somewhat uncertain, big win. I therefore favored conservative play, betting twice the minimum bet I was making when the advantage was one percent, four times my minimum when it was 2 percent, and finally leveling off at ten times my minimum when it was 5 percent or more in my favor. If my bets ranged from \$50 to \$500 (the highest casino maximum generally available), \$6000 or \$7000 would probably be adequate capital. To be safe, we took along \$10,000.

When the M.I.T. spring recess came, Mr. X and I flew to Reno, where Mr. Y was to join us. We checked into one of the large Reno hotels about 2 A.M. and immediately went to sleep. Early the next morning we investigated casinos.

Our plan was to start small betting, \$1 to \$10, and gradually increase the amount of the bets as I gained experience. Eventually we planned to bet \$50 to \$500, always using the ten-count system.

FIRST we drove to a casino outside of town. In an hour or so of play I won a few dollars, and the establishment closed for three hours because of Good Friday, so we returned to Reno. We next investigated a number of casinos in Reno to determine which rules were most favorable. As a nice spot for practicing, we selected a casino that dealt down to the last card and allowed the player to double down on any hand, split any pair, and insure. This is a more favorable set of rules than is ordinarily found.

After a lavish dinner and a rest, I returned about 10 P.M. I began by playing for fifteen or twenty minutes at a time and then resting for a few minutes. When I sat down again, I always chose the table with the fewest players. I also paused for thought and stared at all the cards played. My behavior pattern made it apparent that I was using some system. But system players are frequent, if not common, in the casinos. They are welcome as long as they are losing. Playing \$1 to \$10, I gradually fell further behind, until at 5 A.M. I was down \$100.

Then business fell off sharply, and I was able to get a table completely to myself. My new dealer was particularly unfriendly. When I asked to be dealt two hands, she refused, saying that it was house policy that I must bet \$2 per hand to play two hands. This change in the scale of betting would have confused my records of the evening's play, so I refused. Besides, I was getting tired and irritable. After a sharp exchange of words, she dealt as rapidly as she could.

Just then a one percent advantage arose. I decided to go to the \$2 to \$20 scale and bet \$4. I won, and the advantage coincidentally advanced to 2 percent. I let my \$8 ride and won. My advantage rose to 4 percent. I let my \$16 ride and won again. I left \$20 on the table with the remark that it was time to take a small profit. I continued with \$20 bets as the deck remained favorable. At the end of the deck, I had recouped my \$100 loss and had a few dollars profit besides.

The doubling-up betting pattern I used in the last few minutes makes no sense in games where the house has the advantage, but in blackjack,

with counting methods, it is as profitable as any other way of putting down money *at favorable times*. Further, since it is so widely and so unsuccessfully practiced, it makes excellent camouflage.

Sandy-eyed and stiff, I woke up early Saturday afternoon and had breakfast. Mr. X and I again visited the casino outside of town. Within minutes, playing \$10 to \$100, I won two or three hundred. Then Mr. X jumped in. After two hours, we had accumulated \$650, and the house began to "shuffle up"—that is, they would shuffle the deck several cards before the end. Favorable situations arise with greatest frequency toward the end of the deck, so shuffling can sharply reduce the rate of profit. Since we were practicing, it seemed discreet to leave and hope we could come back later for a few full-scale hours.

Mr. Y arrived Saturday evening, and we set out to seek our fortune. First we visited one of the most famous clubs in the center of downtown Reno. We began play at the \$500-maximum tables. (The maximum generally ranges from \$100 to \$500 in Nevada, varying from casino to casino, and frequently from table to table within a given casino. With our capital, we preferred the highest maximum possible.) In fifteen minutes we won \$500 while warming up at \$25 to \$250. Then our dealer pressed a concealed button under the table with her foot. In a few minutes the owner and his son arrived. There were many pleasantries and politenesses exchanged, but they made their point: the deck would be shuffled as often as necessary to prevent us from winning.

The owners had learned, over the last decade, that some players wait for very special combinations of cards to arise at the end of the deck. Then they sharply up their bet, sometimes going from \$1 to \$500. These players are stopped by shuffling five or ten cards from the end of the deck.

To be safe, the owners instructed our dealer to shuffle twelve to fifteen cards from the end. Fortunately for them, they waited to see the results. The tens strategy locates favorable situations after the first hand has been played, even as early as after only four cards have been dealt.

A few minor situations appeared and were exploited by us. Then the deck was shuffled twenty-five cards from the end. Still, occasional minor favorable situations arose. Finally the dealer began shuffling forty-two cards from the end, after only two hands had been played. During this twenty minutes of fencing, bad luck in addition to this particular club's unfavorable rules and the shuffling allowed us to squeeze out only an additional \$80, so we stopped.

We next visited the casino in one of the large hotels, where we had been told that a cheat dealer was used on big-money players. After

being cheated on the very first hand, we moved on.

At our next stop, the maximum was \$300, but this was compensated for by excellent rules: the player could insure, split any pair, and double down on any set of cards. We purchased \$200 in chips from the cashier and selected an empty table. I lost steadily, and at the end of four hours of play I was \$1700 behind and quite discouraged. However, I decided to wait for the deck to become favorable just once more so that I could recoup some of my losses.

In a few minutes the deck obliged, suddenly producing a 5 percent advantage calling for the maximum bet of \$300. Curiously, my remaining chips amounted to precisely \$300. As I tried to decide whether to quit if I lost this one, I picked up my hand and found a pair of eights. They must be split. I flung three \$100 bills from my wallet onto the second eight. On one of the eights I was dealt a three. I had to double down. So I flung three more \$100 bills onto this hand. Nine hundred dollars was now lying on the table, the largest bet I'd yet made.

The dealer was showing a six up and had a ten under and promptly busted. Now I was only eight hundred dollars down. This deck continued favorable, and the next deck went favorable almost at once. In a few minutes I wiped out all my losses and went ahead \$255. Then we quit for the evening.

For the second time, the tens system had shown a feature that would appear again and again — moderately heavy losing streaks, mixed with “lucky” streaks of the most dazzling brilliance.

The next afternoon the three of us visited the casino outside of town again. Before sitting down to play, I made a phone call. When I came back my friends told me the casino had barred us from play, but that they would be only too happy to pick up our meal tab. I called the floor manager and asked him what this was all about. He explained, in a very friendly and courteous manner, that they had seen me playing the day before and were very puzzled at my steady winning at a rate that was large for my bet sizes. He said that they decided that a system was involved.

We returned to our hotel, and while my friends took care of business, I spent a couple of hours betting \$5 to \$50 at our hotel's tables. Despite the annoying presence of a shill, I won about \$550. At this point, the pit boss asked me to stop playing at the hotel. He said that this also went for Mr. X and Mr. Y and any other friends.

It was almost suppertime Sunday when the three of us revisited the casino at which I had made

the \$900 bet. I was warmly remembered as the rich playboy of the night before who had been down \$1700 before wriggling off the hook by some quirk of fate. We were invited to dine, courtesy of the house, as a prelude to the evening's gaming festivities. After two \$4 entrées of assorted baked oysters on the half shell and various supporting dishes, capped with wine, I set out somewhat unsteadily for the gaming tables. Within a few minutes, however, I was at peak alertness. After four hours of betting \$25 to \$300, I was ahead about \$2000. I was beginning to tire, so with the utmost reluctance I returned to my hotel.

I remember that casino fondly: the fine cuisine, the spacious attractive modern dining room, and the casino with its little clusters of blackjack tables, the favorable rules, the courtesy and hospitality, and, last but not least, the free money.

We were again ready for action early Monday afternoon. We decided to drive to the south end of Lake Tahoe. About 6 P.M. we arrived at a large brightly lighted gambling factory. It was jammed. I was barely able to get a seat at the blackjack tables.

A few minutes after I placed on the table \$2000 worth of chips I had purchased from the cashier, a drooling pit boss rushed over to invite me to dinner and the show. I requested that my two friends be included. In a few minutes, I won \$1300, and Mr. X, betting wildly, won \$2000. Then we took time out for our free dinner — filet mignon and champagne. Within hours, destiny would present us with a bill for our free dinner. The charge? Eleven thousand dollars.

After dinner we strolled over to another casino. There was a \$500 limit and acceptable rules. As usual, I purchased \$2000 in chips from the cashier and selected the least busy table. From the beginning I was plagued by \$1 bettors who came and went, generally slowing down the game and concealing cards so that they were hard to count.

Whenever one arrived, I pointedly reduced my minimum bet from \$50 to \$1. After a few minutes the pit boss got the message and asked me if I would like a private table. When I said it would transport me with ecstasy, he explained that the club didn't like the psychological effect of a private table on the other customers. With a trace of a smile, he said that a \$25-minimum game could be arranged, and wondered if that would be satisfactory. I promptly agreed, and a sign to that effect was installed, clearing the table of all customers but me. A small crowd gathered. They were quiet, perhaps anticipating the imminent slaughter of their somewhat plumpish fellow lamb.

After I had won a few hundred, my friend Mr. X jumped in. I then took the responsibility

for keeping the count and calling the signals for both of us. Within thirty minutes we had emptied the table's money tray — the blackjack version of breaking the bank. The smiles of the pit boss were replaced by signs of fear.

The employees began to panic. One of our dealers bleated to her boyfriend higher-up, "Oh, help me. Please, help me." The pit boss was trying to explain away our win to a nervous knot of subordinates. While the money tray was being restocked, the crowd swelled. They began to cheer their David on against the casino Goliath.

In two hours, we broke the bank again. The great heaps of chips in front of us included more than \$17,000 in profits. I won \$6000, and Mr. X, betting wildly, had won \$11,000. I was tiring rapidly. The aftereffects of our huge dinner, the increased effort in managing two hands, and the strain of the last few days were telling. I began to find it very difficult to count properly and observed that Mr. X was equally far gone. I insisted that we quit, and I cashed in my \$6000. As I did so, I was startled to find three or four pretty girls wandering back and forth across my path smiling affectionately.

After wending my Ulyssean way back to the tables, I watched horror-stricken. Mr. X, refusing to stop play, poured back thousands. In the forty-five minutes or so that it took to persuade him to leave, it cost the two of us about \$11,000 of our \$17,000. Even so, when we returned to our hotel that evening, we were ahead \$13,000 so far on the trip.

Tuesday we paid a series of visits to a downtown club which had bad rules and shuffled five to ten cards from the end. We also had poor luck, and playing \$50 to \$500, we lost almost \$2000.

We remembered that the club where I first practiced so lengthily had excellent rules and made a practice of dealing down to the last card in the deck. We decided to return there. I purchased \$1000 in chips and began to win. Within minutes the owner was on the scene.

In a panic, he gave the dealer and the pit boss instructions. Whenever I changed my bet size, the dealer shuffled. Whenever I varied the number of hands I took (I could now play from one to eight hands at a time, and faster than the best dealers could deal), the dealer shuffled. The dealer whom I had played against last in my practice session was standing in the background saying over and over, in reverent tones, how much I had advanced in skill since the other night. Finally I happened to scratch my nose, and the dealer shuffled! Incredulous, I asked her whether she would shuffle each time I scratched my nose. She said she would. A few more scratches convinced me that she meant what she said. I then

asked whether any change in my behavior pattern, no matter how minute, would cause her to shuffle. She said it would.

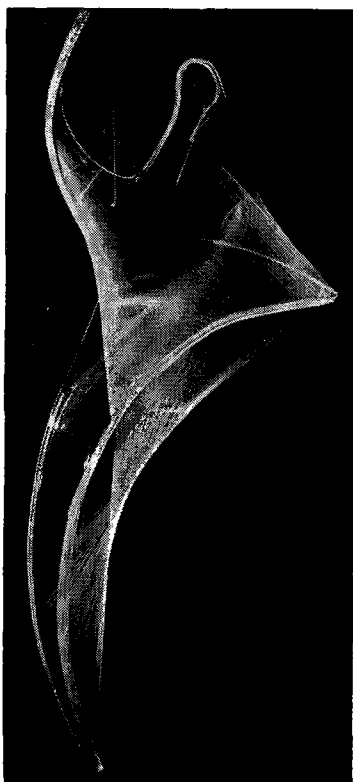
I was now playing merely even with the house, as the shuffling destroyed nearly all my advantage (except that gained from seeing the burned card). I then asked for some larger denomination chips — \$50 or \$100 — as all I had were twenties. The owner stepped forward and said that the house would not sell them to us. He then had a new deck brought in and carefully spread, first face down, then face up. Curious, I asked why they spread them face down. Although the practice is a common one in the casinos, seldom do they examine the backs of the cards for a couple of minutes, as these people were doing. The dealer explained that it was believed that I had unusually acute vision (I wear glasses), could distinguish tiny blemishes on the backs of the cards, and that this was what enabled me to foretell what cards were going to be dealt. I scoffed, but the owner, still panicky, brought in four new decks in five minutes.

My behavior was unchanged, in spite of the new decks, so they gave up on that. In whispers, they formulated a new theory. I asked them, then, what they thought my secret was. The dealer claimed that I could count every card as it was played, so that I knew exactly which cards had not yet been played at each and every instant. It is a well-known fact to students of mnemotechny (the science of memory training) that one can readily learn to memorize in proper order a deck of cards as it is dealt. However, I am familiar enough with the method involved to know that the information, when so memorized, cannot be used quickly enough for play in blackjack. So I challenged the dealer by rashly claiming that no one in the world could watch thirty-eight cards dealt quickly off a pack and then tell me quickly how many of each type of card remained.

She answered by claiming that the pit boss, next to her, could do just that. I told them I would pay \$5 on the spot for a demonstration. They both looked down sheepishly and wouldn't answer. I made my offer \$50. They remained silent and ashamed. Mr. Y increased the offer to \$500. There was no response. We left in disgust.

I had proved the system, and the millionaires had business elsewhere, so we agreed to terminate our little gambling experiment. In thirty man-hours of medium- and large-scale play, we built \$10,000 into \$21,000. At no point did we have to go into our original capital further than \$1300 (plus expenses). Our experiment was a success, and my system performed in practice just as the theory predicted.

The day of the lamb had come.



Agnes de Mille

CREATING A DANCE

AGNES DE MILLE entered the world of ballet the hard way. Her parents were opposed to her dancing, so she came to her training later than most people. In London she studied under Marie Rambert, and after fifteen years of frustration she danced into fame at the first performance of her own ballet *RODEO*. Following that success, she did the ballets for *OKLAHOMA!* and was soon recognized as a most exciting and original American choreographer. This essay is drawn from her new book, *TO A YOUNG DANCER*, which will be published by Atlantic-Little, Brown next month.

It is surprising how many institutions purport to teach choreography without realizing how subtle, how difficult, and how futile such lessons must usually be, lacking professional outlet or example. The fact is that most choreographers have learned their craft by working and watching in the ranks or by experimenting alone without help or supervision. Very few of the great have had formal instruction. In the past there were no classes, and today there are only five or six places in the world where choreography is taught as a technique by masters and, what is as important, with a company and theater for experimentation. There is no inherited code of rules, and there is only one first-class text, *The Art of Making Dances*, by Doris Humphrey.

Great traditional theaters, like those in the Orient, hand down their special stagecraft by rote but do not encourage creativity or departure from tradition. The royal and national Western ballet companies have furnished tradition, example, rehearsal opportunities, and performance under the critical eye of established masters. But these advantages have been granted to only a very few and to no one outside of the particular organization. In spite of the fact, however, that choreography depends as much on collaboration as architecture does and necessitates always an outlay of funds, individuals have made their way unasked and often without help.

"Dance #2," Plexiglas and nylon filament, by Barbara Blair. Photographed by Dr. Herbert Anhalt.

This is true of all the dissenting pioneers — Isadora Duncan, Ruth St. Denis, Mary Wigman, Martha Graham, Doris Humphrey, Sybil Shearer, Pearl Lang, Anna Sokolow, and the author. In every case cited, the young choreographer left his teacher and developed his personal style and all his creative opportunities without sponsorship.

It is different with ballet choreographers. These have learned one from another, master to pupil, in an unbroken chain back to the seventeenth century and have been given their chances in the parent theater.

By all odds the best way of learning is apprenticeship in a professional group and daily participation in the progress of a ballet under the life-and-death conditions of the theater. But there can be others, and they have their own advantages. There is danger in working long under one master: the almost irresistible inclination to borrow style and to rely on solutions and approaches already found. In the case of the great innovators, the impact of personality has in this way had a negative, almost baleful influence. The followers of Graham and Balanchine, for instance, have with few exceptions been unable to shake off the thrall, and remain for the most part feeble imitators of their teachers. Jerome Robbins' style was formed and his personality clarified before he joined Balanchine's company, so the association has done him nothing but good.

The way of the self-taught choreographer therefore, although longer and harder, may in the end lead to greater originality and make it easier when he reaches that unavoidable point in the development of any creative artist when he must strike out for himself.

Whether you are your own boss or are working within the framework of an established troupe, there are no rules for just what style you choose, barring always the limitations of technique imposed by your company. If you are really creative, you go into this land alone, without compass except your instinct. There has been no one there before you, and it is not surveyed. You may get lost. You may, please God, not. However, when you get right down to it, everyone starts equal, naked and untried; the important thing is to start.

BY WAY of preparation, learn to perform some one technique well. A choreographer is speechless who cannot move. The greatest ideas come instinctively below the centers of thought and articulate speech. You are not aware whence they come. You do them, and the more techniques you know, the richer will be your equipment. Learn several styles, therefore, even if you perfect only one. It is a tremendous asset to be able to quote from the vocabulary of different techniques — although you will eventually translate everything you touch into your own language. The members of the great ballet troupes have the incomparable advantage of being compelled to learn nearly all the European folk styles as well as ballet and some Spanish dancing; the Russians add acrobatics to their technique, and the Americans demand modern work.

Fokine and his wife learned carefully the native dances of every country they visited. He did not always imitate exactly. The Tartar dances, for instance, which make up *Prince Igor* he claims he invented entirely, but he invented out of a deep knowledge of southwest Asia and eastern Russia.

See all the dancing and theater you can.

Study folk dancing. Folk patterns are the beginning of choreography. Ballet is only formalized and dramatized folk dancing. Grasp what makes a good folk dance, and you will have learned one half of your trade.

Study all the classics. Many are in the great repertoires, and some of these travel.

Study music, its form and literature.

Learn to read music.

Learn to play the piano. This will be of inestimable help in the studying of scores.

Study the history of all arts, particularly painting and sculpture.

Study history, with emphasis on custom, costume, manners, and morals.

Study anthropology and comparative religion.

Read all you can about choreography and dance history, but chiefly Noverre's *Lettres sur la Danse* and Doris Humphrey's *The Art of Making Dances*.

Then: Get into an empty room, lock the door, and choreograph.

Begin with something short.

Start with solos, and do them yourself — but do not insist on continuing always to do them. Transfer the movement to other people's bodies and see how it looks. Remember your goal is to become a choreographer, and not a soloist. You must not limit your choreographic gifts to serving your own performing ambition, or your choreographic technique to masking your own limitations. The constant danger for an individualist is the tendency to produce endless replicas of himself.

Do nothing because you think it is Art or Right or the Graham way or the Balanchine way. Your own way is what you are after.

Observe all kinds of motion. Experiment with it. Do not just imitate or translate it. Understand its roots, its dynamics and force, how it spreads itself, where it goes.

Accept nothing as canon law. There is no authority for anything except the way it feels and the way it looks. Be sure you learn to see what is really there, and not merely what you intended to have there. Perhaps you wanted wild rolling rhythm. Is it on the floor before you? Or did you just suppose it ought to be if you strung running steps together? You have got to be as sharp and as exacting as a chemist. He does not take it for granted that certain combinations will explode; he finds out. After a while, because he has gained technique and experience he can permit himself theories.

Analyze animal movement. This will give you a whole vocabulary for dramatic expression and suggest all kinds of devices. There is a closer relationship than one might suppose. The human physiology re-enacts the stages of movement evolution as the human fetus re-creates the stages of structural evolution — and therapies have now been devised to help cases of brain damage where the coordinations have been blocked at an animal level. All people instinctively recognize these deep physical responses, and while many animal postures are not habitual to the sophisticated human adult, they are nevertheless profoundly evocative of human emotion.

Transfer movement usually done by the feet to the hands — and vice versa — and see what happens in comedic and satiric effects.

Act out literally folk sayings, old saws, maxims, common verbal expressions. You will find that, especially in the use of verbs, which are the action

words and therefore your link with language, but also in many images that reflect practical activities, there is a mine of suggestion.

Read poetry, particularly Shakespeare, and visualize carefully the images: "Take arms against a sea of troubles," for instance, and "How sharper than a serpent's tooth." There are startling and provocative images on almost every page of the Bible. They were all drawn from living experiences; they are vivid reminders of ancient and basic customs and manners of conduct. Walter Prude calls these affiliations "the connective tissue of life."

Sir Joshua Reynolds said that the opposite extremes of emotion expressed themselves in the same actions and that, for example, wild joy and frenzied grief were identical in expression. Is this true? Find out.

A joke is funny if people laugh, not otherwise. Awkwardness is not humor. Humor is truth. Although the reverse is not always the case. Humor is a point of view, an instantaneous perception of relationships, a revelation. It's there or it isn't. To spring the trick requires greater care than the making of a watch.

Stick to simple pattern problems, or exact situations, or characters, or dramatic episodes. Be as explicit as possible — a dance about circles unwinding, about sharp, bouncy movements, about people walking, or people standing still and swaying, a young girl weeping, an old girl weeping, an eighteenth-century girl weeping, a girl on Forty-second and Broadway weeping, about burying someone you love, about burying someone you hate, about skipping in a ring or stamping.

But beware of philosophy or abstraction or too many symbols — therein lies a morass. The best dances are abstract, certainly as to pattern, but not necessarily philosophical. Philosophy is thought, and dancing is emotion; all dancing starts from feeling, strong feeling about a particular experience. One cannot feel about a philosophical argument or analysis. One feels about a personal life experience. Let the critics do the philosophizing. Your analytical faculties should be kept for shaping up the form but should nowhere dilute the subject matter.

It is true that Graham and Tudor have managed to present philosophical and psychological problems. But they are geniuses, and they spent their lives learning how. You begin simply and emotionally, as they did.

EVERY dance must have a form; it can be formal and abstract, as in music, or it can be dramatic and storytelling. It can often be both.

Study music for its form — not the harmonic structure, which does not concern you, but the statements and developments, the block arrangements, the time and rhythm sequences. Study simple classical pieces first, the dances by Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, and later the Chopin mazurkas and waltzes. You will notice that there is always the statement of a central theme, a restatement, a possible development, a second theme, and a recapitulation of the first. Learn to construct this way with dance material.

When you have learned how to do this, try other ways. Do not approach any piece with a rigid set of instructions. Stravinsky says, "I do not see how one can be a choreographer unless, like Balanchine, one is a musician first." This is, of course, a musician writing. It is imperative that you understand music, but equally or more important that you understand choreographic form.

Remember that your function is that of collaborator with the music, and not of servant. You are therefore not called upon to give a visual blueprint either of the notation or of the sound. In the first place, neither would be possible, since aural and visual images lie in different media and their only relation is arbitrary. Rather, you must endeavor to place before the spectator something in harmony with the music, which makes a comment upon it or an addition to it; and therefore you must know the music in order not to violate it, but you need not approach it as a musician would. You are a choreographer, and you may find values and suggestions he has overlooked. Musicians themselves, notably Stravinsky, decry this restriction of "the dance to rhythmic duplication of the music. . . . Choreography as I conceive it," he writes, "must realize its own form, one independent of the musical form though measured to the musical unit. Its construction will be based on whatever correspondences the choreographer may invent, but it must not seek merely to duplicate the line and beat of the music." Fokine used to inveigh against "rhythmonama" — that is, the allocation of a movement to every musical note in the score."

It would be wise to limit yourself to short, rhythmic, or melodic musical works at the beginning. Heavily romantic or heavily atmospheric pieces (like the suites of Ravel and Debussy) and great symphonies can be misleading. They are so effective of themselves, so rich and dramatic in complexity, that they confuse the dance. In a way, they do the choreographer's work for him, and whatever he adds is redundant. It would be hard to think of anything Beethoven left unsaid in the Seventh Symphony, although Massine tried to, with none too happy results.

Dance to hymns. These are formal strong pieces, simply contrived, and architectural. And

don't be ashamed to try jazz. Try all kinds of dancing to jazz. Why not? Modern popular songs are well constructed, and orchestral jazz is often superb. Most of the ballets of Stravinsky, although complex in rhythm and orchestration, were composed for dancing and are direct and clear in form. His children's duets are miracles of simple and witty construction. The same is true of many Bartók pieces. It is good to use contemporary music because it is not overlaid with connotations and because its emotional appeal is sparse and sharp. It forces the choreographer to feel and think in fresh ways. Brahms, Schumann, and Chopin often act like a drug, and much of Tchaikovsky, although written specifically for dancing, is so evocative of known ballet steps as to be handicapping. The same is true of the sugary scores of Meyerbeer and Adam.

Many teachers use only drum, which forces the pupil to see as well as listen, and this is good. But simple percussive accompaniment can be dangerous for young choreographers until they have developed a sense of form.

If you are working with a student composer, be sure he knows how to construct.

It is important to spot the climax early and work toward it. The climax is the strongest and most impressive statement. But it need not for this reason be large or violent or difficult. It can be a dazzling summing up of all the themes; it can be a bravura technical trick; it can be a quickening of tempo, or, contrarily, it can be a sudden drop in tempo, a simple unison statement; it can even be standing perfectly still, as in the final tremendous statement of Graham's *Heretic*, where the body lies motionless in death while the complete melody is played through. In this instance the absence of action makes an overwhelming and heartbreaking point. As you watch each fine theater piece, discover its climax and the careful building and preparation for the climax. The climactic step or passage alone without proper preparation usually has no effect at all, or certainly not the one intended.

Folk dances have no climax. Because they were meant to be performed and not watched, they seldom produce any emotion in the beholder except nostalgia or pleasant excitement. From folk dances you can learn the beauty and shape of individual steps and the magic of sequence, but not dramatic sequence. They seldom teach us storytelling, suspense, tragedy, and only rarely comedy. Just a few quicken into a round or end with a good thumping stamp. Mostly they go on and on, continuity being their essence, as John Martin says, "like human nature or life."

Beginners try to put everything they know into each piece. This is the wastebasket approach.

But two or three good movements are enough for any dance. Find two good strong gestures and develop them, squeeze everything possible out of them, break them down into their components, reassemble them, do them in different rhythms, reverse them, turn them inside out, broaden them. The initial steps or movements will have to be dynamic and robust, and possess true rhythmic character, to stand this pulling around and to yield continuously fruitful results. But in every good gesture pattern there is a world, a cosmography. Try to stay within its confines. When you are cooking, you do not use every ingredient at hand. You use just what is needed, and you recognize that the combining, the beating, and the cooking process change your elements. An egg is not just an egg in a soufflé. It does not, however, even with the most delicate whipping, turn into a watermelon.

This technique of development is hard to learn, but it is basic. It is, in fact, the essence of the business. Observe what Petipa does with just four steps in any of his solo variations.

If the piece is dramatic:

Be precise. Be clear. A dance that needs program notes has failed.

Be economic. Find the gestures that tell the story, and use no others. Throw out all irrelevancies.

Be sure the dance says something.

Make your point and stop. Doris Humphrey says, "All dances are too long."

Don't let the music or pure dance pattern pull you away from your dramatic line.

There is a real physical pull in dance steps. They are hard to organize, they are hard to do, they engender their own excitements and a pure hypnotism of energy, and when they get going, they take on the impetus of any physical machinery. They come down the room like a train, and suddenly the dance has switched off the track into something quite different, although possibly interesting in itself. Stand back and watch and be ruthless about wandering directions. Say again and again, every three hours, "Is this what I mean? Does this further my point?"

Occasionally, rarely but sometimes, the dance goes home almost alone, with the happy choreographer hanging onto the tail like a caboose. But do not count on this eventuality. It is as rare as any revelation.

WORK habits are important; the techniques of starting to work, of continuing, and of apportioning time and energy must be devised by each individual. You must discover your warming-up

exercises, your own emotional key. You must learn how to bring yourself into the mood for choreographic invention, as a dancer learns how to bring himself into balance; how to make your imagination flexible and yielding, as a dancer makes his heel and back flexible. You must find your means to initial impetus, your own narcotic, so to speak, and your own speed and rhythm of work. When you have learned these, trust and humor them. They will be different for each individual.

I can only suggest what has proved useful to many: keep a notebook. I believe in a compost heap. Throw in all your ideas and let them ferment. Who knows what fresh and surprising growths will make themselves known next spring?

Try to work on more than one piece at a time. The alternation will be refreshing.

If you get stuck, let go, and work on something else. One can have brain cramp as one has muscle cramp. Problems frequently solve themselves after relaxing attention and tension. Many problems are solved during sleep. If you learn you cannot work productively when you are tired, stop before real fatigue sets in. You are attempting choreography, not moral exercise. You cannot browbeat or force an idea.

Get to the rehearsal hall at least an hour before your group. Make yourself at home in the room, at home in your thoughts. Move around. Start the rehearsal with a warm, functioning body. You'll be relaxed, unselfconscious, and energetic.

Do not permit yourself to slack off and run away. Think only of the work in hand and take joy in it. Your passion will save you through depression, doubt, self-consciousness, or boredom. These are all dodges for fear.

In many ways the choreographer faces all the problems of the orchestra conductor, but he faces those of the composer as well, and he faces them simultaneously. While he is trying to solve the difficulties inherent in composition and satisfy his own doubts, he must hold the respect and trust of his dancers, bring to fruition their best qualities, hearten them in moments of fatigue and despondency, care for their physical needs, and dominate their minds. This requires enormous stamina, nerve, and sensitivity, and a noble discipline.

The beginner will possibly not be respected, but he will be forgiven and indulged. The veteran will be obeyed and trusted, but he will be held to account, and past a certain point he will be neither forgiven nor helped.

Before you begin rehearsals, therefore, make your plans as completely as possible. Study your music carefully. Test key steps on yourself or a couple of trusted dancers. It depresses a company

to face a choreographer who has given the matter at hand scant thought and sits scratching his head while waiting for God to intervene.

Because your function is so complex, you have a right to the working conditions you prefer. If you work best in privacy with a few people, demand just this, and do not be put off or intimidated or cajoled into fraying your nerves to suit anyone else's wishes. You are going to have to deliver. No one else. Indulge yourself. Of course, if you can only work well between three and six in the morning, you may have trouble finding collaborators and a company. But within reason, demand what you want.

It is wise in approaching a new group, or a known group doing a new work, to start with something physical, preferably difficult. If dancers can attack something hard, they feel committed; and when they begin to sweat, they begin to be pleased with themselves, they relax, and become physically generous. Muscular releases have a wonderfully tonic effect. If you can get one good step—say eight bars of something handsome to look at in a first rehearsal—you have made a valuable and concrete beginning. It will be a pledge between you and the group, something you can look at and during difficult hours take confidence from. Save the emotional bits for the end of the rehearsal time. The dancers will do them then with less self-consciousness and with a relaxed sense of having achieved the hardest part first. The hardest part may very well be mental or emotional, but dancers live in their muscles. You must never forget this.

It is a good idea somewhere along the way to let your group in on the general project, but beware of the choreographer who talks too much or talks before moving. Talk after, or better still, not at all. Do it. Talk only to help the dancer, not yourself.

Choreograph whenever you can and for all opportunities, all kinds of opportunities, even the crassest commercial job. You can resist vulgarity, and you will learn the terrible discipline of time and circumstances. It is valuable to learn to meet deadlines. Frederick Ashton says he owes much of his discipline to his years in a London music hall, when he was forced to deliver on a few hours' notice and make changes on the spot. Dame Ninette de Valois, who founded and now administers the Royal Ballet, herself a dancer and choreographer of recognized achievement, puts the problem succinctly. It all boils down, she thinks, not to how much talent you have, but to how much talent and how much professionalism together. "If you're a pro," she explains, "your gifts will not fail you. You can weather everything. If you have learned every aspect of your trade and

worked in all ranks and under all conditions, you will find you have the knowledge out of your varied experience to help all kinds of students."

The real pro commands respect and trust, unquestioning respect. It is the dilettante trying to put something over through position or money or bribing of one kind or another, and there are many kinds, who fails to win loyalty. The real pro, sick or well, old or young, will approach a problem as a plumber approaches a leak, and he doesn't have to wait for twilight or the presence of his best friend to get started. He surveys the situation and rolls up his sleeves. For him the witching hour is necessity.

Never close your mind to criticism, but beware of too many suggestions. A work of art is the expression of an individual personality, not a group product. Art cannot be evolved by democratic congress. And the majority may be right, but they are not creative. Even when several individuals collaborate there must be a dominating mind; there must be an agreement, one concept. If your dance reveals your own emotion and point of view, it will have validity for you. Say what you want, the best way you can, and take your chances.

As a young choreographer, you may not be accepted at first. It is likely you won't. Your gifts, if truly original, will not develop quickly and may fail you frequently. But there will show a spark. Breathe on this. Choose advisers carefully and be prepared for prolonged soul-searching. If you have true gifts, there is that within you which will

steer you away from imitation and easy applause.

This is a strange and uncertain life you are entering. If you win recognition, the world is yours. You can travel from country to country as an honored guest. Every branch of the theater opens to you, and there is no limit set by age, nationality, sex, or race. But if the opportunities for you are greater than for any mere performer, so are the hazards. Unless you are really good, unless you command qualities of vision, endurance, leadership, and enterprise, you will not be offered opportunities. Unless you possess true originality, which is rare, you must settle for hack work in TV and commercial shows. It is also possible that even genius will not save you from eight or ten years in the studio with no recognition from the paying powers. But you will always have certain recompenses.

You will be independent, and you will not have to wait for someone else to start thinking or planning. You will have joy in your achievement, seen or unseen; you will know fulfillment and vindication at the moment of discovery. You will taste the power of making something meaningful where nothing was before, of working transformations on human personality, of revealing relationships, of becoming acquainted with yourself, of exploring through the extraordinary landscape which is your own personality. The universe lies before you on the floor, in the air, in the mysterious bodies of your dancers, in your mind. From this voyage no one returns poor or weary.

MAXINE W. KUMIN

Despair

is a mildewed tent. Under the center pole
you must either bend double or take to your knees.
And suppose, after all that tugging and smoothing, you ease
yourself, blind end first, into your blanket roll —
wet under, and over, wool scratch, and you lying still,
lashed down for the season, hands crossed between your thighs,
the canvas stink in your nose, the night in your eyes —
what makes you think that rattling your ribs here will
save you? Camper, you are a bone-sore fool.
Somewhere a brown moth beats at a lighted window.
Somewhere a gopher fastens into his mouse.
The ground heaves up its secret muster of toadstools;
they are marching to bear you away to the dumbshow.
Yank up the pegs and come back! Come back in the house.

Game's End

BY DOLLY CONNELLY

DOLLY CONNELLY, a free-lance writer now living in the state of Washington, writes that she "grew up on what had been a section of the Santa Anita Rancho of a somewhat gamy mining baron and racehorse breeder. Our time was a happy one, an interlude when southern California still was a wide, far place to explore."

CHILDREN have changed a good deal, and it is understandable that they should have. Everything else has changed right along with them. When I was a child on a California orange ranch, the seventh of my parents' eight viper-thin, mercurial children, our idea of speechless bliss was the promise of a Saturday-night movie. We almost suffocated with anticipation, waiting for the undulating curtain of the Monrovia Theater to roll fountain and woodland glen, ice-cream parlor, hardware store, and patent-medicine ads up and away from the pitted screen.

My clearest memories of these movies are the facts that Father greatly admired Pola Negri, that my mother did not, and that most dramas reached a climax when the mop-haired heroine was backed against a cliff's edge by the villain. When he had Mary Miles Minter good and cornered, the villain took the belt off his pants, undid his top button, and lurched purposefully toward the cringing girl. At the last possible moment, Rin Tin Tin, the United States Marines, Douglas Fairbanks, or Tom Mix saved the day — singly or collectively — and my mother whispered hoarsely that the bad man intended to whip the lady with his belt. We knew better than that.

The change that bothers me the most is not in the attitude toward entertainment. It is that children now are either hopelessly well adjusted or members of the switchblade set. There seem to be no middlemen such as we were — controlled when under observation, larcenously experimental when out of range of the adult eye. We learned our morals through trial and error. We weren't born with, or without, them.

For one thing, there were no juvenile officers with the police of the nearest town. We just had cops, the chief of them a hard, squatty, red-headed man named Ross, who as a boy used to have fistfights with his teachers in school. We didn't have very much to do with Ross, outside of saying "Hi, Ross" when we passed him, except for the time Ross put my brothers Frank and John briefly in jail, for the damage they had done to an abandoned house, and made my father pay five dollars to bail out each one.

They had collapsed the chimney, working at the bottom bricks with a commendable singleness of purpose that you don't find in children anymore. But as there wasn't anyone else around to punish them for it, and as the denouement raised a cloud of dust conspicuously visible for miles, Ross had to take a hand. John and Frank were deep in peonage to my father all that summer, each working out the five dollars, but that's another story. What I mean to tell is how we stole, and what happened when we did, which was about as often as we got the chance.

In those days, anyone who caught a child red-handed doing wrong was, by a kind of unwritten law, allowed to punish the child — any child — and we younger ones were whipped by just about everybody adult in the township as time went by. My parents wouldn't have thought to object to this, because they, in turn, got mad and whipped the children who stole or committed vandalism on their property.

It all came out about even in the end. None of the combatants would have dreamed of a psychiatric consultation with a trained juvenile officer. There was just Ross, charging up and down Huntington Drive after the out-of-state motorcars. If anyone had consulted him, Ross would have shifted his powerful broad rump on his brutal black motorcycle and the toothpick among his glittering gold teeth and said the same as everyone else: "Whyn't you ketch the little bastards and give 'em a good drubbing?"

The important points were a detailed report on the crime, which never was supplied by us children — thought too unreliable and prejudiced for ac-

curacy in minutiae — and whether or not the welts on our scratched, bug-bitten brown legs and lean, flat white buttocks were sufficiently elevated. If we couldn't display impressive marks, in keeping with the seriousness of the complaint, my father took over and whipped us again, generally out in back of the barn, so my mother couldn't hear us yell. This must have been an effective method of child raising, as all of us grew up to be law-abiding, uncomplicated people.

We knew exactly what we were doing when we stole, and what the odds were for probable embroilment. We liked it that way. We must have, because we often stole things that were readily available to us at home. A certain amount of living dangerously and accepting the consequences would thus appear rather wholesome in the pre-pubescent years.

On our infrequent trips to the stores in Los Angeles, generally to see Santa Claus, we were cowed by the magnificence of it all and never thought of shoplifting. Our knavery was of a distinctly different kind, calculated to irritate the people against whom it was perpetrated. For instance, we were supposed to ride the school bus to school in the mornings, but we almost never did. If the weather was fair, and all mornings are alike in southern California, we put our shoes and long, dusty, mended black stockings in the mailbox — which was outside the visual range of the house — and streaked across the fields. The bus wasn't a bus anyway, but an old touring car operated sullenly by a man who despised us all. We liked the thought of his waiting and honking uselessly on our pickup corner.

On the way to school in late spring and early fall, we would crack open watermelons in the growers' fields and eat just the hearts out of them, arriving at school all stuck together down the front with pink mud. Or we would detour around by Johansen's loquat tree, dump out the plain bread-and-butter sandwiches from our lunch bags, and fill up the sacks with dead-ripe honey-sweet fruit. We kept the hard-boiled egg, though.

On the way home, we specialized in small livestock, particularly baby bunnies and ducklings. We even took a big turkey out of the pen of a man we didn't like. Pomegranates, lily bulbs, sporting equipment, goldfish, small dogs, tools — we were very lucky. Of course, our mother was curious about this good fortune and sufficiently doubted our explanations of having "found" things to help us hide the evidence from my father, who could be counted upon to fly into eye-bulging rages. My mother was considerably more scared of him than of blots on our characters. She had a normal component of concern over her brood. She grew quite frantic when we swung standing on our heads in

the pepper-tree swing, or shot each other with BB guns. But this maternal worry simmered at low point when we were beyond her sphere of awareness. I think it was pure weight of numbers that gave us so much freedom. My mother was by necessity a homebody, invariably buried by keeping a family of ten reasonably fed and clean.

The only exception to this on-premise rule that I recall was the time she walked down to the railroad track and had an unobstructed view of Jean and me riding the caboose of a slow freight. Somebody must have tipped her. We were in the clear on this, however, as it never had occurred to her to tell us not to jump on and off moving freight trains.

"My little girls," she moaned in shocked horror all the way home. She took it so seriously that we forbore to tell her that the most fun was running the length of the train on the tops of the cars, leaping from one big red box to the next.

Our major thieving project went on over a period of months and was so stupendous in conception and execution that it kept us quivering-scared inside for years. It was about this time that people began to admire the southern California climate, which we had always considered an abomination because there were no streams or lakes or snow to play in. All of a sudden, in the middle of a field that for as long as we could remember had been sacred to rotating crops of black-eyed peas and cantaloupes, a garage would go up.

Cars were not put in these garages. Instead, curtains appeared at the windows and families moved in, living in genteel squalor while the main house was under construction. We, in our settled big brown house, felt very superior to their pale, flat-voiced children. Not all were from Iowa. Some were oddies. Among these threats to our pseudo-ownership of all the flat land and the gullies and horned toads and railroad underpasses and baked hillsides covered with rank mustard weed for miles around was an elderly archaeologist, retired to classify his diggings of a lifetime.

My parents were quite excited about this man because a story about him appeared in the *Los Angeles Times*. They cut out the story and gloated over it, citing it as evidence that a new aura of culture was imminent in a region once populated solely by sparse Mexican hovels. We children resented him.

Eventually the man was invited to dinner, and he returned the compliment by showing us children the immense packing cases and bins and sacks filled with bits of Indian pottery and bones

and arrowheads in his cellar. Now, we didn't attach any value to these things, but we coveted them nevertheless. The difficulty was that you couldn't just come home with four hundred and twenty-two arrowheads and maintain that you had found them. Some hiding place would have to be arranged. The stealing was easy. The old man was deaf as a post and, furthermore, was away a good deal of the time.

We started like ferrets by tunneling between cement-foundation footings into the dirt cellar. Thereafter, whenever opportunity arose, we removed tremendous quantities of fossil remains, buffalo bones, Indian artifacts, and pottery shards from the cellar and hid them among the luxuriant growth of the surrounding black-eyed-pea field. Every day and every night that summer, we trembled hideously and deliciously with fear that the Mexican crew would return to harvest the crop. We even picked peas and studied them to see if they were beginning to dry. Burial of the hoard occurred to us as a possible solution. Burial was far easier and more practical than attempting to return the things. Finally, we couldn't put it off another day. Deep in the field on the bank of a dry wash we dug a hole wide enough to accommodate a large horse, put everything in the hole, and covered it over. As a final touch, we piled tumbleweeds on top. The harvest moved over the field without incident, and we came close to forgetting what we had done.

The following spring, activities centered terrifyingly around the dry wash. A tractor plow and Mexican planting crew arrived and pitched dirty gray tents on the bank of the wash. My mother was always very nervous when these crews were around, convinced that, because their skins were brown, they were capable of nameless offenses; but we loved them. In the soft evenings, the glow and fragrance of their cooking fires and the plaintive beat of their guitars stirred us. Ordinarily we would have hung around their camp close enough to smell mashed beans frying in grease and to collect empty wine bottles for their heady redolence, but now our stomachs churned.

We quit eating and were too scared to look at each other, lest the enormity of our crime be written in the tense air between us. The suspense went on until the Mexicans dug a latrine near their camp, penetrated our cache, and turned up all manner of evidence of New Mexico Pueblo Indian civilization in a southern California dry wash.

We primed for the most terrible whippings of our lives, knowing that if pressure were put on Jean, who was the youngest and the most timid, she would break the code and tell. Of course, the crew boss told the archaeologist, and the old man

came on the trot and dug up his things. It took all the Mexicans quite a while to carry them back. We watched from a safe distance until the erection of the burlap sides of the privy indicated that all was over. We were then ready for our just deserts. But the archaeologist was smart and thought up a most refined punishment.

He let the people of the valley surmise that it was, in truth, a find, an old Indian burial ground turned up unaccountably after innumerable plowings of the soil. He returned the relics to his collection and never said another word. He did, however, stare at us cold-eyed and knowingly whenever we were so sluggish as to meet up with him. So we were never sure, never sure at all. We suffered right up until the time that it washed away in the back eddies of our minds. I still can get an empty, queasy feeling in my stomach in the Indian room of any museum.

The old man had birds, too, an aviary filled with agreeably noisy bright yellow and black-and-yellow canaries in the garden in back of his house. We figured the canaries were probably always breeding and raising new ones anyway, or maybe dying, and how could he know how many he had at any one time? They were too hoppy to be counted accurately. We swung by the twittering aviary countless times, but such was our queer truce with the old man that we never stole one.

So profound was our unquiet that we even quit stealing other people's things. The rules of the game were broken, and it was all spoiled.

KINGFISHERS

IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

BY MALCOLM LOWRY

A mad kingfisher
rocketing about in the
red fog at sunrise

now sits
on the alder
post that tethers the floats
angrily awaiting his mate.
Here she

comes, like a left wing
three-quarter cutting through toward
the goal in sun-lamped
fog at Rosslyn Park at half
past three in halcyon days.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

KINGSLEY MARTIN, who for thirty years was editor of the *NEW STATESMAN AND NATION*, here discusses the difficult task of educating the royal heir and the cost of the crown to the British people. This is the second of two excerpts from Mr. Martin's book, *THE MAGIC OF THE BRITISH MONARCHY*, which will be published in the fall under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint.



THE COST OF THE CROWN

IN BETWEEN the lists of battles won by Britain in foreign parts, Victorian school histories used to summarize the characters of our Kings and Queens. They were good or bad. Sometimes the label referred to their private morals; sometimes to their political achievements. King John, for instance, was described in one book as "desperately wicked with more than ordinary wickedness." Henry VIII was good because he gave us a navy, and bad because six wives are too many.

These historians failed to point out that a good King was likely to be followed by a bad heir; the son of a monarch who lived in conjugal bliss was inclined to take full advantage of the opportunities for promiscuous pleasure that his position so profusely offered. Thus, to go no further back, the son of the pious Charles I was a gay monarch; George III, always domesticated even when insane, followed his heavily amorous grandfather, George II. George IV, again, was the most notorious of libertines. Victoria created and sustained a new image of royal and national prudery. Edward VII revived the tradition of pleasure-loving monarchs. His son, George V, returned to the simple austerity of his grandmother. Edward VIII's revolt against convention could have been prophesied. George VI restored the broken image, but the usual alternation has not followed his reign. He was succeeded by a daughter who is a pillar of propriety.

If this alternation is not invariable, neither is it accidental. It is the natural product of the education of Princes. Prevented by their exalted status from mixing with other children, they have lived secluded lives, been taught and supervised by tutors and governesses, have often been strictly disciplined in youth, only suddenly to be released into a world of unparalleled opportunity and no responsibility. Like other adolescents, they have commonly rebelled against their parents' way of life. Their fathers, having crowns to preserve, have tended to be even more than commonly jealous of their parental authority and have viewed with marked distaste the rival establishments that inevitably grow up around the heir to the throne. Even in modern England, where we have outlived political assassination and wars of succession, the emancipated heir to the throne is likely to be surrounded by rich people who have failed to make the grade at court.

The task of educating the royal heir and harnessing his perhaps wayward fancies to the restricted life that is to be his has been tackled in a variety of ways by reigning monarchs, but seldom successfully. The usual problem of adjustment between parents and adolescent children is exaggerated in their case by the Princes' knowledge that the inheritance is in any case theirs; they know, like Prince Hal, that if they are to have a good time, it must be while they are young; the

Cartoon of Albert and Victoria from THINGS NEW AND OLD by Max Beerbohm, published by William Heinemann Ltd.

time will inevitably come when the gilded cage of fictitious power will close around them. When that happens, whether they have behaved themselves or not, their mothers and sisters and aunts will curtsy to them. They may have to wait for middle age, or they may find themselves chained to a throne before pleasure or suffering has taught them anything. But the future is a gift; it has not to be earned.

The story of Edward VII's education by Albert and Victoria needs no retelling. We understand why he "burst into tears" when on his seventeenth birthday he was presented with a lengthy "moving document" which began: "Life is composed of duties. . . ." When he was a boy the most striking concession made to pleasure or modernity occurred when some sprigs of the aristocracy, boys of his own age at Eton, were asked to come to the palace to tea. Even his courtly biographer admits that the presence of Prince Albert on these occasions tended to dampen their festive character.

Albert's code of education for the heir to the throne was simple; it left no time for sport or relaxation, since the morning, afternoon, and evening had to be devoted to books. The one tutor Edward liked, the Reverend Henry Birch, was taken from him, much to his childish distress, apparently because Birch had won his affection and did not give an adequate report of his faults. Colonel the Honorable Robert Bruce, who took his place, was a disciplinarian, specially recommended for decorum, but neither he nor the two tutors who looked after Edward when he was at last allowed an independent establishment at Richmond ever succeeded in interesting him in books. Short periods of residence at the universities of Edinburgh, Oxford, and Cambridge equally failed to inspire the Prince with a love of academic learning. Though on Albert's instructions many hours every week were devoted to memory training, Edward remembered nothing at any time of his life except what served his purpose; he remembered people, gossip, and the score.

As King, Edward did very nicely on what he learned from conversation, more especially from female conversation. He never saw any reason to agree with his father that life was composed of duties; on the contrary, he found that it passed very agreeably in a perpetual round of pleasures.

To Queen Victoria nothing he did was right; if he amused himself, she upbraided him. She never regarded racing as a sport fit for Kings. "I fear, dear Mama," he wrote at the age of twenty-eight, "that no year goes round without your giving me a jobation on the subject of racing." If he showed a desire to take his position seriously, she was no better pleased. She said it was unconstitutional for him to know secrets of state, and dangerous,

too, since he was addicted to untrustworthy society and could not possibly be discreet. He was always the naughty boy who had given trouble to Albert. It was on a visit to Cambridge occasioned by his wayward behavior that Albert had caught the cold that led to his final illness. For this, Victoria bitterly blamed Edward. Moreover, he was in every respect the opposite of Albert, and that was enough.

WHEN George V came to the throne he was scarcely more trained for his job than Edward VII had been; however, the strict discipline of life as a naval officer led in his case to behavior which was the reverse of his father's. He had not been born to the throne. His elder brother, Prince Eddie, who, fortunately for the British monarchy, died before his father, was a dissolute and unintelligent young man who caused his family great anxiety. The fact that such embarrassing heirs occur at unpredictable intervals in royal family trees is one of the strong arguments against hereditary monarchy. His parents' idea of saving the throne from disgrace was to find a hardheaded, sensible wife, who would see to it that decorum at least was observed during a reign which could not in any case be very creditable. They chose Princess Mary of Teck. She fulfilled all the specifications. When Prince Eddie died, her affections, after an interval of mourning, were luckily found to be transferable to his brother George. Later, as Queen Mary, she became popular with the British public; and as her correspondence with George V shows, a marriage of convenience turned into a partnership of affection.

George V, a modest, shy, and timid man who hated any interruption of a routine which gave him a sense of security and adequacy, found this dominant and unimaginative woman precisely the wife for whom he would have prayed. She did not worry him with cultural interests, which he found merely boring; she put up with the poky little house which he decorated according to his own Philistine taste; she was even more deeply conservative than he — conservative in way of life, in social obligations, as well as in politics.

Queen Mary, in fact, did much to atone for George V's lack of training for his job, and she rescued him from the embarrassment of Queen Alexandra's possessive and unwise affection. She herself was possessive in another way. She had a genuine love of antique furniture and some expert knowledge in this field. People who possessed beautiful things that she coveted seem to have lacked the courage to refuse to give them to her. The pain of loss was no doubt offset by the prestige of making gifts to Her Majesty. Queen Mary's

greed may be dismissed as a royal foible. What is hard to forgive is her treatment of her eldest son after his abdication. That she should have been deeply upset at his behavior is intelligible enough, but that she should never have received his wife, even as much as to give her a cup of tea, seems outside the character of normal motherhood.

Neither George nor Mary developed even the rudiments of common sense when it came to the education of their children. George was a martinet. Like his father, he was passionately concerned and minutely informed about every detail of uniform and all the protocol of dress. He could spot and deeply resent a misplaced button on any British regimental uniform, and he applied the same type of criticism to his children. Margot Oxford once told me that she was with George V when his eldest son came into the royal presence in a knickerbocker suit. He was sternly ordered out of the room to change his clothes and report to his father properly dressed. She ventured to remonstrate with the King about the unwisdom of so wounding a sensitive boy in front of visitors. The story has been related that Lord Derby, at a later date, suggested to George V, who was his guest, that the King might cultivate the friendship of his sons. George V replied: "My father was frightened of his mother; I was frightened of my father; and I am damned well going to see to it that my children are frightened of me."

George V's eldest son, called David in the family, and destined to be King of England for a few months, has described his childhood in what is probably the most illuminating book ever written about the education of Princes. He was psychologically in revolt from the first, from the time when, almost a baby, he was regularly brought to his parents in tears because a sadistic nurse pinched him. It is a strange reflection on George and Mary that it was months before they discovered that their son was crying from pain, not from a rebellious nature. He was a sensitive child who quickly understood the feelings of his misfit tutor, whom he once discovered looking wistfully out to the free view beyond the palace gardens. He hated cricket, but wanted to be with other children. Even at Oxford he was surrounded by perpetually interfering tutors. The 1914 War was his first opportunity. He wanted to share dangers like other young men, and he felt for a few brief months the happiness of being "a proper chap" among fellow officers who treated him as an equal with a job to do.

After the war David found the palace as intolerable as he had as a child; the only difference was that his father no longer summoned him to his study to rebuke him for some reported peccadillo. In the days of his childhood the only relief had

been holidays at Sandringham with his indulgent grandfather, who took his side against governesses and tutors and who seemed, as he recalls in retrospect, to have offered a life "bathed in perpetual sunlight." Now, his father's routine, "fixed like a planet in its orbit . . . moving with precision at precisely the same time every year from one royal residence to another," was completely intolerable. He loathed the vast battues which his father found most pleasurable. It was of no interest to him that on a single day two thousand brace of pheasant or partridge could be entered in the royal gamebook. He detested the "musty smell of Buckingham Palace." He saw in the wide open spaces under British rule a chance for freedom and self-expression. He became, as the newspapers irreverently put it, Britain's traveling salesman. His father, unable to disapprove, was constantly alarmed and astonished at David's restlessness.

When David came to the throne as Edward VIII he was in a muddle, which was the result of many factors, the chief of which was his education. But he had done much to educate himself, and it could be said that when he ascended the throne he was, in the matter of understanding world events, more nearly fitted for the job than any other British monarch had ever been.

KING GEORGE'S second son, Albert, destined to take his brother's place as George VI, suffered even more than his elder brother from his parents' utter incapacity to understand their children. As the Duke of Windsor remarks, their father successfully hid his affection from them, treated them like unruly midshipmen under naval discipline, and in fact loved his children "in the abstract" rather than in the particular. Queen Mary did nothing to interfere, though she seems to have occasionally remonstrated with her husband when he seemed unnecessarily severe. If David was pinched by his nurse, Albert suffered no less by her neglect. The two Princes were happy with her successor and got on well enough with Finch, an apparently sensible fellow who looked after them as small boys. But the appointment of Mr. Hansell, who chose a staff of tutors under him to take charge of the boys' education, was even more disastrous for Albert than for David. He was appointed because he was a scholar of indubitably correct opinions, good at games, a crack shot, and an expert yachtsman. To do him justice, he saw that the boys ought to be sent to school; when he suggested this to their father, he was rebuffed. The boys should be brought up as far as possible in the same way as their father; they must not mix with ordinary children. The navy would complete an education

begun by private tutors. Mr. Hansell did his best to create the atmosphere and the conditions of a public school.

John Wheeler-Bennett, George VI's biographer, revealed the unhappy secret of a series of leather-bound notebooks containing the weekly, and sometimes daily, reports of Mr. Hansell on the progress and conduct of the boys. They make shocking reading today. "Both boys must give a *readier* obedience." They were not getting on with their arithmetic; one little boy had tried to kick another, and so forth. Each of these disgraceful revelations was followed by a summons to the library, graphically described by the Duke of Windsor, where, in the coldest terms, their father admonished and warned. Albert made so little progress in his studies that it was only with difficulty that he was accepted at Osborne and at the Royal Naval College. He was often at the bottom of the form. It was considered a triumph when he ranked sixty-third out of sixty-eight. At Dartmouth he discovered some of the joys of companionship and was even flogged with sixteen other boys of his own age with the navy's traditional severity and publicity. Unlike David, however, he found compensation for his inner conflicts and unhappiness, not through revolt, but through religion. Perhaps he was most genuinely happy when mingling on easy terms with boys in camp life. Parental influence won the day, and he became as nearly as possible a replica of his father. Marriage to a confident and socially gifted woman finally made public life possible for him.

NO SUCH psychological problems appear to have troubled the life of the present Queen. No experiments were made in her education or in that of her sister Margaret. Many details of her childhood and education have been revealed in unnecessary, but no doubt lucrative, detail by her governess, Crawfie. A more authoritative account is given by her official biographer, Dermot Morrah, who explains that the children were educated according to "a clearly conceived plan, which was framed by their mother. By comparison with the curricula of the leading girls' schools of that day or this, the plan would be considered somewhat old-fashioned; indeed, Queen Mary, who was by temperament more inclined than her daughter-in-law to put a high value on strictly intellectual discipline, sometimes expressed her misgivings." But the Duchess of York "pursued her course, untroubled by other people's doubts."

The children were to be in the open air as much as possible. They were to learn to love country life. This appears to mean they were to find pleas-

ure in racing and riding; the Queen is excellent on horseback. The Princesses were "to acquire good manners and perfect deportment and to cultivate all the distinctly feminine graces." It was also desirable for them "to develop a civilized appreciation of the arts, and especially of music," and to "gain as much reasonable book learning as might prove to be within their capacity." But when it became apparent that "Princess Elizabeth would never progress beyond the simplest elements of mathematics, it did not worry the Duchess at all." There was, after all, no necessity for Elizabeth II to become a bluestocking like Elizabeth I, who mastered five languages as a child and could converse fluently in any one of them with archbishops or ambassadors.

Princess Elizabeth learned French, but, unlike all her Hanoverian ancestors, failed to master German. From the Provost of Eton she learned what an heir to the British throne must know about English history, especially constitutional history, and the working of our institutions. Toward the end of the war she had a brief period of serving in uniform and, like other girls of eighteen, got dirty learning about the inside of a motorcar. She ascended the throne with very much the dutiful and highly conservative outlook on life which she had learned from her mother, but it must be added that she was not lucky enough to learn the secret of an easy, smiling, personal aplomb which made the Queen Mother a social success. Elizabeth's marriage with Prince Philip was exactly what was expected of the Queen of England.

Princess Margaret, gayer and more lively in disposition, found affairs of the heart less simple. She was not the sort of girl to marry one of the numerous minor royalties who are out of work on the Continent. The marriage she contemplated with Group Captain Townsend was abandoned. It would have involved, as Edward's marriage with Mrs. Simpson involved, a breach with the Church of England's prohibition of marriage with divorced persons — a rule frequently overlooked — and therefore was possible only if she, too, forfeited the dignities and position attached to royalty. Mr. Armstrong-Jones, though a commoner and a member of a much-divorced family, was eligible as a husband for the most eligible bride in Europe.

It is clear that Elizabeth and Philip have thought very seriously about the problem of their children's education. They had too much understanding of the world around them and too clear a warning from the past to think it possible that their son Charles should be brought up in all the ignorance of private tuition.

The Duke of Edinburgh had roots in a quite un-English background. He learned at the un-

usual school of Gordonstoun to share with other boys a modern interest in science and to pay less than the usual British attention to organized games. The founder of Gordonstoun has very clearly explained his objectives. A German who came to England in the early days of Nazidom, he has displayed something like genius in educating boys. He inspired boys with the notion that if they started to climb a mountain in bad weather, they must get to the top; he taught them that enduring the hardships of sailing was preferable to success in cricket or football. The Duke of Edinburgh has for some time wanted Prince Charles to follow him to Gordonstoun.

The problem of royal education is certainly difficult. How can a child grow into a normal adult if the national anthem is played on his birthday and headlines announce every stage of his progress with more emphasis than they give to the deaths of a thousand people in a battle or a famine? How is he to grow up in a sensible relation with other boys if his first jolly experience of kicking a football is photographed on ten million newspaper pages?

In none of the Duke of Edinburgh's skirmishes with the press does he so unreservedly deserve public support as when he attempts to preserve his children from being prematurely involved in royal glamour. One applauds the anger he displayed when a load of press photographers at Cowes followed the boat in which he was teaching his son how to sail. On one occasion, defending himself against the charge of rudeness to the press, he is reported to have said that he certainly is "bloody nasty to the photographer who pokes his long lens through the keyhole into my private life." Special requests were made to the press to prevent ambitious photographers from taking photographs of Charles from outside the walls of his present school. On two occasions Commander Colville, in charge of public relations at Buckingham, issued appeals to the press to allow Prince Charles to grow up outside the glare of publicity. On the whole this appeal for decency has been successful.

It will probably be agreed that the heir to the throne need not be a scholar, that modern languages will be useful to him, that he needs a general understanding of the world and a special knowledge of the Commonwealth. He needs to grow up with a modest idea of his own position and qualities and to avoid the fantastic snobbery which, so far in the history of monarchy, has always surrounded the court. From an early age he knows that he belongs to the most exclusive and privileged club in the world; he knows, even as a schoolboy, that the day will come when none of the elders and betters of his youth will question his opinions or criticize his actions.

Brave suggestions for the solution of the problem of the Prince's education have not been lacking. The Queen and the Duke have had plenty of advice on this matter, from many quarters. Herbert Morrison (now Lord Morrison of Lambeth) has argued that the best solution would be to send the Prince to an ordinary county school, "moving onward by examination and scholarship to higher education at the University." Will not the King be better qualified if he has mixed as a child with ordinary children?

Lord Altrincham, whose father was at one time equerry to Edward VIII when he was Prince of Wales, is an aristocrat who despises the concept of hereditary aristocracy. But his advice about Prince Charles's education is not basically very different from Lord Morrison's. Of the Queen, who disappointed him by failing to emancipate herself from her conventional role in a class society, he writes: "Will she have the wisdom to give her children an education very different from her own? Will she, above all, wish to see that Prince Charles is equipped with all the knowledge he can absorb without injury to his health, and that he mixes during his formative years with children who will one day be bus drivers, dockers, engineers — not merely with future landowners or stockbrokers?"

Passionately believing that the monarchy should be the unifying factor in a disintegrating Commonwealth, Lord Altrincham wants the Prince to grow up equally at home in India, Canada, Ghana, Australia, and London. His main contention is that monarchy cannot last if it remains the pinnacle of a class hierarchy. A class society, he believes, is doomed in any case. The monarchy may survive and play a unique and saving role if it rises above class and welcomes the new type of society which is struggling to be born.

Lord Altrincham's concept of monarchy is no doubt romantic, and Lord Morrison's will be thought unrealistic. In the end a decision has been made to send Prince Charles to Gordonstoun. This does not meet all the critics' requirements. Gordonstoun is an upper-class establishment. But it is not like Eton, which has become somewhat unfairly a popular synonym for aristocratic privilege and jumped-up commercialism, often chosen by parents because it confers prestige on successful products of an affluent society. Charles may not receive as much intellectual stimulus as he might have had at Eton, nor will he rub shoulders with all and sundry, as some democrats have wished. But he may learn disciplines that will stand him in good stead.

THE cost of the crown is discussed, always inconclusively, in the House of Commons at the ac-

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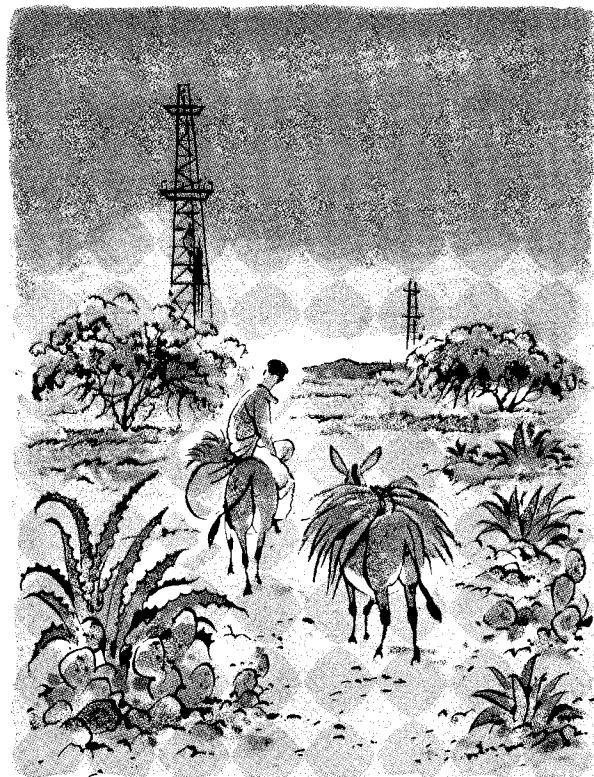
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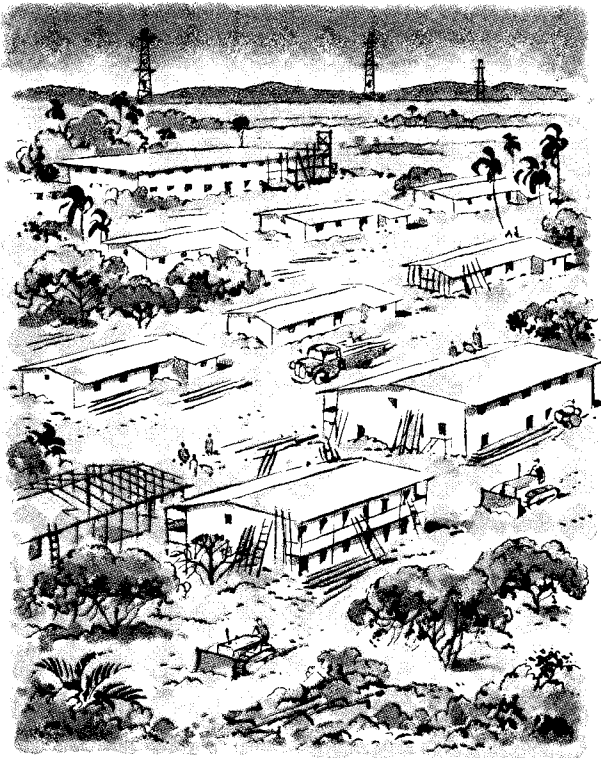
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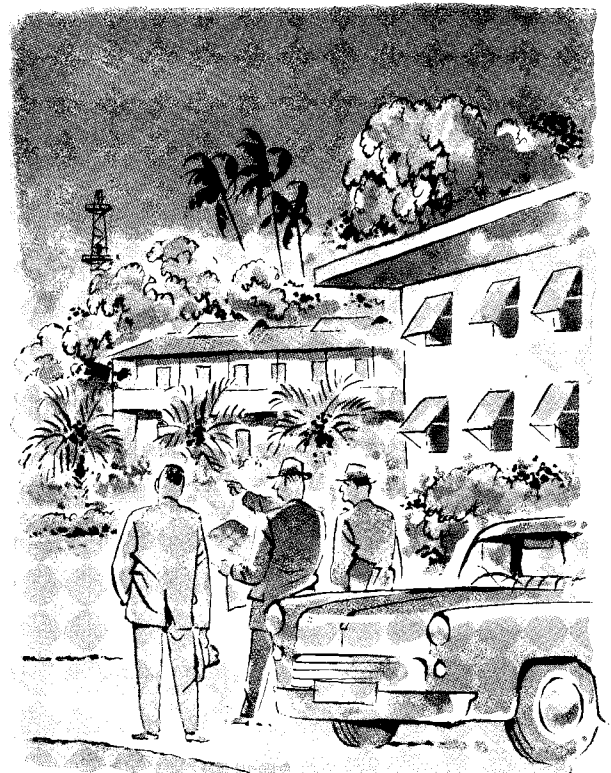
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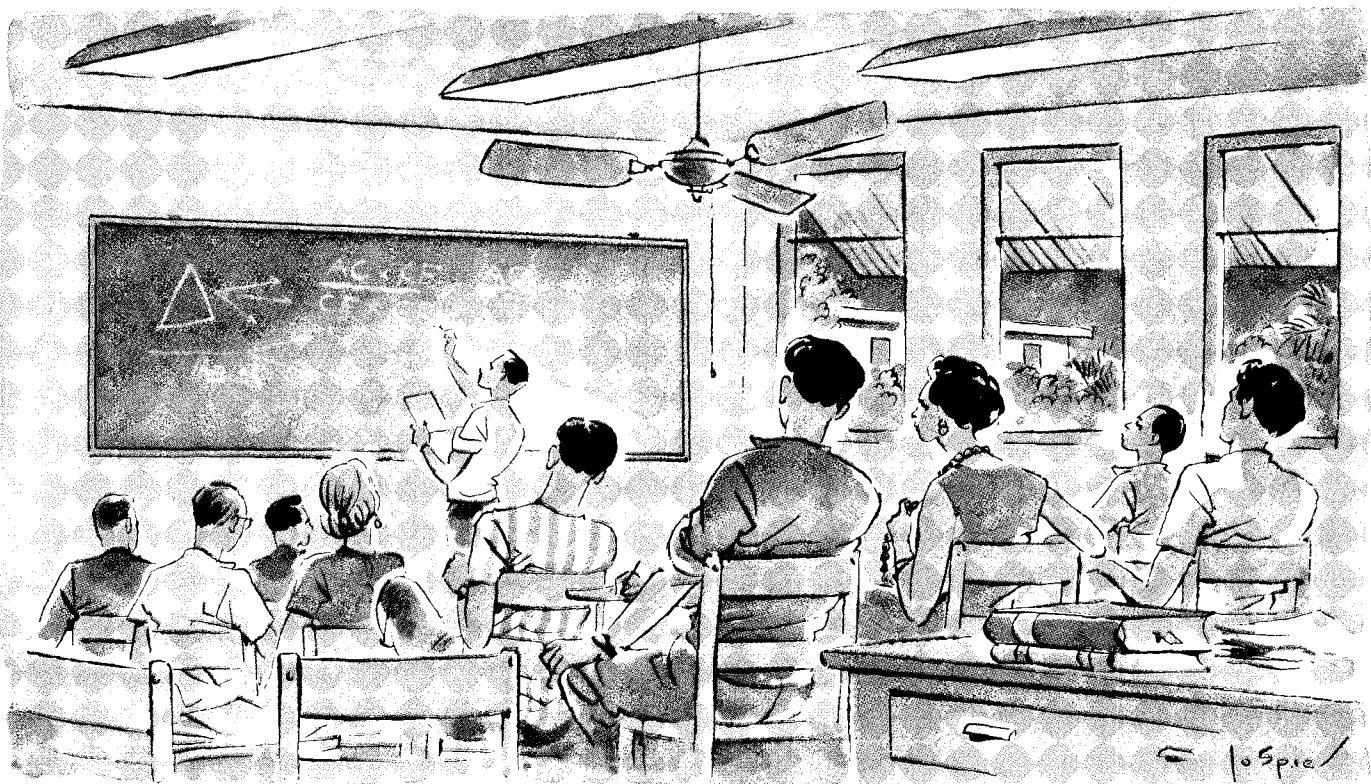
Some time before, the University of the East had been founded to meet the need of people in that part of the country for agricultural and engineering training. So...



the Jersey affiliate that made the oil find put up housing, shops, offices and other buildings for the large work force that came to man the remote camp.



When production at the oil wells declined, the work force gradually dwindled away. The buildings were still in good condition. What to do with them?



the company decided to donate its property to the University for another campus. Buildings were transformed into labs, dormitories, and classrooms.

Today a onetime oil camp in eastern Venezuela is a thriving new educational center. *Business, conducted with imagination, often produces unexpected benefits.*



*Four Monarchs of the Glen: George V, Edward VII, Edward VIII, and George VI.
Photograph courtesy of Radio Times Hulton Picture Library.*

cession of each new sovereign. The occasion cannot be escaped, because legally each new monarch makes a bargain with the government; the monarchy owns crown lands which it surrenders in exchange for the civil list.

The sum voted for the Queen's salary and expenses is called the civil list because, after the experience of Stuart rule three hundred years ago, Parliament was no longer willing for the King to pay for and control the fighting services. Until then, the monarchy (which meant, in effect, the government as well as the royal estate) had been expected to live "of its own" — that is, on the revenues of its own property, aided from time to time by special votes, for which the King came to Parliament. It was because Kings needed additional money to run the country and its wars that Parliament established its ascendancy and that Britain became a constitutional monarchy at a time when most countries were still arbitrarily governed. When William III arrived from Holland, a new system began. The King was to pay for the civil service, foreign ambassadors, and judges, not for the military establishment. For these purposes he was granted £700,000 annually, and it was not until 1820 that a special part of the civil list was earmarked for the King's personal expenditure.

All Hanoverian Kings spent far more than Parliament offered them; they and their courts were grossly corrupt and extravagant. With William IV, a more businesslike system was introduced, and the civil list assumed the form in which it is presented to Parliament today. A bargain is struck between the Parliament and the new monarch. The vast properties which legally belong to the crown are exchanged for the civil list. On his accession the monarch "owns" some of the most profitable properties in central London, including Regent's Park and much of the area around it, most of Regent Street and lower Regent Street, Carlton House Terrace, and other immensely valuable property in the Mayfair, Piccadilly, and Whitehall areas, in the City and West End, in Outer London, and on the South Coast, as well as in Ascot, Windsor, and other parts of the home counties. He also owns about 150,000 acres of English agricultural land scattered about the country; 105,000 acres, mainly moorland, in Scotland; 1000 acres in Wales; much of the foreshore around the British coast; and the bed of the sea, which produces revenue "from the right to take sand and gravel, from jettys, from oyster beds, and [in Scotland] from salmon fishing."

Apart from large investments in government stocks, the sovereign surrenders a large number of antique rights from which her predecessors once drew revenue. They include wrecks, estrays

("any beast not wild, found within any lordship, not owned by any man"), various legal fines and forfeits, excise duties on beer and wine licenses, temporalities of bishoprics during vacancy, treasure trove, and other oddments.

The list is divided into four categories: Her Majesty's privy purse, household salaries, household expenses, and royal bounties, alms, and so forth. Queen Elizabeth's list, voted in 1952, was £474,000, which included a supplementary provision of £95,000, designed to insure the crown against the danger of inflation. Of this, £25,000 was to be available to provide for members of the royal family who are not ordinarily in a position to earn their own living. About £100,000 was diverted from the duchy of Cornwall's revenues for the future expenses of Prince Charles. He would receive the total revenue of the duchy when he reached the age of twenty-one; from the civil list £30,000 would be yearly devoted to his use between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one; £60,000 was regarded as necessary for the Queen's personal needs; and an extra £40,000 was taken for the Duke of Edinburgh.

THE long debate in the House of Commons on July 9, 1952, was really a mixture of two debates. One was on the official opposition's amendments, and the other on what was really the republican issue, for which the most effective speaker was Emrys Hughes. Mr. Attlee's amendments dealt with the need of more parliamentary control; why not a review of royal expenditure every ten years? Again, was not the provision for Prince Charles excessive, and, as many members asked, was it not absurd to decide then and there what might be paid to the future widow of a child now only three years old? Other members asked why it was necessary to decide Princess Margaret's grant on marriage without waiting to know how rich her future husband might be. And if you were insuring the Queen against the risk of inflation to the tune of £95,000, what about the 180 impoverished and distinguished persons who received in tiny allotments a total sum of £2500 from the civil list? (The government's only concession was to consider altering the ceiling to £5000.)

One member wanted to know the constitutional duties of the Duke of Edinburgh before giving him £40,000 a year. Mr. Butler, the government's spokesman, was on this point evasive. Hugh Gaitskell wanted to rationalize the civil list; couldn't a much larger part of it be put under some departmental vote? But Mr. Butler would have none of it. If too large a part of the royal income was controlled in this way, it would "take the

heart out of what is in our British Monarchy a personal household." As for periodically reviewing the expenditure, that would be a bad thing, disturbing to the happy relations between Parliament and the crown.

Most Labor members would have been content with small concessions. They felt that any criticism of the monarchy was in bad taste and was bad electioneering; monarchy was undoubtedly an expensive luxury, but, they argued, an elected president might interfere more with Labor policies than a constitutional monarch. The most practical reformer was John Parker, once secretary of the Fabian Society. In a speech which infuriated some of the Tories, who thought all forthright discussion of the Queen's income indelicate and unpatriotic, he argued that the House should know the size of the royal family's income before deciding how much more its members needed to enable them to do their job. Monarchy, he said, was accepted in England as a convenient way of running the country, but it must be modernized. All revenues from the duchy of Cornwall should go to the Treasury; palaces, whose upkeep was included in the civil list, should be put under the Ministry of Works; it was absurd for the palace of Westminster, for instance, to be partly in the care of the Ministry and partly in the care of the Queen. The House should know what "alms" were included in the Queen's vote — did the phrase mean that she still gave to the nationalized hospitals? Why must the Queen have thirty-five ceremonial horses; should there not be a pool of horses, as there was a pool of ceremonial cars? Why should not junior royalty be allowed to earn a living like other people, and why should royal persons not be paid salaries like other public servants?

Fun in the debate came from Emrys Hughes, who proposed to reduce the Queen's £474,000 to £250,000 and to cut the Duke's allotment to £10,000. He pointed out that the Queen of Holland seemed comfortable enough on £14,000 for herself, £28,000 for Prince Bernhard, and £33,000 for the upkeep of the one royal palace that she had not passed over to the nation. He proclaimed himself a republican "like President Eisenhower." He described the list as "the largest wage claim in the country." He told the Tories that when they "are demanding a scrutiny of the expenditure of the nationalized industries they should demand economy in our oldest nationalized industry."

The House of Commons always cherishes at least one licensed jester, and Mr. Hughes, who is usually well informed as well as witty, remained persistently popular. After all, he could not be dangerous; only twenty-five members supported the proposal to reduce the civil list, and fifty-six voted to cut the Duke's salary.

The subject of royal finance is a carefully maintained mystery. The reason, for instance, why Commonwealth countries are not encouraged to contribute to the upkeep of the royal family, except for sharing in the cost of entertaining it on royal tours and perhaps providing the Queen with a house, is that they would have the right to make inquiries about the civil list if they contributed to it. Ministers and palace officials divulge no detailed information; the excuse is that it would involve prying into the Queen's private affairs. But, then, what is private and what is public?

Inquisitive citizens constantly ask where the money comes from to pay for the marvelous dresses which the Queen wears on ceremonial occasions. Such questions are considered rude, and when the answer is, very naturally, that they are paid for out of the privy purse, it is easily assumed that this means that she pays for them herself — which is true, provided we remember that the privy purse is part of the civil list voted by Parliament. Any full inquiry into the mysteries of the Queen's expenditure is considered dangerous; it might lead to a serious proposal that the state should take over the duchy of Lancaster, the duchy of Cornwall, and other properties which are not included in the crown lands. If that were done, the Queen might be paid a salary like other public servants. She might be reduced, as one commentator remarked, to the position of the King of Denmark, who at his accession was voted £100,000 a year, subject to variation with the cost of living, like the wages of some trade unionists.

THE truth is that we are all supposed to like a romantic and traditional haze around the crown. What would journalists do if, in ignorance, they could not speculate about the Queen's "house-keeping problem"? They solemnly discuss whether she can make ends meet in view of the increased cost of laundry and food. Forty families, we are told, reside within the royal mews, and the Queen has to supply the servants who live there with annual suits of clothes. There is good journalists' material in the fact that the common mute swan holds a unique position in Britain as a royal bird and that "although anyone may keep swans as captives on his own private waters, and if they escape may pursue and recapture them provided the pursuit be continuous, all others at liberty on open and common waters belong to the Crown by prerogative right."

The Queen receives silken flags each year from the Duke of Wellington "as quit rent for Stratfield Saye and one fleur-de-lys from the Duke of Marlborough for Blenheim Palace." I long to know what has happened to these flags; is the same one

used every year, or are they stowed away in a storeroom at Windsor Castle? The Queen has other traditional obligations. She pays £3 to each mother of triplets and makes a present of £27 annually to the poet laureate (whose total salary is £99 a year). On Maundy Thursday and Christmas and Easter she bestows gifts on the aged poor and aids the education of children whose fathers have been killed in the armed services. She subscribes to many charities and provides London hospitals with daffodils from the royal gardens.

This is the picturesque side of royalty. There has been much rivalry in English and American magazines to estimate the size of the Queen's private fortune. One American magazine guesses £50,000,000 and calculates that she is the third richest woman in the world. Lord David Cecil makes it £10,000,000. He is clearly not including her unique collection of pictures and furniture. Her pictures alone were valued at £15,000,000 in 1958; 2000 of them are presumed to be the work of old masters. They cannot be regarded as personal property in the full sense, since she could not dispose of them even if she desired. There would certainly be an outcry if she sent a couple of Rembrandts to be sold at Christie's.

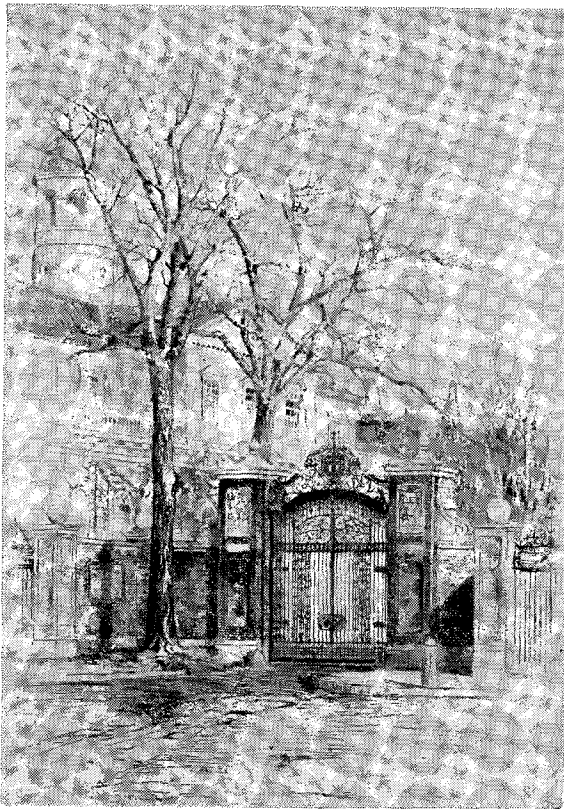
The value of the Queen's furniture and objects of art cannot be estimated; seventy-five large volumes are needed to catalogue these valuables at Windsor. She also owns the most remarkable and precious collection of jewelry in the world. It includes scores of items whose exact pedigree is known and whose value depends as much on their history and association as on the magnificence of the stones. She has the world's most famous collection of stamps. George V devoted three afternoons a week to their care, and when told that "some fool had paid several thousand pounds for a stamp," merrily replied that he was that fool. Other sources of the Queen's private income, apart from that derived from the duchies of Lancaster and Cornwall, no doubt include large investments; on these financial matters the crown has been well advised. Sir Edward Cassel was valuable to Edward VII as a financial consultant as well as a friend. All this omits the huge private fortune the Queen inherited. In 1889 it was officially admitted that Queen Victoria had saved £824,000 from the civil list during her retirement, and an eccentric named John Nield left her another half a million pounds. She owned at least £2,000,000 when she died. Much of this has come down to Queen Elizabeth, and it should be noted that Queen Mary left £406,000. It would seem, all in all, that the estimate of Queen Elizabeth's private fortune as £50,000,000 to £60,000,000 may be well within the mark.

The usual palace handout, which has been useful

to innumerable journalists and popular writers, is that the monarchy is really very cheap indeed, even in strictly financial terms, since the Treasury receives a net annual income of over £1,000,000 from the crown lands, which is more than it pays out in the civil list. This maintains the legal fiction that a large part of central London, as well as all the other properties surrendered at the accession, really belonged to the Queen when they were surrendered. It also totally omits large sums of expenditure on royalty which are included in the army, navy, air, and civil estimates.

Public attention has fastened on the royal yacht *Britannia*, which was fitted out for about £2,000,000 and costs the public £7000 a week when in service and £4000 a week when stationary. This amount goes into wages for twenty officers and 237 ratings and seems not to include the cost of fuel. It can be argued, and often is, that this is not excessive, because to hire other suitable forms of sea transport would also be very expensive; that except on special occasions, such as the honeymoon trip of Princess Margaret and Mr. Armstrong-Jones, the yacht is used only for official tours when the Queen and Duke must show the flag in royal splendor; and that, anyway, the yacht is so fitted that it can be swiftly transformed into a hospital in time of war. The cost is borne by the navy, which is asked to regard it as a useful supplementary training ship. The air estimates include provision for the Queen's flight; similarly, the constant ceremonial use of the Brigade of Guards and Household Cavalry in the Queen's personal service is accounted for in the army estimates. Other indirect expenses appear in the civil estimates; the Ministry of Works, for instance, pays for the running costs of a number of royal residences. Some of these expenses would, of course, be incurred under any system of government. Just how much more we pay for them in a monarchical system than we would pay in a republic, no one can guess.

This is the strange part of the story. No one can say what the monarchy costs, since its finances are still confused with those of government. The pageantry and trappings of royalty are obviously expensive, but a fiction is maintained that they cost the nation less than nothing because the crown owns property that, in everything but law, belongs to the state. The Queen earns a salary and an expense account. Why should she not be properly paid like other public servants? The muddle and secrecy about royal finances are indefensible; they spring from the mist of antiquity and pretense with which the institution of monarchy is enveloped. The accepted argument in its favor is that we like its magic and value its traditions. But we really ought not to pretend that we do not pay for these hallowed survivals.



FOR HARVARD ONLY

by David McCord

Poet and essayist, DAVID McCORD for thirty-seven years has solicited contributions to the Harvard Fund from his office in Wadsworth House. His appeals have taken the form of short essays so graceful and cajoling that they have given a new meaning to what he calls the language of request. Here is the last of the series, for Mr. McCord will retire from the fund next month. In 1956 he received the first degree of Doctor of Humane Letters ever given by Harvard.

AN OLD friend and classmate, an intuitive scholar speaking Mandarin and honored still for a mind like a flawless piece of jade, once explained to me in simple English that "A Buddha is what you do to it." Since his death in 1960, these words have taken on a wider meaning every time I say them over. For example, who can fail to regret that a student *at* Harvard is not equally and always a student *of* Harvard, since Harvard, like the Buddha, is what you do to it? The Cambridge port of entry, if you ask me, is too wide. The freshman arrives, dragging his civilization with him — an instinctive act, no doubt, but nevertheless encumbering. Not so with a certain Oriental, as I have noticed him in the Square, his saffron robe accented by a pair of argyle socks. He walks like a rainbow, but he is more than that; he is perceptively a student *of* Harvard. He brought no baggage with him, and it is likely that he left no noticeable possessions at the Potala of his particular Lhasa, and he needs none here. He has known through centuries of prayer-wheel ritual that any Lhasa is what you do to it. His attitude is inherited. Ours, alas, is not. He has never heard of instant culture.

Yet some of us not in saffron robes have vaguely,

perhaps quite perceptively, understood. The older we grow, the better we understand in retrospect. Thoreau lived to do more to Harvard — of which he feigned to disapprove — than Harvard did to him. His extension courses have included such differing pupils as E. B. White of Manhattan, H. M. Tomlinson of London River, and Mahatma Gandhi of the world, none of them familiar with the Yard except by inference. To Thoreau the Yard was still a clearing in the wilderness, and with that he could deal, as any *Walden* reader is aware. He would be pleased if we told him that in recent years a pair of raccoons had invaded the Yard (as they did) and that a shrike was once discovered in President Conant's hedge. There was, moreover, plenty of the Oriental in Henry's hardwood philosophy: "Give me the poverty that enjoys true wealth."

These words are almost meaningless today. Yet who would say that Harvard does not remain a clearing in the wilderness — a wilderness far wilder than in Mather's time or in Henry's "restless, nervous, bustling, trivial Nineteenth Century," to which he alluded so specifically in 1854? Could I control the keeper of unwritten maxims, I would have it out in writing: enter Harvard as

The Johnson Gate, Harvard University, etching by Charles H. Woodbury. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

Lois Crisler entered northern Alaska under the Brooks Range "with your deep will, or [be indoors] in the nest of civilization even in wilderness." Does anyone doubt on which side of the above comma there is an exit only?

Suspended somewhere between carbon 14 and strontium 90, we have now greater cause and less time to ponder the deep will. As I walk these familiar paths, diagonals most of them to sanctuaries beyond my layman's reach of understanding, the mind goes back to the fervent days of the Tercentenary, when all was clear anatomy, and the visual image of inexplicable Harvard loomed out of the fog as an etching of joy or devilry emerges for one unstable instant while we turn the pages of *Finnegans Wake*. To be a student of Harvard requires almost an abnegation of the temporal, a long walk late at night with accredited ghosts of the place, the stab of loneliness right through a multitude of doors. Even so, the revelation may not come; there is just that whisk of the occult about it.

My new-cut ashlar takes the light
Where crimson-blank the windows flare.

I wait for the flash. I watch for intimate signs of that older wilderness now vanished, as the quote from Kipling may suggest. "It is not down in any map, true places never are," said Melville. Yet once in a while it is. I think I became a lifelong student of Harvard that bright morning in my junior year when I stepped out of Jefferson and a class in advanced physics, looked up into the cloudless blue, and saw — as not many have the luck to look and see by day — the sudden sulfurous flameout of a meteor,

a star that spoke
In simple terms of fire and smoke,
But soundless with the stale report
Of ancient wars and dragon snort.

Not all the visiting professors in the world could relate my clearing in the wilderness to the clearing in my mind as did that moment, awesome and unexpected.

Life is the garment we continually alter but which never seems to fit, and we must make our adjustments as we go. I saw the white gulls gathered just this morning on a jigsaw floe downstream from the Anderson bridge, each one of them a weathercock as truly into the wind as the gilded vane on Memorial Church: a living sermon

on whatever winds of doctrine youth (a symbol) might be testing in Sever or in Boylston as he boxed his classroom compass. And then I saw them rise in a cloud and beat their way by dozens into the updraft of a smokestack thermal, where they spread their wings and circled on long spirals of unending poise, as if some truth arrived at were sustained. Was there a memo of it? Perhaps the architects had this in mind when they built those enormous baskets — "In" and "Out" — on Leverett's twin towers, high above the neighbors' Georgian chimneys.

Some time ago a spate of unseasonable weather — all Cambridge weather is unseasonable — brought the welcome breath of spring into the Yard. The itinerant barred owl (*Strix varia*, presumably female) in the old pine tree east of University had weathered a bad gale and the cold spell, but now looked good for another semester in an intellectual climate. For breakfast and dinner she had one native pigeon, chosen at random, but attested by the scatter of hoddens feathers on the ground below. She dined early and late, when the Yard was clear of traffic: unaware, we may suppose, that pigeons are what wrong examination answers are turned into. She became an attraction. A number of students found her composure disquieting; and one undergraduate went out and shied a book at her — a French grammar — to which she paid small attention. A group of Lampooners in evening dress, dangerously equipped with bows and arrows, are said to have set upon this owl, though happily to no purpose. Once or twice I stood under the tree and clapped my hands in the manner of an angry *Strix* caught snapping her beak, and the late incumbent would raise a wise old head and look down balefully. It is somewhat uncomfortable looking at an angry (presumable) female. And this one, well we knew, might be Alma Mater herself.

But language limits the sense it often mars —
I still believe, for better or for worse,
We look through one atom into all the stars,
In the note of one insect hear the universe.

Thus, and all homage to him, John Hall Wheelock, 1908. So the clear injunction — for the mind, at any rate, if not for the stars and squirrels and birds and insects — is to keep the flyways and the runways open.

And the wallets and checkbooks, of course — of course.

The Experiment at St. Paul's

SPEEDING UP THE BRIGHT ONES

BY MATTHEW M. WARREN

In the summer of 1958, St. Paul's School in Concord, New Hampshire, inaugurated its Advanced Studies Program to enable talented high school students to supplement their regular academic training. A native of West Virginia, MATTHEW M. WARREN received his Doctor of Divinity degree from Virginia Theological Seminary in 1954 and has been rector of St. Paul's School since that time.

SUMMER is a quiet time on a school campus, and it seems especially so at a boarding school, where dormitories as well as classrooms are vacant. For 102 years St. Paul's School, in Concord, New Hampshire, had sent 450 boys to their homes throughout the United States and foreign lands every June, and the plant had remained empty until they returned the following September. This state of affairs changed abruptly in June, 1958, when 100 boys arrived to inaugurate the Advanced Studies Program.

The Advanced Studies Program was a new venture in many ways. Certainly the 100 boys found it a new experience, since they came from fifty-two public and parochial high schools in forty-three New Hampshire communities. For the faculty, or master teachers as they were called, the session was entirely new, because they were charged with the responsibility to teach in six weeks the equivalent of one year's material. And it was new for ten intern teachers who came to test their vocation as teachers.

When the first session ended, all its members — boys, interns, and masters — testified to an unbelievably good time of it. In an unsolicited letter written six months after the conclusion of the course, a student offered the following evaluation of the Advanced Studies Program experience:

The effects of the ASP on my school work are incalculable. Even though I carried my heaviest burden

of extra-curricular activities this year, there has been no appreciable dip in my marks. I was the highest Senior for the first quarter with an average of 96 per cent. I can only account for this on the premise that I must have acquired three qualities at St. Paul's: (1) stamina, (2) ability to organize my time to the best possible advantage, and (3) good study habits. Also, my powers of concentration have been greatly improved. The facets of the ASP that especially appealed to me were the quality and college-level work required of the students, the latitude one was afforded in study habits and the incentive I developed to become independent and self-responsible. I am sure that the Program had a maturing effect on me, and gave me a proper outlook on studies in general. In summation, the ASP was an exciting and rewarding adventure. As Mayor James Curley once said, "I'd do it again!"

And "do it again" the Advanced Studies Program did, completing its fourth summer in 1961 and now entering its fifth.

The possibility of such a program occurred to the rector (an Episcopal Church school's title for its headmaster) in 1956, and he approached the state commissioner of education with the proposal that St. Paul's operate a summer session to supplement the work of the public and parochial schools of the state. No students from out of state would be considered, no remedial or "retread" work would be offered, all students were to be referred to the program by their high school principals, and the

curriculum would be tailored to fit the needs of the schools. The students were to have completed at least the tenth grade and were to be of superior ability. As the catalogues of the program were to state the purposes later on:

The purposes of the Advanced Studies Program are to provide talented high school students with challenging educational opportunities otherwise unavailable to them, to interest potential secondary school teachers in the teaching profession, and to provide secondary school teachers with classroom training in the instruction of the very able student.

The rector's question was, "Could we find one hundred boys in the state for such a program?" The commissioner, having been principal of a large high school in Manchester, New Hampshire, said, "I could supply you with one hundred qualified boys from one of several high schools in the state. Develop your plans, and I will cooperate wherever I can."

A committee of faculty members at St. Paul's School with a liaison person from the State Department of Education developed the details of the general plan. The summer session was to function very much as St. Paul's functioned through the year — small classes of ten to fourteen students, athletics required for all, an opening service of worship each morning, seated meals in one of the school's three dining halls, all students to live in school dormitories, and no day students to be admitted. Seventy-five to ninety percent of the teachers were to be drawn from St. Paul's faculty. Each dormitory was to be run by a St. Paul's master, much as in the usual full-year term.

One objective, seldom stated but taken for granted, was to bring the students into a community life which would enrich, deepen, and excite them to accept larger social responsibility as well as academic intensity. Paul Tillich refers to this consideration as "inductive education." In the Advanced Studies Program setting there was to be no apology for being intellectually able, no apology for working hard at academic subjects, no apology for struggling to excel. It was hoped that living in such a community, even briefly, would enable students to recognize their talent and ability, develop them fully, and at the same time help them to become human, approachable, and, above all, decently responsible. One intern, commenting later on this aspect, said, "Living in close proximity to many able people develops a realistic understanding of abilities and the responsibility one must assume if one is to realize one's potential. Also, many students develop academic humility at the Advanced Studies Program. They are confronted for the first time with the news that they, too, may be wrong."

The State Department of Education provided an

opportunity for the rector and the new director of the Advanced Studies Program to present their plans, first to the school superintendents, then to the principals of the high schools. The Roman Catholics gave a similar opportunity to the Advanced Studies Program in the parochial system. The cordial and encouraging response from these people showed that such a program was deeply needed, would find general support in the state, and probably would be of interest to gifted students.

AT THIS point an appeal was made to the Fund for the Advancement of Education to grant enough money to launch the program. Immense amounts of time had been spent on plans, all the way from the broad philosophy of advanced study for those of high school age down through specific suggestions for curriculum to details of feeding and housing. Costs had been estimated as totaling \$600 per student for the six-week period. The fund guaranteed the first three summers by a grant of \$100,000, and the school became a reality. Another fund gave \$10,000 to bring the buildings into condition suitable for summer use. Later, as the school proved its worth, statewide appeals were made by letter to corporations, foundations, and individuals. This letter appeal has met with increasing response. Additional income has been received from the National Science Foundation through Keene State Teachers College at Keene, New Hampshire. This support for science and mathematics students for the past two years enabled the enrollment to go as high as 155 students, including 35 girls, in the summer of 1961.

Scholarship funds have been essential from the start. The original program stipulated that no qualified student would be turned away for want of financial assistance, and no student ever has been. Each summer sees a shift in the number of scholarship students, but apparently the Advanced Studies Program will have to continue to grant financial aid to well over half of its students. In 1959, 116 students were enrolled, with 101 receiving scholarships averaging more than \$400 per pupil. As much as \$575 of the total tuition of \$600 was given to some. If the emphasis is on the gifted New Hampshire high school student, then funds must be provided for those who need help. Otherwise, the program would be only for the gifted high school student who can pay, and such selection has always been against the policy of St. Paul's School. Raising money has been an important and significant aspect of the program, and contributors have been many and willing.

The first 100 boys, who arrived at the school on June 21, 1958, had been selected from 257 boys

interviewed by R. Philip Hugny, the assistant director of the program and a former teacher and administrator of wide experience in the New Hampshire public school system. Of these 257 boys, 152 were selected by test and 105 recommended by school officials. Mr. Hugny interviewed these boys during the preceding fall and winter in seventy-eight of the ninety-four high schools of the state.

Alan N. Hall, a New Hampshire resident, a graduate of Dartmouth, and for six years a member of the St. Paul's School English department, became the first director of the Advanced Studies Program. He reports on the selection of boys as follows:

A total of 152 boys were selected for these interviews because they had exceeded a minimum cut-off score on the American Council on Education Psychological Examination administered annually by the University of New Hampshire and the State Department of Education to almost all New Hampshire high school sophomores. This screening procedure was developed through cooperation with Dr. Paul H. McIntire, Director of Counseling at the University of New Hampshire. The other candidates for interviews were recommended by principals, teachers, or others who felt the boys were of the caliber to benefit from the Advanced Studies Program.

When the final selections were made, attrition of one type or another had eliminated about 50 boys so that there were about 200 candidates competing for the 100 places. The final selections were made as nearly as possible on the basis of finding the best 100 boys, paying no particular attention to geographical location, the size of the school or the community, or any other factor except the value of the boy himself to the Program.

Nine types of information were collected for each boy, including the opinions of six different people. The problems of financial aid were not considered until the 100 boys had been selected.

Subsequent years produced larger application lists, continued interviews of each candidate by Mr. Hugny, who became director in 1961, and a remarkable student body at the opening day of each session. In four years, 466 boys and 35 girls have taken part in the program. Of these, 472 successfully completed their courses.

The disproportionate number of girls to boys in no way reflects the initiative or scholastic ability of New Hampshire girls. The program was open only to boys during the first three years. Last summer, girls were included for the first time, and 35 was the number chosen simply because it would fill one available dormitory. There a housemother replaced the usual St. Paul's master. This summer, fifty or more girls will be included. The New Hampshire Federation of Women's Clubs and other interested groups and individuals

helped to make this welcome innovation possible.

A rewarding development of the intern program has been the granting of undergraduate and graduate credit for intern work by Keene Teachers College, Keene, New Hampshire. Similar arrangements have been made with Plymouth Teachers College, in Plymouth, New Hampshire, and St. Anselm's College, in Manchester, New Hampshire. In the summer of 1961 there were twenty-one interns, seven in mathematics and science. During the first year, the number of intern applications was disappointing. Though scholarships were available, the \$600 tuition fee and the fact that admission would be granted only to New Hampshire residents curtailed applications.

This situation was quickly remedied. The program was opened to qualified out-of-state applicants, and grants from the National Science Foundation plus generous support from interested friends who saw the need for increasing the number and quality of teachers solved the problem and produced another — the waiting list. The Advanced Studies Program now waives the fee and, indeed, is paying the interns, who contribute in many ways to the program. In addition to the New Hampshire high school teachers serving as interns, there have been interns from Harvard, Wellesley, M.I.T., the University of New Hampshire, Dartmouth, Princeton, and several small liberal arts colleges.

The interns attend classes and see a master teacher teach an advanced subject to a small group of able students four periods a day. Under supervision from the master teacher, they occasionally take over the class, and all interns are held responsible for one or more prepared presentations. Some out-of-class work with the teachers is an important part of their training — grading papers and analyzing individual students' difficulties and achievements. There are also group meetings of interns to discuss the daily operation of the school and to consider the problems and opportunities of gifted students.

The extracurricular assignments of interns are of great importance to them, to their student charges, and to the program itself. Coaching, house duties in the dormitories, especially supervising and counseling the students, inevitably inform interns of the variety and depth and quality of student needs and aspirations. The humanity of the place is an important feature, and interns learn this quickly by way of the extracurricular responsibilities assigned to them.

The intern program has been invaluable to both the college intern and the teacher intern, as well as to the students and the entire program. Good teachers have gone forth into our schools, and experienced teachers have been deepened in

their appreciation of their own powers and in the truly impressive response of their gifted students.

In the afternoons, all students have been required to participate in the athletic program. The objective was to relieve tension, but far more significant was the need of many boys to learn to use their bodies effectively and wholesomely in trained ways. The director of athletic events, E. Leonard Barker, has for years served St. Paul's School as director of the school's regular program. He wisely provided for each house or dormitory to play one sport a week, by turns, for four weeks. Tennis, baseball, track, and soccer were the sports, and each house had one week of coaching by competent coaches. Some houses learned to play and compete in squash.

It was a revelation to see these bright, highly intelligent students apply their intelligence to these events. Some were apprehensive, others merely reluctant, but all ultimately got into the events with amazing interest and enthusiasm before the first four weeks had been concluded. Competition between the four houses was the principal activity in the afternoons of the two concluding weeks. When the girls came in 1961, they developed a modern War of the Roses, dividing themselves into the Lancasters and the Yorks, and dancing was added to the social life.

THE courses of study for the summer are determined by the applicants' interests and demands. No student is admitted if the course he seeks is also available in his high school. This eliminates any competitive elements between the Advanced Studies Program and the high schools of the state, and makes it possible for some small schools to recommend able students to the program rather than develop at great cost new courses for the upper 5 percent of their students.

The courses in 1960 will serve as an example. One hundred and thirty boys from fifty public high schools, four private academies, and two parochial high schools participated in the Advanced Studies Program, taking courses in Advanced Biology, Advanced Chemistry, Advanced Physics, Calculus I, Calculus II, Concepts of Mathematics, Modern European History, Russian I, Russian II, German I, and English. All students are required to take a noncredit course in English, and successful completion of this course is mandatory for credit in other work. The English course meets three periods a week, whereas the other courses meet twenty-one periods a week, covering, in most cases, a year's work in six weeks.

Each course carries one St. Paul's School credit, which is forwarded to any college at the student's request.

For Calculus I or one year of Russian, no credit is given unless the student returns for Calculus II or for the second year of the language. This is, of course, understood by the students and is so stated in the Advanced Studies Program catalogue.

Some summers, Latin and Greek are taught, and a second year is required for credit in these two offerings. Many students take the two-year courses for only one year and are content to have no credit, having gone on to college.

At about the halfway point of each summer, College Day is observed. This was begun in the first summer at the suggestion of John Monroe, dean of Harvard College, who felt that such a remarkable group of prospective college students should be seen while in one place. More than thirty college-admission persons visit the session; the parents of the students are also invited, and usually 100 percent accept. A program is presented to the students and parents on college scholarship aid, work and self-help programs, and on the college-admission problem. A period of time is given over to individual conferences, and many students seek interviews with two or more admission officers. Since girls have been admitted to the Advanced Studies Program, some women's colleges are also represented, and a number of admission officers from coeducational colleges and universities are present.

Several high school principals have said that before this program existed less than half of their students would have considered college as a possibility for themselves, and that fewer still would have attempted to enter some of the great universities of our country because of mistaken notions of social prestige, or ignorance of financial aid, or lack of incentive.

During the first summer, on the bulletin board of one of the houses was posted a sign in Gothic script, beautifully hand-drawn: "We know and we want to know more." This attitude has characterized the Advanced Studies Program each year. While the students have admitted that the pace has been rapid, the load heavy, and the time short, there has been little grumbling or complaint. No one *had* to come to the Advanced Studies Program. Everyone had to follow a pattern that required self-direction in getting into it. But the success of the program has fortified our belief that the intellectual hunger of the gifted student is greater than many of us ever dared to imagine.



OTHER MORNINGS

BY LUCY WARNER Now twenty-one years old, LUCY WARNER started writing at the age of fifteen. She went to Sarah Lawrence College for two years, spent a winter in Italy, and for the past two years has been an undergraduate in English at the State University of Iowa. Miss Warner's home is in Vinalhaven, Maine.

THE lawn under trees was empty when Sarah came downstairs with her suitcase. In the green summer shadows the remnants of the wedding reception littered the grass. Yet through trees she saw the water in the bay springing along in sunlight.

It had been the windiest wedding anyone had ever attended. Several ladies' broad-brimmed hats had skimmed over the lawn, and Vic had said to Sarah that the gale made ripples in the champagne glasses. How it had freshened everyone! Bridesmaids with their skirts ballooning behind them, the bride, Anna, with her light hair lifting and tossing, and Vic's face glowing in the warm wind, his tails flying, his large square hand lost in the billowing of his new wife's skirts. Under those quivering leaves, under the gusting light and shadow, the dresses and lapels and hair of grown people had fluttered and blown, and children in their party clothes had scattered as though driven by the wind. And perhaps everybody had felt a gaiety that was more lovely than festive. Was not everyone charming in the summer gale? Sarah had not believed in that charm, had wondered if everyone understood it, and had known that some-

how they did. Vic had. He had taken his cousin's arm and said, "Isn't this a day, Sarah?"

"It's *your* day."

"Yes, but everyone —" and they had looked at everyone and smiled.

Does Anna know? thought Sarah. She herself asked nothing of Vic. She had almost said to him, "I'll be thinking of you," or "I know how happy you are, and I'm so glad for you." But she knew that it was a way of saying, "Think of me and hope for my happiness, my dear cousin," so she kept still.

But he had not forgotten her. At the moment when he was to go inside to change his clothes, he had rushed up to her.

"Let us hear from you when we're back. Sarah, I'm happier *you* came today than anyone else."

Then he had kissed her while her hands flew to his chest.

Because of all the people in front of her on the narrow drive she had not been able to see Vic and Anna rushing out; she saw only the rice and pink-paper rose petals fly up and scatter in the wind, and as the crowd separated she saw little boys and girls running out on the dirt road. Back under the

Wood engraving by Thomas W. Nason. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

An Atlantic "First"

trees people were already taking off their shoes, hanging their jackets over their arms. While Sarah went upstairs to change from her bridesmaid's dress and to pack her things, the guests began leaving. Occasionally she heard someone below her window saying to Anna's parents, "Say goodbye to Sarah for me," or, "Where's Sarah?", but she did not call down to them. She came out later to an empty lawn.

Right at that moment, she could predict, and for Vic too; in the scene before her she could almost see what she must do. Anna's little sisters were playing in the garden beyond the hedge. For Sarah there was nothing now but to leave this sweet-smelling country house and go back to New York with her sister, Elaine. How the sea leapt along! There were glasses left on the grass, napkins from the pieces of wedding cake, overturned chairs and stools along the hedge. The children's voices gusted up in the leaf-spilling wind. And Sarah knew that no green shade and sparkling sea could forever keep one glad. Pretty, yes. Nothing would be so lovely again as women's dresses brushing out against men's hands and thighs, arms held up to keep loose hair back from the forehead, the constant movement of leaves, jackets, bushes, branches, the flash of children's white socks, the faces lit with wind. But it had not saved her, not at all. If she had asked nothing of Vic, it was out of love for him and not in the least because she believed really in his happiness. For him as much as for her, the remnants of gaiety and beauty were already strewn in sight, even if he'd been spared this deserted lawn and the view of a bay saying, "You are about to depart for a hot, hot city."

That night in the city Sarah leaned out her apartment window, thinking: "Everyone who leans out his window tonight will know how it is. There is the strange young man standing under a tree with a roll of paper, perhaps a painting, under his arm. The water on the East River, under a ferry and a pier, jags on the stillness; one remembers — it does not matter whether you've been there or not — Genoa and Venice. The street-light, its globe shaped like a beehive, is attracting moths, and the mysterious young man appears under it, and he is not so very different, save for the handsome dark back of his head, from anybody else. In the distance: hot summer noises which all cities have; and children's voices, city children who are allowed to play outdoors in the night. Ferries, tugs, and freighters hoot and blast. The air smells damp. What I mean is that if anyone leaned out and saw and heard what I do (two girls in jeans passing now, chatting loudly, arguing, really), he would be comforted too. When you are miserable, you board the freighter, imagine you are in Genoa, or join the young man who is so

obviously waiting for somebody. That you do not actually do these things is no reason why you shouldn't find comfort in them.

"For whom am I speaking, anyway?"

"Perhaps only for myself."

"It is not so much comfort, I know, as envy. You can look at these things in two ways: is it just melancholy I feel, so that, indeed, it is a comfort to see a night city, or is it envy because I am too idle to accomplish a particle of what I want around me? But it does not matter, the reason. It is a little of both: I envy those traveling, and those loving or about to join a young man under the city trees; but I enjoy it too. Because for me the envy will drive me to action, and someday I shall know only the pleasure of leaning out my window."

She went to bed then, before Elaine came in. Overhead the night was clear and the wind had fallen. By early morning it was still and already hot.

Vic woke in the hotel room lying on his side with his back to his new wife. Out of the window he saw a bright morning on city roofs and in the high pale sky. Oh, if only they could leave for the hills that moment! If only Anna hadn't decided they'd need a day in the city to rest up before a long train ride. Rest! He needed no rest. By noon those hills would be sweet and musty with the heat, and on the lakes the first stirrings of an afternoon wind would darken the water. In his mind he saw an unknown young man running in the fields with a woman, and he envied him.

He rolled over to look at Anna. She was asleep, with the sheet held under her chin, her head tucked down in the pillow. "Abandon." He thought of the word "abandoned." Weren't new brides supposed to sleep with sheet flung back and arms thrown wide or reaching in sleep for the hollow of their husband's back? He touched her forehead, and she opened her eyes.

"Good morning, beauty."

"Good morning." She smiled.

"Were you sleeping well?"

"Yes, but I'll wake up now. What a nice day!"

"Isn't it! I wish we were leaving right now."

"Oh, but a day in the city will be nice. There's lots we can do. Let's look up Fred and Alice. I hardly saw them at the wedding."

Vic straightened up without touching her.

"Anna! Please, Anna, let's be together. I want to be with you — let's be alone, Anna."

"Why, Vic, I didn't mean — Of course. I'm sorry. Yes, let's be together."

She reached for his arm under the sheet, and he took her hand in both of his, with gratitude.

But he did not, as he wanted to, suggest flight. He didn't say, "Let's be gone, Anna. Let's get into my hills today." It was enough that he had her to himself. The bright days would wait. There would be other mornings of sun.

The light woke Sarah. The first thing she said to Elaine was, "Well, I hope Anna's happy this morning and they get off to the country before it's too hot."

"Honestly, you sound as though you've lost a lover! I never saw Vic happier."

"Yes, I know. I said 'Anna.'"

But she was thinking: "It's odd, but I know that when he woke up he thought about me. It's a day for movement. On just such a day he took me to the hills when I broke off with Edwin. 'What you need is to go off somewhere,' Vic had said. 'Come on with me.' What he meant was, 'I won't say anything. But I can take you somewhere. It is a place I want to show everyone I love, where someday I shall take the woman I marry. If you come with me there, that is what I'll do for you, my darling cousin, my poor poor Sarah.'"

They had called each other up; she couldn't remember who called first. At opposite ends of the city that early bright morning they had each crammed things into a suitcase. They met in midtown and took a bus for the country. She had bought bakery rolls, oranges, and a box of blueberries. The heart she thought was for a long time to be weighted down picked up there beside

her cousin. They ate the crusty sweet rolls and handfuls of blueberries. The first lakes among wide hills were windless and pale, and the bus passed under dark trees and rolled up sunny roads above the water. They asked to be let off on one of those slopes, and they ran downhill and threw their suitcases in the grass. They began to run together along the lake. He had to slow down so she could run with him, but he kept drawing ahead. Finally he took her hand, and they both dashed. Every time her right leg, next to him, went forward, he lifted her with his hand so that she skimmed beside him.

"Good girl!" he cried.

They fell forward and tumbled on the grass, sprawling out. When she had almost got her breath, she said, still gasping, "Oh, Vic! Wonderful. . . . Did you ever? Abandoned . . . like being thrown off a plane!"

"I thought you'd like it. I always have," he said, sitting up to look across the water, the dark back of his head turned to her.

She knew what he meant.

Now, this morning, Sarah sat up beside her sister and felt the slight notion of sadness in her, the slight envy of Anna, who would be given these things. But she sprang up, crying, "Make some coffee, Elaine. Come on, girl! Isn't it still our vacation?"

And the two sisters launched pillows at each other and snapped the torn shades up to the tops of the windows to let in the sun.

DISGUISES

BY ALASTAIR REID

My selves, my presences,
like uniforms and suits,
some stiff, some soiled, some threadbare,
and not all easy-fitting,
hang somewhere in the house.

A friend or a misfortune
will force me, on occasion,
into a sober habit,
uncomfortably formal,
in keeping, though unwise.

But otherwise I wear
something old and easy,
with little thought to please,
nor a glance in the mirror,
nor a care for size;

being caught, in consequence,
sporting the wrong colors
in inappropriate weather —
odd shirts, uneven socks,
and most unsuitable ties.

I should have a tailor,
or, failing him, a mirror;
but being possessed of neither,
I sit in my stubborn skin and count
all clothing as disguise.

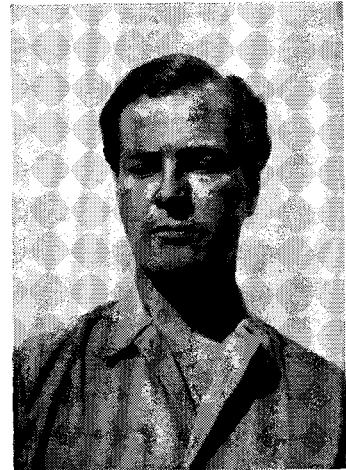


THE BLACK DEPARTERS

An Adventure in Greece

BY PATRICK LEIGH FERMOR

PATRICK LEIGH FERMOR *was one of two young British officers who led one of the most spectacular individual exploits of World War II. Wearing the uniform of German noncoms, they kidnapped a German general, hid him in the hills of Crete, eluded weeks of search by the Germans, and delivered him to the British command at Cairo. Here Mr. Fermor tells of his adventures with the Sarakatsáns, a group of nomads who wander over northern Greece.*



PERHAPS because it was my first Greek town after a few years of absence, I had taken a strong liking to Alexandroupolis. Large as it is, there is nothing overpoweringly polished about the citizens of this Thracian town; rather the reverse. Many of the limitations of a new provincial town pervade it; and the long evening hours of the officers and civil servants sitting in the *kapheneia* are spanned by familiar anecdotes and yawns and yet another coffee. The tedium of unchosen and unchanging company lurks there, and for some fastidious ones, the acute pain of listening to the same jokes and the same stories again and again.

All at once, however, the boredom of the dusty evening street was halted by the passing of a wild, solitary, and alien figure that no streets or houses should ever have confined; it was a presence as inappropriate in these tame surroundings as a wolf in a main street of Byzantium. A rough black pillbox was tilted askew on his matted and whiskered head. He wore a black double-breasted waistcoat of homespun goat's hair, tucked into a black sash, below which a hairy and broad-pleated black kilt jutted stiffly to his knees. Black tights of the same stifling stuff covered his long legs, and he was shod in those Greek mountain shoes which turn up at the tip and curl back in a broad canoe-like prow and end in a wide black

pompon covering the front of the foot. The thick soles were clouted, and the nails grated underfoot. Gazing straight ahead, he loped along the middle of the road, as though to keep as far as possible from the contaminating houses. A long shepherd's staff, whose crook was a tortuously carved wooden snake, was laid across his shoulders. His arms were looped over it in the cruciform position in which many mountaineers carry their crooks and their guns. He was a Sarakatsán. Heads turned as he passed, and the smack of cards and the clatter of backgammon counters died down for a few moments. I got up and dogged his steps at a discreet distance.

Sarakatsáns have always filled me with awe. I first saw these primeval Greek nomads years ago when I was walking across Bulgaria, on my way to Constantinople. A gathering of beehive-shaped huts were scattered over the wintry hills slanting to the Black Sea. Brushwood folds ran up the green slopes, and thousands of shaggy black goats and sheep grazed over the rainy landscape, their heavy bronze bells filling the air with a many-toned and harmonious jangle. Here and there among them, like dark monoliths under the wheeling crows, their herdsman leaned on their lance-long crooks; their faces were almost lost in the deep hoods of high-shouldered goat's-hair capes that

reached to the ground, capes of so coarse a weave and so stiff with rain that they looked as though their incumbents could almost step forth and leave them standing like sentry boxes. I next saw them in March the following year, when I was riding across Greek Macedonia and stayed a night in one of their smoky wigwams. Since then I had seen them again and again, all over northern Greece, in the plains in winter and in the mountains in summer, but always on the skyline or in the middle distance. True nomads, these self-appointed Ishmaels hover on the outskirts of ordinary Greek life as fleetingly as a mirage, only manifesting themselves to ordinary mortals in far-away glimpses. Suddenly, at a ravine's twist far from the scorched lowlands, one comes across their impermanent hamlets of conical huts on high ledges of the Pindus and the Rhodope mountains and in the sierras of Roumeli; and in winter, gazing down from the snows that have banished them, one can discern their clustering huts in the plains, the ascending smoke, and the slowly grazing flocks.

Every spring their beasts and their long caravans of horses, laden with all they possess, can be seen winding up into the thawed mountains, or halted around a sudden village of somber tents, to stream downhill again later to the withered autumnal plains which the rains will soon turn green. One discovers them binding lopped branches and osier twigs into the hemispherical skeletons of the huts which will house them for the season; shelters whose blackened and molting thatch will later mark where they have settled for a few months and vanished from again. Sometimes a far-off barking and the murmur of bells hint at their presence deep in the ilex woods or along a dazzling canyon where nothing stirs except, perhaps, a pair of floating eagles. Besides these rare apparitions, this fugitive community of about eighty thousand souls and of flocks amounting to several million head seems to have the gift of invisibility.

UNLIKE the seminomads of Greece — the Koutzovlachs and the Karagounis, who all have mountain villages from which to migrate and to which they return after their half-yearly journeys in search of winter pasture — the Sarakatsáns have nothing more solid than their abodes of wicker and rush. All of them, however, look to some range of mountains, some fold or cordillera where they have grazed their flocks for centuries of summers, as their home. Their lowland pastures are more variable, an uncertain sojourn with few claims on their allegiance. At the turn of the century the Sarakatsáns of northern Greece were the

nomads with the widest range of migration. The sudden cage of new frontiers which sprang up after the Balkan Wars failed to confine them, and they would fan out in autumn, from Epirus and Macedonia, all over southern Albania and across the lower marches of Serbia as far as Montenegro and Herzegovina and Bosnia and into Bulgaria, to the foothills of the great Balkans.

Those Sarakatsáns who thought of the Rhodope Mountains as their home were particularly bold in the extent of their winter wanderings. Not only would they expand northward, as they had in those first outposts which I saw years ago along the coasts of the Black Sea, but before the Hebrus River became the inviolable border of Turkey their autumnal caravans would reach Constantinople, and up would go their wigwams under the walls of Theodosius. Others would settle along the shores of the Sea of Marmara, looking out toward the islands of the Propontis. Yet others would spread over the rich green hills of the Dardanelles, and many would cross the Hellespont and pitch their camps on the plain of Troy. The boldest of all would continue their journey to the meadows of Bithynia, wintering there among the poplar trees, or pushing on further into Cappadocia as far as Caesarea, scattering their flocks across the volcanic wildernesses around the empty rock monasteries of Ürgüb, or even as far as Iconium, the home of Jellalludin and the metropolis of the whirling dervishes.

Enormous though these journeys were, they were scarcely looked upon as expatriation; for, until the mass deracination of the 1920s, much of Asia Minor was still part of the Greek world, and even beyond its confines, ancient Greek colonies, established for thousands of years but reduced by the later tide of invading Seldjuk Turks to scattered islets of Hellenism, still survived and prospered. There the invisible frontiers of nomadism overlapped and dovetailed into those of other pastoral wanderers, the Yourouks, autochthonous Anatolian shepherds who had grazed their flocks over the hinterland of Asia Minor for centuries before the Turks arrived there and even made return migrations, now and then, as far as Macedonia. No wonder some of the aura of a fable hangs about these men.

SO STRONG is this aura for me that a quarter of an hour after catching a glimpse of this isolated Sarakatsán I was sitting at the table next to him, among the smithies and harness makers, on the outskirts of the town where old artisans settled down to quiet nargilehs after quitting work. I watched him order and drink a coffee, and

pondered how I could get into conversation. Soon, with a clap of horny hands, he was summoning the *kafedji* and preparing to depart. The *kafedji* arrived laden with an armload of elaborate gear, and a boy followed leading a horse. The Sarakatsán mounted and laid his crook across his lap. The *kafedji* handed him two six-foot-tall candles, adorned with ribbons and fluttering white satin bows. Then followed all the frivolous-looking white baubles which, as I know to my cost, a *koumbaros* — the groomsman, sponsor, or best man — must contribute to the crowning of a groom and his bride at an Orthodox wedding. There were smaller candles, lengths of cloth in brown paper, parcels of sweets, and finally, the box containing the tinsel wedding crowns themselves. Suddenly my luck changed; as he moved off, a muslin bag of sugared almonds slipped and fell into the dust. I dived for it, ran after him, and, my luck still holding, remembered as I handed it over to utter the ritual phrase of a wedding guest to a *koumbaros*: “*Axiói tou misthou sou!*” (“May they be worthy of your hire!”) He reined in, and placing his right hand over his heart, bowed his head in a ceremonious gesture of thanks. Then, after an up-and-down glance and a pause, he asked, in a queer rustic accent, what place I was from. When I had told him, I asked him where the wedding was to be. “Tomorrow at Sikarayia,” he said, “two hours from here.” After another pause, he said, “Honor us by coming.” He repeated his graceful bow, and bristling with his crook and his candles and aflutter with satin ribbons, clattered off.

THE carriage that bore us along a narrow-gauge track next day seemed as obsolete as an equipage in a museum. It was high and narrow, the coachwork was painted to mimic the graining of yellowwood, and the upholstery was threadbare tasseled velvet. This delightful carriage, fit for two travelers out of Jules Verne, carried us swaying through the Thracian sky at an abnormal height. The gorges and forests of plane trees, the rocky river beds, and even the scrub-mantled mountainsides seemed far below. Every so often we passed solitary police posts and lookout platforms on stilts, each one a pedestal for an armed and helmeted soldier; reminders of the nearness, and of the danger, of the Bulgarian frontier. Asprawl among the trees and bracken, blown there by guerrilla mines, the rusty remains of carriages were gloomy mementos of the civil war. The country shook in the noonday.

A jovial unshaven face appeared outside the moving windows, as though its owner were flying alongside. It was the ticket collector. When he

had pocketed our tickets, we watched him work his perilous way along the duckboard of the corridorless train like a cat burglar. A large open cattle car was hitched to the rear of the train. A sound of raucous singing was carried along the line, and a blue flag whirled overhead on a long pole. The conductor, settling in our carriage for a chat on his return journey, confirmed what we had surmised. “Yes, it’s a Sarakatsán bridegroom on his way to a wedding up at Sikarayia. They’ve been drinking for days.” When we pulled up at the next wayside halt, the whole party leaped, shouting and singing, to the platform, the banner aswirl, and bore down on a small group waiting under an acacia tree. The white-clad groom and his cronies returned a few moments later, carrying the bride, who was attired in a stiff black and white costume of angular and Aztec strangeness, by her elbows. She sailed along the platform with the passivity of a sacred image being transported from shrine to shrine. As the shaft of the standard-bearer’s banner careered past, I saw that it was topped by a pomegranate, and the same fertility symbol was affixed to the top and the two arms of a beribboned wooden cross. When they were all aboard, the groom’s party fired their guns into the sky, and singing and intermittent firing accompanied the rest of the journey.

“*Paraxenoi anthropoi,*” vouchsafed the conductor, after clicking his tongue censoriously a dozen times. “Odd people —” They did seem a contrast to the lofty Victorian stateliness of our carriage. He told us that the groom was the son of a great *tsellingas* — the head of a clan, as it were, of Sarakatsán shepherds — in fact, an *architsellingas*, called Kosta Zogas, who wintered at Sikarayia and pastured his sheep in the Rhodope Mountains in summer, not far from the flocks of the bride’s father, another *architsellingas*, called Vrysas, who wintered near Souphlí, along the banks of the Hebrus. “You’d think,” he went on, “when you see them in their rush hovels and their old capes, that they were poor. Not a bit of it! They’ve got pots of money. Literally pots. They fill up pitchers with gold sovereigns, and bury them — no one knows how many — whole fortunes in the ground.”

SIKARAYIA turned out to be a village of beautifully thatched Sarakatsán huts. Giant beehives swelled and tapered in tiers of cropped reed which overlapped with the precision of the plating on armadilloes’ backs, and all of them were topped by wooden crosses near holes in the thatch through which thin blue smoke curled. Black-clad Sara-

katsáns crowded below the nuptial car, the bride was hoisted to earth, and in a hubbub of shouts and greetings and a rattle of musketry, the whole mob headed for the little white church. The train, letting off an answering whistle and an obbligation of steam, swayed away down the valley.

Inside the church two rows of columns sustained the white barrel vault of the basilica. A gilt iconostasis blazed, and overhead hung a great candelabrum formed by double-headed brass Byzantine eagles joining their wing tips in a ring, and from the center an ostrich egg was suspended. The noise and the heat in the church were considerable, and thonged wooden flasks full of warm red wine circulated freely among the congregation.



The chanting of the priest — a fine figure in a white dalmatic and a wide blue and silver stole, with hair which uncoiled to his waist — soared heroically and effortlessly above this hubbub. All the faces were scorched, many were aquiline with blue eyes, and the hair of several nomads was bleached by the sun to a flaxen fairness. Apart from the priest, the only other grave faces were those of the bridal couple. The bride's withdrawn expression, her downcast eyes under her flowered headdress and a small blue cross which was strangely penciled or painted on her brow, never changed. The groom was dressed in a gold-embroidered red velvet waistcoat, a silk sash with the blue and white Greek colors, white jutting

fustanella and tights, and, disappointingly, pointed black towny shoes. His face, rather a commonplace one for a Sarakatsán, was a mask of confused virile seriousness. In only one thing did his outfit differ from the full-dress Greek mountain costume: black woolen armlets, embroidered with specifically Sarakatsán geometric zigzags, encased his forearms below the wide white sleeves which ended at his elbow.

Despite the chaos in the church, the marriage service evolved unperturbed. The two enormous ribboned candles were held by minute shepherd boys, like the lances of heraldic supporters, on either side of a little altar in the body of the nave. The *koumbaros* switched the flimsy white flower crowns from head to head in a succession of intricate passes and arranged and rearranged their hands and bound them with ribbon and performed yet more complex manipulations with the ring, and followed them in kissing the bossy silver binding of the proffered missal. Finally he accompanied them, hand in hand, led by the priest under a fusillade of flung rice and sweets, in a slow and dignified dance thrice around the altar. This is a kind of hieratic pavane, which more than any other moment in the solemnization (for the wine that the priest offers to the bridal couple is no more than a commemoration of the wedding at Cana of Galilee) hallows and confirms the sacrament.

OUT in the sunlight, all was levity, flourished banners, and gunfire again. We made our way through the wigwams to the house which the groom's father, striking modern roots in his winter pastures, had recently built. As the newly wed couple reached the threshold, someone handed the groom a sieve, which he threw over his shoulder, a measure which is said to forfend marital discord. They both kissed the hand of the groom's father and laid it to their foreheads for a second and vanished indoors. My new friend of yesterday, Barba Petro, introduced us to this pastoral dynasty, who welcomed us with the same graceful inclination, with his hand laid on his breast, and led us in.

There were already plenty of guests there, both on the low divan which ran around the room and cross-legged on the mats which padded the floor; and at each new arrival, while black-swathed aunts and grandmothers offered the newcomers saucers with a spoonful of jam, a glass of water, and a thimbleful of raki, they intoned a welcoming song: "Mother, our friends have come," they sang, "our bidden guests. Bid them welcome with honey and sugar and with golden words." Some sat with hands linked around their doubled-up

knees, others leaned back against the wall or the divan with a knee cocked up to support an outstretched arm, their fingers allowing the amber beads of a *komboloi* to fall at intervals of a few seconds. All were luxuriously asprawl and akimbo, and the company bristled with shepherd's crooks. They were laid across their laps or tilted at a slope over their shoulders. Some of the shepherds' crooks, staffs grasped by gnarled fists, stood bolt upright; others were propped against the wall; the top of each well-worn shaft was joined to a twirling hook carved in the shape of a dolphin, a dragon, a ram's head, or a snake.

Only a couple of the guests were dressed in black kilts. The others wore rough and hairy black jodhpurs. A few of the wildest and shaggiest were shod in rawhide moccasins tilting up like canoes, worn over swaths of white wool bound about their ankles with broad thongs. All of them wore their soft black skullcaps rakishly askew. Except for the white and pleated bridegroom, who stood by the door receiving horny handshakes and whiskery embraces from the guests, nearly all the people in the room were middle-aged or stricken in years. They conversed at the top of their voices; used to shouting against the wind to each other from hilltop to hilltop, they find it hard to modulate their voices at close quarters, so the smallest talk is stentorian, and the only alternative is a collusive and almost inaudible whisper, to which they suddenly resort if they notice a look of suffering on their interlocutor's face.

THEIR thick rural tones sounded different from those of Thrace. They resembled, rather, the dialect of Roumeli and of parts of Epirus, much further west; an accent which consists of suppressing all final vowels and most of those in the middle of words as well, giving their speech an oddly chopped and consonantal ring. It was made harder to follow by a private vocabulary for the details of their calling. Different kinds of springs, qualities of grass, ways of hut building and bell tuning, breeds of sheep and goats and horses and watchdogs all have special names. They have their own expressions for the tugging, lambing, weaning, shearing, carding, spinning, milking, seething, scalding, path finding, tent pitching, camp striking, trough scooping, and weather divining around which their whole life turns. How should a layman know that the reddish- or dark-faced sheep are called *Katsnoúla*, or that belling them is called "ironing" or "arming" them? Or how many *okas* of bronze, and of what pitch, should be slung around the neck of a bellwether? Or that the best time to arm the flocks

is at the Feast of the Annunciation, "when the first cuckoo is heard"? Such were the topics that boomed about the room.

Barba Petro pointed out the celebrities: "Uncle George over there, with only one eye — he's one of the biggest *tsellingas* in the Rhodope. Over ten thousand sheep and goats he's got, and I expect this is the first time he's been inside a house. The one talking to him is ninety-three, and he used to pasture his flocks near Saranta Ekklesies, or Forty Churches — Kirk Kilisse, the Turks call it — away, away beyond Adrianople. Then, after the Balkan Wars, the Turks closed the frontier, so now he builds his winter huts along the coast, west of here, below Xanthi. The other one, with a scar on his forehead, used to winter between Haskovo and Stara Zagora — wonderful grass! — but now, what with the Bulgars, the horn wearers, he's had to look elsewhere. I had a few, but good ones. I used to graze them not far from Kios, in Bithynia, near Nicaea, on the Asian coast. That was years ago. Caiques sailing past in the Sea of Marmara could hear my bells. But the Rhodope is where we all belong."

I asked him what the name "Sarakatsán" meant, saying that I had heard it was really *Karakatchani*, a Turkish word meaning "the black ones who depart" or "the black departers." He shut his eyes and flung back his head, clicking his tongue in the negative. "No, no. That's not right. We don't know, but some people say we get our name from the village of Syrako, in Epirus, and that Aly Pasha burned the place down and drove us away and left us wandering ever since." I said Syrako was a Koutzovlach village. Uncle Petro testily stabbed the butt of his crook into the mat several times. "I don't know anything about that. *We are Greeks*. Nothing to do with the Koutzovlachs. Who knows where they come from? You can't understand them when they are talking among themselves. People are always getting us mixed up, because we both wear black and graze flocks. We keep clear of them. You'll never get a Sarakatsán marrying a Koutzovlach. Let alone a Karagouni. *Po, po, po!*" At the mention of these other tribes, he caught the hem of his jacket between finger and thumb in a Panhellenic gesture of squeamish disdain, and shook it lightly to and fro as though to rid it of dust and vermin.

THE reiterated song of welcome, after gradually swelling in volume as the room filled with guests, had stopped long ago. Low circular tables, laid with glasses and with communal dishes of roasted steaming lamb, skillfully hacked from the carcasses turning outside and sprinkled with rock salt, were

being moved in and wedged among the company as tightly as jigsaw pieces. Wicker-bound demi-johns of wine were beginning to travel from hand to hand overhead. Glasses clashed convivially together, miraculously filling up as soon as they were drained, and plates were returning again and again for second or third helpings. Outside the window, swarms of guests were feasting under the trees. Whole lambs were being flourished, sizzling and smoking on their spits, and we could hear the crash of cleaver on block and the crunch of hewn bones as a sinewy nomad toiled like a headsman to keep pace with two hundred magnificent appetites. Nothing accompanied this delicious roast except cross sections of dark and excellent bread sliced from loaves like small millstones and hot from the domed ovens outside. It was, in a way, a Stone Age banquet. Strangers, on occasions like these, are the objects of eager solicitude: special morsels, forkfuls of liver or kidney and even more recondite appendages, are constantly being proffered, and helpings of brain are delved from heads which have been bisected lengthwise and opened like a casket, each half, sometimes, still equipped with a twisting horn. Avoidance of the sheep's eyes is a recurrent problem for outsiders. They are highly prized by mountaineers, but for all but the most assimilated travelers, the message they signal from the prongs is one of harrowing reproach.

After an hour or so the general hum of talk sank to a single deep bourdon note which resolved itself into the opening phrases of a Klephtic song, the first stanza being sung by a group of two or three, and then repeated in a slow and long-drawn roar, starting with the vehemence of a lurch, by the rest of the shepherds. Rather surprisingly, so far from the Peloponnesus, it was about the great War of Independence leader, Kolokotronis. (I would have expected some more northern Klepht, and above all, Katsandónis, a Sarakatsán from the wild Agrapha Mountains.) "Kolokotronis shouted," sang the nomads' voices, "and all the world trembled: 'Where are you, poor Nikitara, you whose feet are winged? Go, go and seize the Turks, drive them like hares into a trap, slay some and capture some, and lock some up in the castle. . . . At Antikorpha and Trikorpha the blood is flowing like a brook.'" This gave rise to another deep melopoeia from the south: "They have blocked all the roads of the Morea, they have sealed up all the passes." When the massed voices died down, the steady and unchanging note of the smaller group continued in a wail, setting up its own curious vibration. This comparative lull was always followed by the long deep cry of conjuration, "*Oré!*" ("Oh, you!" or "Hark!"), which ushers in most Klephtic stanzas, and another act from the

warlike past began, heckled and abetted by sudden ejaculations and shrill shepherds' whistles.

These Sarakatsáns were not great virtuosos, but they had the merit of vigor and conviction. I was struck by one of their songs in which the last word, *Makaronádes* — a derogatory epithet for the Italians — had obviously, judging by the style of the words and the tune, replaced the name of some much older foe in order to fit the winter campaign of 1941: "Would that I had wings to soar on high, up to the topmost peaks of the mountains, to alight there and gaze down, down over Epirus and over poor Chimarra, to look down on the war, where the Greeks are fighting the *Makaronádes*." The modern ending was a bit of an anticlimax, especially after the mention of Chimarra, that warlike Greek stronghold in the Acroceraunian Mountains over the Albanian border, which is almost as celebrated for its martial stubbornness, in Turkish times, as Souli and the Sphakian Mountains of Crete. There was a distinct trace of anticlimax too, but also of oddity, about another of their songs: "Anyone who wants to go to America, let him sit down and ponder. Forty days at sea, days of sorrow and sighing. They get into a boat and go ashore in New York. They know nobody there, so back they wing like birds." A sad little tale, but most peculiar here because, although in most Greek gatherings of this size at least a half dozen would have spent a few years in Brooklyn or Chicago or Nebraska, Uncle Petro assured me that no one in the room had ever been to America, nor, as far as he knew, any Sarakatsán ever, and ideas of its whereabouts and character, for those who had heard its name, would be as hazy as a layman's notions of life on Mars.

DURING the banquet and the long procession of refilled glasses and the concatenation of songs, the falling shafts of sunlight from the windows had slanted horizontally and veered askew down the room; the long sunlit parallelograms on the opposite wall were turning an evening apricot hue. During these cheerful hours there had been no glimpse of the bride. "She's upstairs," Uncle Petro said, "we must go and look at her," and grasping the shaft of his upright crook like a punt pole, with joints momentarily acreak after a long session, he levered himself to his feet. "*Ta Gera-mata!*" he said, with a smile, "old age." He led the way up the ladder staircase, and the clamor dwindled.

Dead silence reigned in the upper chamber. The dowry was arranged along the two side walls: rolled bales of dark homespun for capes and for the bivouacs which are pitched on the march;

a few of them white, some gray or a dark russet, but most of them black — the colors, indeed, of the flocks from which they had been shorn — and many of them of a matted and shaggy texture, like rolled-up smoke. Scratchy blankets with angular patterns were piled in tall heaps, and pillows that looked as hard as granite, and the bride's black and white trousseau. In the center of the end wall, with bowed head and lowered eyelids and with her brown hands crossed over her midriff, the bride stood motionless. On either side of her on the floor sat her retinue of wild but subdued-looking girls. At our conventional wishes, "*Kaloriziki!*" ("May the marriage be well rooted!"), she inclined her head a few inches but uttered never a syllable. Nor, beyond a stiff bow, did she or her lips move a fraction when other latecomers arrived and hobnobbed with Uncle Petro and us as indifferently as if the figures at the other end of the room were effigies in an ethnological museum. Their extraordinary outfits, nearly identical except for the flowers and the gold coins that adorned the bride, were unlike anything I had seen before.

In those Greek villages where the women wear their regional costumes on feast days and for ceremonies — and there are still a large, though diminishing, number — and in some out-of-the-way spots where a simpler working version of this gala rig is worn on weekdays as well, one is astonished by the richness and variety and grace: by voluminous skirts, expanding from tight waists, of Damascus brocade or Broussa velvet; by the soft and tilted mulberry-colored fezzes with long satin tassels, or gold-embroidered velvet pillboxes, or intricately arranged silk kerchiefs; even, in one part of Macedonia, by a headdress topped by a semicircular plume, like the helmet of Pallas Athene. There are satin-covered buttons, chased silver clasps, and oriental filigree from Yanina, and over the velvet boleros and the tight sleeves — or sleeves which may hang slashed and loose from the elbow like the petals of tulips — rivers of gold braid uncoil and ramify in flowing, oriental, baroque, and rococo flourishes as richly and elaborately as over an archbishop's cope. In the wilder mountains the costumes are stiffer and rougher, but the basic canon is a dazzling variety of color and material and a style that is fluid, feminine, and deeply romantic. The visions summoned up by

Byron's *Haidée* and the *Maid of Athens* are, in fact, pretty near the mark.

All was different here. Not only was there no silk, satin, velvet, or gold braid from the West and the Levant, but hardly a stitch which came from anywhere but the backs of their flocks and their prehistoric-looking looms, and complex though the costume was, there was not a single foliating curve or circle or ellipse, nothing swaying or branching or interweaving or flowering. The only rounded things were the chains of necklaces, the gold Napoleons, Turkish sequins, and gold talers that hung around the bride's neck. Another latter-day curvilinear afterthought to the angular whole, and one which was common to both the bride and her retinue, was a wide white goffered or crocheted circular collar like a flattened, *hidalgo's ruff*, ending at the shoulder in

scallops. The complex head-dress of flowers and stiff muslin and the veil which hung down the bride's back had the extraneous and charming air of votive adornments attached to a processional statue on a Calabrian or Andalusian feast day. From a rosette over each of her ears a long cluster of ribbons hung; they framed her face like the pendants on the diadem of the Empress Theodora at Ravenna.

But, apart from these festival trimmings, all was made up of stern black and white lines and angles, and so broad and solid seeming were the black white-banded pleats that if any of the girls made a movement, her heavy and unwieldy clothes moved as unpliantly as armor. The aprons, which reached their knees, were as stiff as stoles or heralds' tabards, their tunics were as rigid as dalmatics, and nothing bore any relationship to conventional ideas of the human shape. The costumes were related to the curvature and the jointing of the human body as arbitrarily as are the plates of a metal fish to its prototype, the sections of a toy wooden snake, or the laminations of a samurai's armor. Their forearms and legs were encased in geometrically patterned armlets and greaves, and the bride's wrists were aclank with heavy bracelets, and all, strangely and touchingly, were shod in stout flat-heeled walking shoes. (Their mothers would have worn pomponned *tsarouchia*.) It was hard to determine, therefore, why these clothes appeared so beautiful. They exerted, it finally dawned on us, the peculiar captivation of



ancient Greek vases of the geometric period, for every design was made up of straight lines and triangles, with here and there an inchoate beginning of those patterns of white crosses on a black ground, and black on white, that cover the vestments of frescoed prelates on the wall of a narthex. All was angular: triangles mounting in pyramids or shooting diagonally in zigzags and sawteeth and staircases with, very seldom, here and there, a small and subtly placed triangle or chevron, among the dominating black and white, of pale ocher, or terra-cotta, or a deadened blue. "Geometric" and "neolithic" were the epithets which began to float to the surface of the mind, bringing with them the excitement of the thought that these clothes and these designs might not have changed for three thousand years or more. One knows that these thoughts must be suppressed until they can be confirmed by research. But such dalliance is always stimulating. It was backed here by the certainty that nothing like these clothes exists in Greece or in the Balkan Peninsula or in Europe.

The bride's face, with the blue cross on her forehead under black hair as coarse and lustrous as a stallion's tail and the stiff linen coif with its load of baubles and flowers, was burned a deep bronze. It had the metallic, wide-browed, heavy-lidded beauty, the slightly sad mouth, the clear line of jaw from chin to ear, and, springing from its flattened ruff and its stomacher of coins, the strong columnar neck which I admired so much, a few years ago, among the Mayas of the Honduran and Guatemaltecan jungles. Obsidian, chalcedony, and basalt would have been the stones in which to carve those features and that still and melancholy posture. It is a type of looks which has an arresting distinction, a Gauguin-limbed strength at variance with the slender Tanagra delicacy that seems to have left an indelible stamp on Western ideas of grace and style.

THERE was no time for more of these cogitations. The deep reedy blast of a clarinet sounded under the window; then, after a few twiddles, a violin and the twanging of a lute and a tentative fluttering tinkle of hammers over the wires of a zither. "Ah, the instruments," Uncle Petro said, "at last!" I asked Petro if the musicians were Sarakatsáns. He looked at me in surprise. "Sarakatsáns? We only play the flute. They are Gypsies." And so they were, very dark ones, lined up outside under a tree in blue suits, wearing pointed black shoes and ties, the only ties for miles, and looking sleek and urban among these other nomads. There was a crunch of hobnails up the stairs as the

groom, flanked by his comrades, came to claim the bride and lead the first dance. She was reft from her shadows, conducted downstairs and out under the trees as the sun set at the end of the valley.

Her husband conducted her through an extremely formal *syrtos*, followed by a *kalamatiano*, each taking alternate places at the head of a dozen guests strung out, with linked hands, in a crescent. Neither looked at the other, and there was a distinct hint of constraint in the air — no wonder, since, though they came from neighboring summer pastures, it was quite likely they had never met before. Their marriage was as free of private choice as a medieval dynastic alliance between a Wittelsbach and a Hohenstaufen.

It is hard not to wonder about the early phases of primitive marriages all over Greece; the shuddering apprehension which must prevail on the one hand and the unmanning strangeness on the other. Till very recently, in the Mani, so inhibiting was the shyness of newly wed strangers that a sword was placed under their pillow in the hopes that it might symbolically sunder this knot of constraint in one Gordian slash. These handicaps must have been made all the more debilitating, in former times, by gloomy preoccupations with the previous inviolacy of the bride, and the long vigil of the guests outside the nuptial dwelling till the groom's mother could blazon forth the all-clear in red on white — to an outburst of salvos and of rustic epithalamiums — on a gory sheet or a shift. In these strict and moral societies, such proofs were surely redundant; but I have heard of Cretan bridegrooms — convinced, and probably baselessly, that others have been beforehand with them — repudiating their brides and unloosing, as though in compensation, unstanchable bloodshed between families. And what about the poor bridegroom? Would the flood tide of wine swirl him triumphantly through all obstacles, or unmast him amidships? No wonder they looked shy. Young Sarakatsáns now do their military service like the rest of Greeks and no doubt head for the lanes on the outskirts of garrison towns on mating forays with their fellow recruits. But formerly, living in a ferociously chaste society, they approached wedlock unarmed by all but theory, hearsay, and rule of thumb.

HER two dances over, the bride withdrew to her chamber, and more general dancing began. It was uncomplicated, formal, and correct. Plenty of the younger Sarakatsáns were well on in wine and had been so for days, but their dash and high spirits deserted them the moment they joined the

long chain of the dancers. Their pace subsided to a ritual shuffle. There is nothing unusual in this; with a few exceptions, Greek dances, however many people may be joined hand in hand, are in effect solos — everything devolves on the leader, and each dancer, when his turn comes, fulfills the temporary role of coryphaeus. The job of the others, and especially of his immediate neighbor, to whom he is linked by a handkerchief, is to support him in his convolutions, and these are astonishing when a real mountain dasher is in the lead. But today, even after the first bridal sara-band, the Dionysiac zest seemed to abandon the others when they linked hands. The dominance of form in the life of these nomads began to dawn on us.

Outside this semicircle, however, all was rejoicing. Staidness evaporated on release, and scores of young nomads were carousing and reeling under the branches. Squatting or standing among the wigwams, rings of geometrical women confabulated or sang together, and there was even an exclusive little ellipse of dancing women. Their gatherings were abristle — like those of the men with their crooks — with the carved distaffs tucked in their belts, all cloudy with rough hanks of raw wool, the spindles rising and falling at the end of their twirling threads. Some of the younger of these spinning squaws had wooden cradles slung papoose-like on their backs, each containing a miniature nomad. Their songs had the same epic themes, laced with lament, as those of the men. The murmur of their talk was broken, again and again, with peals of laughter.

The Sarakatsánissas, usually so silent in the



presence of men, look forward to weddings as their only chances of fun. The talk takes a turn of hair-raising bawdiness. None of the exciting, comic, or absurd aspects of sex are left unexploited. Rhymes, anecdotes, and reminiscences are eagerly repeated and capped, crone mumbles toothlessly to crone, bantering wives make humorously boastful and teasing comparisons about their married lives, girls listen wide-eyed and agog. Fits of laughter punctuate this scandalous chat, hands are flung in the air in hilarity, faces are covered in mock shame. All this goes on out of male earshot, while at a distance their husbands and fathers and descendants smile indulgently at this seasonable ribaldry.

NIGHTFALL had transformed the scene indoors. Late arrivals and a few indefatigable ones were still at meat; but the rest, lit now by scattered oil dips, had lapsed into a semitrance of wine and song. Our return with Uncle Petro evoked hospitable cries of greeting and invitation, repeated many times and driven home by a clashing of wine tumblers, to stay the night, as it was so late; or for a week, a month, or a year, or forever, to forget London and take to the huts. Alas, some tiresome fixture in Alexandroupolis next morning compelled us to leave, so, after manifold farewells, we climbed the stairs to pay our respects to the bride in her hushed upper chamber.

The rushlight on a stool cast so dim a light that the group at the end was hard to discern. One of the seated bridesmaids, mown down by her vigil, was fast asleep where she sat; a nudge from her neighbor shook her blinking into line. None of the other tiring women had moved, and the bride had remained frozen for the hours since we had last seen her in the same posture of submission. The faint radiance seemed to have robbed them all of a dimension. Darkly haloed by their own interlocking shadows, they merged with the wall, their black and white figures assuming the aspect of a half-lit fresco, with here and there an earring, a coin, a bracelet, a ring, or a necklace glittering momentarily and dimming again, as the wick rose or fell, like fragments of gilt or isolated gold tesserae in a mosaic. The bride silently bowed in answer to our farewells, miraculously moving among her still hagiographic troop of virgins and martyrs. We tiptoed out.

"Doesn't she ever speak?" I asked Uncle Petro when we were out of doors.

"Not now," he said.

"It's rather sad, during her own wedding."

"Ah! That's the way it is. That's how it should be."

By the light of the fires among the huts, the scene out of doors was assuming a Brueghelish aspect. The dancers were still sedately moving in silhouette, a last spitted lamb was turning over a bed of glowing charcoal, and groups of nomads were staggering about arm in arm, filling the night with cries and laughter. Overcome by wine or exhaustion, a few of them lay fast asleep under the branches in disjointed attitudes, as though snipers had laid them low in mid-career. A heroic but unsteady figure, egged on by his companions, was draining, with head and trunk flung back, the last dregs from an immense wicker-cradled demijohn. Empty, it fell to the ground with a thud and rolled away amid cheers. A flaxen-haired boy, bent double against a tree trunk, vomited the day's intake in a somber gush. Chewing and snarling sheep dogs wrangled over bones. The huts, vague globes looming out of the night, were now softly lit from within by the glimmer of oil dips and hearths. Deeper still in the darkness, one divined the presence of tethered horses. The singing grew fainter as we reached the railway line.

"You should have seen the weddings when I was a boy," Barba Petro was saying, as the serpent of lighted train windows grew larger down the valley. "We used to set out on horseback a hundred strong to carry off the bride, firing off our guns as fast as we could load them. *Dang! Dang! Boom! Boom! Dang!* Horses used to be lamed, people wounded, sometimes people actually got killed. Whereas now —"

The train had clanked to a standstill beside us. We were aloft once more among the anachronistic fringes and tassels of our Victorian carriage.

"Come to see us up in the mountains, up in the Rhodope!" he shouted as the train began to move. "The plains are no good." He pointed with his crook into the night. "Up in the Rhodope —"

The wheels drowned the rest. The light from the carriage windows flashed down across his dwindling figure at quicker intervals, and the glimmering huts and the fires and the tiny moving silhouettes behind him looked as strange now and as alien to Europe as a nomadic encampment in the steppes of central Asia.

WHAT I could not know about these extraordinary people at the time of my visit to Sikarayia, I learned two years ago, when Mrs. Angelica Hadjimichalis' two quarto volumes, *I Sarakatsáni*, appeared. A long lifetime of devotion and study, a great knowledge of the Greek past and Greek art history, and many decades of research and field-work among the Sarakatsáns themselves have been

lavished on these books. A third volume is in preparation — the great task, alas, has been delayed by ill health — which promises to be the most interesting of the three.

The author is now advanced in years, and the bulk of her exploration, perforce, was undertaken some time ago, and many of the nomads among whom her researches began were chosen on account of their age and their long memories. Since then, the agents of detribalization, of which the author writes so sadly, have been hard at work. The last quarter of a century has probably done more than the last three thousand years to change the traditional life of the Sarakatsáns. It is amazing that so many clans have remained intact. Yet even among these, which are fortunately still the majority by far, the last few decades have taken toll of many ancient ways. The life described, then, in *I Sarakatsáni* is truer of forty years ago, when the nomads still had no documents or *état civil*, and when schools, state religion, taxes, and military service were unknown to them, than of today. It is a record of their life before the virus of disintegration attacked them, and a fascinating and curious picture it presents.

The pre-Christian legacy, all over Greece, is never far from the surface. Among the Sarakatsáns pagan magic survives in a yet more pronounced shape, and the superstructure of Christian form, owing to the remoteness of the nomads from the normal sources of doctrine and practice, is correspondingly more shaky.

Traditionally, in Sarakatsán dogma there is no awareness of the existence of the Trinity: God the Father and Jesus are considered the same Person, and He is known as *Aï*, which is a dialect abbreviation of *ayios* (*hagios*), the word for "saint" or "holy one." Sometimes He is known as *Proto Aï*, or "First among the Saints," and sometimes as *Aphenti*, "the Lord," from the ancient Greek word *authentēs*. All over Greece, the army of saints has taken the place of the ancient polytheistic pantheon. This is especially true among the nomads; *Aï's* status is only a little higher than that of the first among His peers, and, as one would expect in a severely masculine and patriarchal society, male saints have cornered the high places in this celestial company. But their numbers have been drastically reduced: only a handful, from the thousands of Orthodox saints who overlap and crowd each other in the villagers' calendars and the synaxary, have found their way into the wigwams.

All the usual Panhellenic spirits — Pagan or Airy Ones, Exotics, Shadowy Ones, vampires, werewolves, dragons, ghosts, and the Kallikantzaros centaur — people the Sarakatsán cosmogony and infest the folds. They can be exorcised by counterspells and baffled by phylacteries of dogs'

droppings; and a dried snake's head, hidden in a church for forty days and then retrieved, is sovereign against many baleful manifestations. To the Nereids, a danger for all lonely shepherds near pools and streams, young Sarakatsáns are particularly exposed. They are often struck dumb and robbed of their wits by chancing on the Nereid revels and dances, just as mortals were sometimes turned into trees if they had the bad luck to blunder on the dances of the nymphs. There have been many mixed nomad-Nereid marriages, and many a healthy Sarakatsán baby has been stolen from its hanging cradle and replaced by the sickly changeling of one of these water maidens.

Demons of every kind and gender dog the nomads' footsteps up hill and down dale and "chase them into woods." They are the special target of some female supernatural beings called the *Kalotyches* ("the good fortunes") — like the name *Eumenides* ("the kindly ones") for the Furies, a wry, placating misnomer — who are half women, half she-asses, and snake-locked, like Medusa. They plague the flocks and bring bad luck at lambing time and childbed, and they are especially to be feared during the forty days following the birth of a nomad baby.

By far the darkest villain in Sarakatsán demonology is a male spirit known as the *Daouti*. *Daoutis*, sometimes called Pans, are the wildest, strongest, and wickedest of them all. Shaped like satyrs, with half-goat, half-human bodies and long legs with cleft hooves, they have the heads of rams with large twirling horns. Along with certain other demons, *Daoutis* are most dangerous to flocks at three seasons of the year: during Advent, just before lambing; in late April or early May, as the shepherds prepare to leave their winter quarters for the mountains; and from the feast of the Transfiguration until the end of August. They are prone, during these bad periods, to swoop, shrieking like birds of prey, on the cowering flocks, and after two or three of these onslaughts, the beasts begin to perish, sometimes a dozen at a time; they swell up and die. Sliced tortoise meat is used as a counterspell, and the shepherds shift camp at once. If they can find a priest, he sprinkles the new site with holy water, and the sheep's bells are taken off and blessed. Unlike most wicked spirits, *Daoutis* do not flinch from attacking in broad daylight, and possessing the knack of making friends with the dogs, they pad along after the flocks unmolested. Therefore, when an emergency fold is built, the dogs are left behind and fires are lit to make a magic circle of smoke. *Daoutis* also pick up the Christian names of mortals; so the shepherds, if they hear anyone calling them, hold their tongues — answering might rob them of the power of speech for good. These terrible spirits

spread sudden panics, and when they are not actively engaged in evildoing, they skulk out of sight but within earshot and play their flutes.

GOOD and evil omens, as of old, are discerned in the flight of birds. The nomads abhor eagles and vultures and all birds of prey that hover on high: they belong to the devil, and are thus in league with the evil spirits. When these harbingers of peril hang in midair above a caravan, they are spying on the destination. The nomads' abomination of these birds may also spring from the occasional raids of eagles, when newborn kids are carried away bleating piteously into the sky. The nomads prophesy from entrails, and like most ancient and modern Greeks, they read the future in the markings on sheep's shoulder blades. Their sacrifices, *kourbania*, are frequent. A *Pitta*, a kind of cake which is baked in a wide metal pan, is the rather gloomy fare at most of their feasts, as they consider it wrong to kill and eat an animal without some ritual excuse. So, as the only meat they get is that when a beast is slaughtered for a sacrificial occasion, they pine for these pretexts, even when the cause is a distressing one. A wedding or the christening of a *tsellingas'* son, the illness of one of their community, an epidemic among the flocks, the birth of a seven-month child, the arrival of an honored guest, or the end of shearing — all these are occasions for meat. The sacrificial beast is always roasted whole on a spit, and its throat is cut as it lies on a flat branch with its eyes looking into the sun. The act is surrounded by much mystery, and the nomads peer at the insides for mantic significance; and at Easter, a bloody cross from the paschal lamb is dabbed on the shoulders of children.

The approach to Lent, and especially the Saturday night and the early hours of the Sunday before Lent, used to be the signal for much behavior which was not found elsewhere. The wearing of masks, the painting of faces, the donning of whiskers and beards of goat's hair, and the young men dressing up as women — all this, with copious drinking, horseplay, and cheerful frisking about among the wigwams, is pretty current practice still, a token of rustic carnival zest. But formerly it took a much more stylized form. A heavily painted young man clad in a scarlet dress and long goatskin locks was chosen as a bride, and a whiskered and skin-clad comrade represented the groom; others were rigged out as the priest, the *koumbaros*, and the wedding guests. A mock Christian marriage was then irreverently solemnized, followed by dances which were far more uninhibited than are those at a real marriage. The bridal

pair then retired to a hut, and to the hilarity of all, comic simulacra of considerable indecency were enacted within. But the groom was found wanting and thrown out; candidate after candidate entered with apparent promise, and each one in turn was ejected in disgrace. A fitting champion was discovered at last, and during a final mime of triumphant bawdiness, the entire company danced around the hut singing "The Pepper Song," the dancers alternately banging their noses and their rumps on the ground with a seesaw motion I would give much to observe.

THE feast of St. George is the most propitious for christenings, and babies born immediately afterward often have to wait for a year to be baptized. But they are always named at once, and should they fall ill, they are given a lay baptism on the spot, lest they should die and turn into little vampires. The average family varies between five and fifteen children. Random fornication, adultery, divorce, rape, and bastardy are unknown, and should a case of bastardy ever crop up, death to all concerned is the only remedy. This is not only for reasons of morality, for these ill-starred children are thought to be Satan personified; they bring a curse on the huts, and should one grow up and die a natural death, a ghost rises



from the grave and haunts the folds and blights the pastures.

A recent unpublished source casts new light on the obscure drama of nomad marriages. I have mentioned in reference to the Mani the sword which, by sympathetic magic, is said to cleave asunder the bonds of fear and shyness between the two married strangers when they are finally alone together. In Sarakatsán embraces, a blade plays a still more immediate role. Alone in the hut, lying on cut branches padded with blankets — for there is never a bridal bed or a sheet and only the strictest minimum of undressing — the groom, with a sudden masterful swoop, leaps athwart the bride, seizes her by the scruff of her neck, and with bared teeth and burning eyes, lays the edge of a dagger at her throat. Most strangely, this time-honored stratagem works; timidity boils up into hot blood on either side, confusion is ripped to shreds, the dagger is flung away, and the union is driven home and fiercely clinched in a lightning tussle.

The nomad approach to all feminine physiological troubles is primitive, deep, and dark. They never undress — all exposure is anathema to them — and there is some truth in the village rumors that they never wash. Oddly, they scarcely smell at all, perhaps because of the time-stiffened carapace of clothing which encases them. The author of the unpublished material I have already mentioned was present at the death of an old Sarakatsánissa. There was no undoing the thick geometric livery in which she was cocooned, so it was torn open with a knife, sending the bystanders reeling back like the people depicted on icons at the Raising of Lazarus. When she marries, a girl is no longer a member of her own family, and sometimes she never sees it again; she is a slave to her husband and his womenfolk, a stranger in strangers' tents. It was the rule in the stern old days that no wife should address her husband in the first years of her marriage; he, in his turn, would never call her by name; and many years and many births had to pass before they would converse in public.

Charon, Death, is a permanent presence and the most natural of companions. A nomad who perishes in the mountains goes unhouseled and unanointed. If he should die on the road — and the nomads' two yearly migrations, geared to the slow gait of the flocks, may take twenty-five or thirty days — he is laid across a pack beast, and after the body is unloaded, a candle is lit for him three evenings running and a cup of wine placed "for his soul to drink from." If a *tsellingas* falls mortally ill, the bells are muffled; and if he dies, all the animals, even the bellwethers, are disarmed in mourning. When men turn fifty and women thirty, all the nomads, however hale they are,

travel with their *nekrallaxia*, or death change — a new suit of clothes to be buried in. A body is laid, clad in this new attire, pointing away from the sun on the floor of his hut or his tent, with his hands and feet bound together. Kinsmen watch over the dead all night, lest a dog, a cat, or a hen should walk over him. Finally the body is wrapped in a woolen blanket or two goat's-hair cloaks and then borne away to burial on a bier of branches. As he is carried out, somebody breaks a wooden spoon, and no one looks back, for fear of Charon, who lurks behind them in search of fresh prey.

In the old days, they buried the body without a priest — “he died unchanted,” the phrase goes. Before the earth covers the body, his hands and feet are unbound and his clothes are torn, so that he may move more freely “to where he is going.” If a shrine were handy, there they would lay him; but a shepherd who died in the mountains was buried below a rock or on the top of a slope, whence he could look down on his flocks, should they return another year. His crook was planted nearby, and a woman's grave was marked by her distaff with its spindle and thread. She was buried with all her rings and chains and earrings and her festival array of gold coins. When her relations went to dig her up again, after three, five, or seven years, to translate the bones in a box or a bag (as they do all over Greece), these trinkets were retrieved and washed and handed on to the children. Occasionally the bones of the skeleton are found to be rigid, “not to be cut”; this means that the deceased has turned into a vampire. It calls for priestly intervention and exorcism, and the body is left for another year to loosen up. Mourning for a dead son lasted for five years, and to emphasize this sad period, women would sometimes wear their clothes back to front. The two traditional hours of the day for the renewal of lamentation are sunset and the dim hour before daybreak, when the first crows begin to caw.

ALL this is a far cry from Daphnis and Chloë, a long, long way from Theocritus and Moschus and Bion. The shepherds of Vergil are further off still, early milestones on a flowery path that meanders through Herrick and Watteau and Fragonard to the Petit Trianon and Sèvres. The attributes of the Good Shepherd in the New Testament are as irrelevant as the virtuous and rather simple image that the shepherd's calling conjures up in the West.

Shepherds who never leave the plains have little interest. But those of the mountains are active, lean, spare, hawk-eyed men, with features that strike one as having been scooped out and chiseled

by sun, wind, rain, snow, and hail. They give more than an impression, during their occasional descents to the lowlands, of their enemies the wolves, and, still more, of eagles. They live beyond the reach of the authorities, and the division between pastoral life and lawlessness is often vague. They spell, in fact, independence and inviolacy. Wherever they are to be found in the Greek peninsula, these mountaineers represent exemption; and the most unhampered and nonconformist of all, except for their private and tribal strait-jackets of untransgressable behavior, are the Sarakatsáns. They belong to an older and shaggier scene than the Arcadian dream and Greek Sicily. They predate and survive both the idyll and the eclogue.

I first caught a glimpse of them in December, when I was nineteen, on the Black Sea coast of Bulgaria between Varna and Burgas, and I saw them again in early spring four months later near the Struma River in Macedonia, during the Venizelist revolution of 1935, after the battle at the bridge of Orliàko.

For reasons I will not describe here, I found myself trotting eastward through the late March afternoon along the road to Serres and Drama, on a borrowed horse with a friendly squadron of light cavalry in the victorious army of General Kondylis. We were slightly in advance of the main royalist army, which, with its cannon and infantry and trucks and wagons and baggage train, snaked away behind us in a long loop of dust. The march had turned into something of a carnival. After the musketry fire from both banks of the river and shelling from the hills behind and a minimum of casualties on either side, resistance had caved in and our opponents were surrendering or dispersing eastward. The day had culminated, for my new friends and for me, in the moment when they had actually drawn their sabers and galloped thunderously and bloodlessly across the wooden bridge of Orliàko against an already vanished enemy, in the nearest any of us would ever get to a cavalry charge. Buoyed up along the road by exhilaration and relief, my companions were singing music-hall songs from Athens. Unslinging their carbines, they took potshots from the saddle at the birds on the telegraph lines. Suddenly, beyond the heads of all these cheerful horsemen, on a high wooded ridge about three miles away, loomed a string of those dark wigwams that had interested me in December, and I decided to defect from my companions for a night and (one horseman moving faster than an army) catch up with them next day by shortcuts across the mountains. After light-hearted farewells and shouted rendezvous for drinking together in Serres and Drama and Komotini, I watched them jingle away with their

steel scabbards clinking against their spurs; and then pounded off over the plain toward the hills and the far-sounding goat bells.

WHEN, suddenly, at the heart of a deafening whirlpool of half-wild dogs, I drew rein at the camp toward sunset, it turned out to be a *stani* of about fifty huts scattered among the trees around a spring. The whole place was alive with golden evening dust and bleating and barking and bells. The ewes and the she-goats, followed by their shrill young, were being driven with crooks and shouts and ear-sundering whistles and the heckling of dogs into a great semicircular pen of wicker and woven thorns and thatch on a steep slope. Once inside, they were herded toward a narrow lych-gate at one end of it, where they were seized by their horns, their tails, or their hind legs, clamped back to front between a shepherd's knees, and milked under protest, a few deft seconds for each captive, into bronze caldrons. Despite my brief acquaintance with Greece, I knew that strange arrivals in country places unloose a friendly hubbub of curiosity and inquisition. Not so here. The aloof drovers doubled the diligence of their tasks; their shouts became louder, the milking more urgent. For the first time, I saw these Biblical men at close range; their black cloaks and their hoods gave them the look of Benedictines who had gone native. There were glimpses, too, of the amazing magpie geometry of the women rising from their dim looms and appearing for a moment in the threshold of the smoke-plumed cones. An authoritative old man with a sweeping mustache and an elaborate crook finally silenced the dogs and asked me what I wanted. I could understand little of what he said; I had spent the two previous months, my first in Greece, in snowy Mount Athos, trying to convert my imperfect ancient Greek into the rudiments of the modern, and the Sarakatsán dialect was a further barrier. When they had gathered that, in spite of patched breeches and puttees, I was not a soldier — no sword or gun! — in fact, a foreigner from England, alone, and too young and as yet unpredatory-looking to be capable of much harm, their reserve began to thaw.

What was going on? They pointed down at the army glinting across the plain below through its long cocoon of dust, and the blast of a trumpet came softly to our ears. What had all that noise been about, over by the Struma? *Bam-boum-boum? Rat-tat-tat-tat? N'tang n'tang?* I gleaned with surprise from their half-understood questions that they had only the roughest notion of what was afoot. They knew that there had been a *kinema* —

a movement or revolution — but little more. (It occurs to me now that they may have been prudently waiting to see what sort of bird I was; what tobacco I smoked, as the phrase goes.) It seemed hardly credible that they were unapprised of events which had taken place so few miles away and had split the whole of Greece in two. Anyway, eagerly or ironically, they listened to my stumbling, gesticulating, half ancient and half modern, onomatopoeia-laced pantomime of the tidings: the revolt of half the armed forces in favor of Venizelos, the bombardments in Athens and Attica, the advance of the government forces through Salonika to the Struma River, the battle at the bridge, how the mutinous battleship *Averoff* had sailed away to Crete, how Venizelos himself had fled, probably to Cyprus, while the Macedonian leaders were retreating to Thrace, and perhaps into Bulgaria. A score of hooded nomads had gathered around me, leaning on their crooks and clicking their tongues deprecatingly at the right moments. When I finished I noticed that their weather-beaten faces, possibly because of amusement at the odd idiom in which this communiqué had been delivered, had lost their sternness; the blue-gray eyes of the beetling despot who had first spoken had assumed a paternal look. "*Eh, paidí, mou,*" he said, with a cheerful expression that clashed with his words, "*kakos einai o polemos.*" ("War's a bad thing, my child.") Then, over his shoulder, he said to the others, "The boy must be hungry." I clambered down, a fair-haired boy took my horse, and another the saddlebags and the saddle and a bag of oats, and we headed through the dusk for the huts.

BY THE time we had finished the hot milk with black bread broken into it, and sprinkled with hammered salt — their only food it seemed, which we all spooned in unison out of the same dish — about forty shepherds were eagerly settled, unshod and cross-legged on the spread blankets, nursing their crooks around a fire of thorns in the center of a great domed hut. Half a dozen dogs lay panting in the dark doorway. The old man was forever pushing, with oak-apple-jointed fingers, a minute saucepan into the embers, and we hissed and gulped in turn over the same small cup of scalding and bubbling coffee. Another shepherd was busy slicing up handfuls of tobacco leaves on a log with a long knife, then rolling them and politely offering the rough cylinders for the smoker to lick shut and light with a twig. The day's halting saga, the oddity of its language evoking friendly laughter from time to time, was demanded all over again and discussed for hours.

There seemed to be hardly a thing in the hut

that could single out our surroundings for any particular date in the last few millennia, and almost nothing the nomads had not made themselves; either hanging from the lopped and fire-darkened stumps of branches jutting from the hut's timbers, neatly piled against the brushwood walls, or underfoot — guns, tools, choppers, adzes, spades, billhooks, cooking pots, saddles, harness, the tin frills around the icons, and among a pendant grove of dried and shaggy waterskins, a gleaming branchful of new horseshoes. Otherwise, all was hewn and carved wood or homespun from the backs of their flocks. Aloft, among the sooty twigs and the cobwebs, hung strings of onions, garlic, corncobs, and tobacco leaves. Higher still, the osier-bound reeds of the thatch all converged symmetrically in the apex of the dome. An agreeable and pungent aroma of milk, curds, sweat, goat's hair, tobacco, and woodsmoke filled the place. The thorns on the fire crackled nearly smokelessly, and whenever a new fagot was thrown on, the flames made the tall hut dance in a brief gold concavity above a mob of shadows and lit up the bleached and matted hair and those faces shaped by the blasts of winter and the summer solstice. Their features glittered and flashed like the surfaces on a flint, and whenever my eyes met any of theirs, a smile of welcoming friendliness would answer back.

I had begun to grasp, in the past few weeks, one of the great and uncovenanted delights of Greece; in my case, it was a pre-coming-of-age present. This is a direct and immediate link, friendly and equal on either side, between human beings; something that cuts through barriers of hierarchy and background and money and, except for a few tribal and historic feuds, through politics and nationality as well. It is not a thing that functions in the teeth of convention, but in almost prelapsarian unawareness of its existence. Self-consciousness and awe and condescension (and their baleful remedy of forced egalitarianism) and the feudal hangover and the post-Fall-of-the-Bastille flicker — all the gloomy factors that lame and hobble and limit the range of life and deoxygenate the air of western Europe are absent. Existence, these glances say, is a torment, an enemy, an adventure, and a joke that we are in league to undergo, outwit, exploit, and

enjoy on equal terms as accomplices, fellow hedonists and fellow victims. It is exciting for a stranger when he begins to understand that the armor which has been irking him and the arsenal he has been lugging about for half a lifetime are no longer needed. A feeling of miraculous lightness takes their place. On that particular evening this exhilaration was reinforced by other things; my mind was full of the events of the day, the smell of gunpowder, the cannon fire at dawn which had achieved the innocence of fireworks as the bangs had echoed upstream — the first glimpse, in fact, of warfare. By then, I felt I had almost taken part in the battle. The hooves hammering over the loose planks of the bridge still rang in my ears, and the songs on the long ride. On top of this came the beautiful ascent through the foothills, the sunset arrival at the encampment, and now, the voices and laughter and the gold fire-lit masks of the nomads in this hut in the dark mountains, the tiredness of limb, the feeling of being blessedly lost in time and geography with months and years hazily sparkling ahead in a vista of unconjecturable magic. The fusion of all this made it seem that life, at that moment, had nothing more to offer.

But it did have something more, and at once. Yorgo, the old man's grandson, who had taken my horse and me under his wing (planning to guide us next morning on a shortcut over the hills to a point where we could swoop down on the army again), fished out a long bone flute. The music that began to hover through the hut was moving and breathless. It started with long and deep notes separated by pauses and then shot aloft in pro-



tracted patterns of great complexity. Repeated and accelerating trills led on to sustained high notes which left the tune quivering in midair before plummeting an octave to those low and long-drawn initial semibreves. Notes of an icy clarity alternated with notes of a stirring, reedy, and at moments almost rasping hoarseness. Then, after a long breath, they sailed again into limpid and piercing airs of a most touching softness, the same minor phrase recurring with diminishing volume, again and again, until the final high flourishes presaged the protracted bass notes once more, each of them preceded and followed by a lengthening hiatus of silence. One can think of no more apt or more accurate reflection in sound of the mountains and woods and flocks and the nomads' life.

Less lulling music cannot be imagined. But, overcome at last by the day's doings, I must have fallen asleep in the middle of it and been covered with a cloak where I lay. I woke up an hour after midnight to find the hut in the dark except for the embers of the fire and empty of all but the lightly snoring patriarch on the other side. Yorgo's hooded departing back was outlined for a moment in the doorway against the stars. There was a murmur of voices in the cold outside as the shepherds, like monks before the night office, assembled for the first milking; this was the equivalent of matins in their pastoral book of hours. Then silence fell, and after a minute or two, a faint stirring of bells and of waking flocks was hushed by the returning currents of sleep.

Now, a little reluctantly, I must call a halt to these postscripts and flashbacks and return to the point where we began to deviate from the main thread of this narrative among the tassels and the buttoned upholstery of the carriage rocking back with us through the Thracian darkness between Sikarayia and Alexandroupolis.

Not many minutes had passed before the guard worked his perilous way along the duckboard outside and climbed in, not to punch our tickets, but for a chat. We were his only passengers. He was a dark, jovial, round-faced refugee from Smyrna.

"Well," he said cheerfully, offering cigarettes, "did you find out where they hide their pots of gold? Any for me? I could do with it, at this job."

We told him about the wedding. As I had already absorbed one or two hazy notions about the possibility of the extremely ancient descent of the Sarakatsáns, I asked him what he thought.

"I don't know," he said amiably, "and, what's more, I don't care. I hate the ancient Greeks. We had to learn all about them at school — Plato, Socrates, Pericles, Leonidas, Aristotle, Euripides, Homer, and all that stuff. No, I don't *hate* them, that's too strong. But what have they got to do with me? Perhaps we descend from them, perhaps we don't, what does it matter? And who did they descend from, pray? Nobody knows. They were Greeks, and so are we, that's all we know. I come from Smyrna — there's an ancient Greek city for you — and I may be more Greek than the Greeks in Athens, more Greek than your Sarakatsáns, for all I know. Who cares? I probably do descend from them, but that's not the point. *Greece is an idea*, that's the thing! That's what keeps us together — that, and the language and the country and our history, of course, and the Church; not that I like priests particularly, but we owe them a lot. And those old Greeks, our celebrated ancestors, they're a nuisance, and I'll tell you why. *They haunt us*. We can never be as great as they were, nobody can, and they make us all feel guilty. We can't do anything, people think, because of a few old books and temples and lumps of marble. And clever foreigners who know all about the ancients come here expecting to be surrounded by Heracles and Apollo and Hermes and gentlemen in helmets and laurel leaves, and what do they see? Me — a small dark fat man, half bald, with a mustache and eyes like boot buttons!" He laughed good-naturedly. "To hell with them! Give me the men of the War of Independence who chucked out the Turks; give me Averoff, who presented us with a battleship out of his own pocket; give me Venizelos, who saved us all and turned Greece into a proper country. What's wrong with *them*? If we weren't such fools and always quarreling among ourselves, if we could have no wars or revolutions for fifty years — fifty years, that's all I ask — you'd see what a country we'd become! *Then* we could start worrying about the Trojan horse and working out our relationship to Pericles and finding out whether the Sarakatsáns descend from the ancient Greeks!"

I saw his point, especially about being hampered by eternal comparison with his nebulous and illustrious forerunners. For some, the ancients are a source of inspiration and a matter of vague pride, because the outside world sets so high a price on them; to others they are a perpetual irritation. What about Byzantium? — that's where our traditions date from, a modern Greek may think, not from Pericles holding forth on the Acropolis, not from Diogenes' barrel or the tent of Achilles.

What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba?

Photographs of the Sarakatsáns by Joan Eyres Monsell.



Living

SOME NOTES ON THE U.S. MAILS

BY CHARLES W. MORTON

Casey Jones set out on his last ride with some sense of haste, as I recall it, because he was "six hours late with the Western mail." Nowadays this would trouble him scarcely at all — a mere scratch, strictly a "What of it?" state of affairs amid the varied and unpredictable eccentricities of the Post Office Department.

Consider, for instance, the special delivery letter — which, incidentally, costs almost as much today as a telegram used to. If no one is at hand to receive it, the letter goes back to the postal station, and a notice is left for the addressee, generously informing him that all he has to do is to go down and claim the letter (and present the notice), etc., etc. On many occasions special delivery letters are not even as rapid — forgive me the word — as ordinary mail, since they must await the availability of the special deliverer, and they won't move at all while he is out on another trip, or perhaps at home with a cold.

Not least, it would be interesting to hear from J. Edward Day, our

Postmaster General, why the special delivery letter must be delivered by a man driving an enormous new station wagon; not even a compact will do for these specialists, and one can fairly hear the gasoline rippling into the intake while the vast vehicle pants at the curb. There can't be much of the thirty cents left after the letter has been riding around in such transport. One supposes the answer is to boost the thirty-cent stamp to a half dollar, but some of us would be just as willing to settle for a boy on a bicycle. What the Post Office saves on gasoline could go eventually toward helping the boy through college.

I shall not mention the matter — as Cicero used to say just before going into a long and explicit account of the matter — of the letter from the *Atlantic* office to a contributor in Cambridge, less than one mile distant, which was fifteen days in transit. Nor should I speak of the large check which I urgently needed and which lingered in the intra-Cambridge mails for six days between Harvard Square and my

house, a distance to be measured in yards.

A few words are owing to the mail truck driver who parks his vehicle across the *Atlantic's* driveway of a morning, just at the time when some of the *Atlantic's* people are seeking to enter it and leave their cars in our small parking lot. The lot holds four or five cars and affords just that much more room to the curbside parkers along the street.

The driver of the mail truck does not take his vehicle into the driveway, nor even in toward the curb; he simply stops so as to block one traffic lane in the street and the driveway as well. If he were to move forward or back by a car length, the driveway would be unobstructed, and it is fair to say that he gains no advantage or convenience whatever in making his rounds by obstructing the driveway. Yet a suggestion that he move in order to let a car into the *Atlantic's* parking lot brings only a surly response and no move, while he sets about delivering mail in the vicinity and across the street. The prospect is that this civil servant will be rewarded by the large, noninflationary increase in pay which the department is planning for him, and we trust this will restore him to a more amiable rela-

tionship with the public that he now serves so sorrowfully.

Outside the *Atlantic's* front door is a large mailbox. It has been there for many decades, and one might conjecture its design to be fifty or sixty years old. I watched, recently, a postal employee, making his mid-afternoon rounds with a pickup truck, as he tried to collect the mail from this box. It was raining.

The opening of the box, for the collector, is near the bottom. He was squatting, and finally down on one knee on the wet sidewalk, pulling out a fistful of mail with his left hand and trying to hold open a canvas mailbag with his right, to receive it. The box was so full that it was hard for him to rip out the

bottom layers. The bag kept collapsing. The mail was bound to get wet, and some of it inevitably fell to the sidewalk. Other pieces could easily have been damaged as they were wrenched from the bottom of the pile that pressed down on them.

Any engineer could design a box of the same capacity with a removable container inside, to be lifted out and replaced with an empty one. But the Post Office Department is still using the same boxes — and methods of collection — that it used in the nineteenth century. True, the newfangled automobile was eventually accepted for its transport, but it took many years for the department to develop a truck body at all suited to the needs of the work.

Long after the dairies and bakeries and other businesses with many stops and starts on their vehicles' routes had devised proper trucks for their purpose, the Post Office clung to old-style wagon-bed designs. (If Mr. Day will let us know the date when the last horse-drawn mail wagon, a one-horse rig, was withdrawn from service in Philadelphia, if it ever was, we shall be glad to publish the information, but I can assure him that it was long after the end of World War II.) The trouble, of course, is that the country has grown, and the volume of the mails has grown along with it, and that the Post Office Department has yet to accommodate itself to the twentieth century.

The German Driver

BY TERENCE PRITTIE

Head of the German Bureau of the MANCHESTER GUARDIAN for a number of years, TERENCE PRITTIE has traveled widely among the motorists of Germany. He is the author of GERMANY DIVIDED: THE LEGACY OF THE NAZI ERA, published by Atlantic-Little, Brown.

Last year was one of more than usual disaster on the West German roads. Over 14,000 people were killed on them, and around half a million were injured. For every thousand vehicles, there were 50 percent more deaths than in Britain and 150 percent more than in the United States. One German was seriously injured to every three Americans, but there were roughly seventy million motor vehicles on the American roads and only six million in West Germany. The German victims averaged one dead to every six miles of road and one injured to every three hundred yards. Anyone driving thirty or forty miles in any thickly populated part of West Germany could hardly escape seeing the upturned truck which had pitched off the autobahn, the winking blue lights of police car and ambulance, the disconsolate driver examining a battered bumper, or the stretcher case on the side of the road.

All sorts of traffic experts have tried to explain this state of affairs. One has suggested, for instance, that it is due to the lack of civilian traffic on the German roads from 1939 to 1950. But there has been plenty since then, and in spite of lower speed

limits and higher penalties, the accident rate still mounts. Another explanation was that the Germans, like the French, put many pre-war veteran cars on the road as soon as rationing of gasoline was relaxed. But in Germany the pre-war veterans, even the long-lived Mercedes and the expensive Maybach, have vanished completely.

German drivers, it has been suggested, were inexperienced. But with comparatively few parking problems, German drivers get the maximum use from their cars. And they have to pass a stringent test, which includes the production of a certificate to show that they have spent enough hours with a registered driving school (a minimum of twelve hours, but up to thirty hours for someone in his fifties). In Belgium, on the other hand, there is no driving test, and no one need go to a driving school if he chooses not to. Yet the Belgians, in the most crowded country in Europe, are far more chary than the Germans of killing and maiming on the roads.

There is no single simple explanation of this German propensity. But there are plenty of contributory factors, which may be more easily illus-

trated by anecdotes than by logical analysis. Here are some of them.

The German at the steering wheel is generally an easily irritated fellow. He does not confine himself to reflective headshaking or the hard, thoughtful stare at the real or imagined offender. Horn tooting is the rule; brandishing of fists is frequent. So is head tapping, although this practice has declined since the recent verdict of a Rhineland court which held that this mode of reproof constituted insulting behavior and a breach of the peace.

Head tappers are now liable to a fine. But angry Germans at the wheel will do far worse things. Not long ago I watched one literally trying to maneuver a rival off the road. He made swerving charges at his opponent's front wheel, sheering off again toward the middle of the road at the last possible moment. The other driver countered by braking sharply at each charge, and then surging on again in order to stay in the murderous race. No doubt badly scared, he still had no intention of giving up or giving in.

The German at the wheel is almost always in a tearing hurry. Most typical is the pilot of the fast car who hogs the outside lane of the autobahn all the way, flashing his headlights while still half a mile behind the car which he is going to overtake. Another technique of haste is that of the small-car driver, who may just manage to overtake a car on the level road at his absolute maximum speed of 75 mph, is passed in turn as he flags on the hill,

but dashes up again at the first opportunity. The truck driver is in as much of a hurry as anybody else — more so, perhaps, as he may still get a bonus (technically illegal) for completing a long journey in less than the scheduled time. The wisecrack of the truck driver who was asked if he usually won his court cases after an accident is well known: “Maybe not,” he said, “but I always win my collisions.”

The German driver is not more often under the influence of drink than his counterpart in other countries. He is not more often a cripple, epileptic, or cardiac case. He is not more subject to blackout. His troubles would seem to be basically mental. To irritation and haste he adds a mechanical method of thought. In his mind, the cardinal factor at all times is whether he has *Vorfahrt*, or right of way. He may have studied the German highway code (it is over one thousand pages long!), and if so, he will have a touching faith in his own interpretation of *Vorfahrt*. With a crash imminent, he will not consider braking if he thinks he is in the right. It may be just his bad luck that he is meeting another who believes in his own *Vorfahrt* — head on. The odds will be that neither driver will give way until it is too late.

Once, at the Rond-Point on the Champs Élysées, I was driving my own car in the breathtaking scamper of traffic, with astute Parisian drivers weaving their way toward the Place de la Concorde, thrusting in front of my bow on their way to the Avenue Matignon and the Gare St. Lazare, fanning my stern as they swooped southward via the Avenue Victor for the Left Bank. In front of me a Volkswagen driver with a Düsseldorf number plate held on his

rigid course, confident in his rectitude, oblivious of the narrow margins by which he was being missed. His luck held until he was halfway around the Rond-Point. There he collided with another Volkswagen, which also had a Düsseldorf number plate.

The two drivers clambered out, bespectacled, bald-headed, glaring. They might have been twins. Just as they confronted one another, two policemen came running. One was blowing his whistle; the other was giving vent to epithets which could not possibly have contributed to Franco-German understanding. “Just fancy,” my driving companion said, “those two poor Germans having to come all the way to the middle of Paris to have their accident.”

There is a popular fallacy that Germans are stereotyped people, lacking in individual character and temperament. This has probably never been true. In the past, German character and temperament were held in check by discipline — discipline applied from the highest to the lowest in the land, from the cradle to the grave. The introduction of democracy into Germany has given free rein to German temperament. The antics of German motorists are just one consequence of this.

Recently, it fell to a Federal minister to give a stirring example of temperament on the road. Defense Minister Franz-Josef Strauss was on his way to an appointment with Chancellor Konrad Adenauer in the latter’s office at the Palais Schaumburg in Bonn. The gate of the Palais Schaumburg is awkwardly placed for the motoring visitor; it opens a few yards along the “No entry” arm of a main crossroad, where there is always a policeman on point duty. On

this occasion the policeman kept Herr Strauss waiting and fuming in his ministerial car. Suddenly the minister ordered his chauffeur to drive on. The resultant squeals of brakes and furious bell ringing of a streetcar might have been heard by Dr. Adenauer in his office. So might the unparliamentary epithets exchanged by the minister and the policeman.

Temperament, haste, irritability, dogmatic thinking — all these are factors in the growing death toll on the German roads. So, too, are lack of courtesy, the desperate creed that time lost is money lost, and the Transport Ministry’s mulish refusal to institute a road-politeness campaign. Millions of Germans will go through life, it seems, never giving hand signals, never looking in their mirrors, bawling oaths and taunts and grimacing with rage, pontificating about the sins of others. And things, one is told, will get worse. Each year there are 10 percent more cars on the road, while the road network grows by only 2 percent. Each year there will be a bigger number of dead and injured.

Possibly it is the German pedestrian who provides the ultimate commentary on German road manners. In the towns he is thoughtfully provided with pedestrian zebra crossings. In theory, motorists should pause to let him cross, once he is embarked on his perilous passage. German motorists rarely do. But I have done so frequently, because I know that it is worth the time lost. For, granted the safe passage to which he is entitled, the average German pedestrian’s reaction is charming. He is both amazed and grateful — and he lifts his hat to you as he passes your car.



Dial "P" for "Poorhouse"

BY ANNE KELLEY

ANNE KELLEY has made several reports to ATLANTIC readers on the perilous course of the housewife through the crosscurrents of modern living.

Until recently, you could scarcely find a happier relationship than that between the telephone company and me. Ours was one of those unions, based on mutual respect and need, which seem to grow with the years in a way quite beautiful to see. What a shock it has been to me, therefore, to realize all of a sudden that one of us has outburgeoned the other, like a husband whose professional successes leave his wife gasping helplessly under the epitaph, "She just couldn't keep up."

In the beginning it was a simple, no-nonsense affair. The telephone company stood by my side twenty-four hours a day, mainly so that I would not have to run out into the snow to summon aid in the event of internal bleeding at 3 A.M. For my part, I promised to pay my bills promptly and replace the receiver on the hook.

Although occasional childish pranks were permitted ("Does Fillmore Street run past your house? Well, rush out and catch it before it gets away"), and the instrument endured a certain amount of giggling and sighing in completing connections for Saturday nights, the real emphasis was on convenience and service, not frivolity.

The phone itself was simple, too — black and unpretentious. And it was generally understood that what I was supposed to do with it was order cough medicine and fuel oil, report burglaries, and summon the fire department the very moment the house began to smolder. Then the concept began to expand, ever so subtly.

Why run up and down all those stairs when, for only pennies, an extension (or two) could put me in touch with the fire department just that much more quickly? And say, why not phone up a few acquaintances, too, just to keep in touch, even if I didn't need artificial respiration? Had I good news to share? Was it somebody's birthday? Wasn't there someone, somewhere, who would like very much to hear from me, whether I had just moved or not?

Now the telephone company was offering more, and expecting more in return. It was constantly adding new units, exchanges, digits, beeps, and automations in order to ensure that my friendships would never lag, my family never drift apart, and that I myself would be known as a thoughtful, popular person. It even shyly revealed to

me its dearest dream — that long distance, someday, would be privileged to bring me the laughter of my grandchildren.

Naturally, I tried to hold up my end. Soon I had a Princess phone in the bedroom, a king-size filter-tip phone in the den, jacks all over the place, and a wall-to-wall instrument (my ace in the hole) strung on a fifty-foot python of cord in the kitchen for my conference calls. I was fanning myself with the yellow pages as I rushed breathlessly from one gaily colored instrument to another, and the two wires that were *mine* in every 4242-wire cable were humming like a pair of hypertensive crickets.

Of course, I called ahead ("Doesn't everybody?"), and every night, when the rates went down, I asked myself a single pointed question, "How long has it been since I called Mary?"

My telephone bill soared steadily, but I figured it was worth it. I had never been more popular — receiving calls from dance studios, storm-window and awning firms, life insurance agents, broom salesmen, and the Children's Educational and Enrichment Foundation, at an unprecedented rate, and at the same time I was placing calls madly for friendly, thoughtful visits with those I liked (Tom and Betty, for instance, and Grandma Jones, who had been feeling poorly, and that Mrs. Brown who used to live next door). Most of them, just as the phone company predicted, thought I was pretty wonderful. A possible exception was Grandma Jones.

"Is this some kind of joke?" she shouted at me, her aged voice booming across the wires and assaulting my middle ear. "This is the third time today you've called me runnin' to the telephone, and I tell you, I've been feeling poorly and I have to get my rest."

But, in general, things were going so well that I promised myself I would install a sage-green phone in the teen-agers' bathroom the very moment I had the teen-agers and bathroom required for the project, and perhaps one day a phone at the stable and another at poolside — who could say?

I was blinded by my gratitude for those weather and time-of-day numbers which the kiddies could still dial, without repercussion, whenever *they* got the urge to keep in touch.

And then the full implications of

ON RUNNING ACROSS A STUFFED OWL WHILE HOUSECLEANING

BY BETTY JANE BALCH

Each spring we meet, this old stuffed owl
And I, here in the attic,
And each spring finds me threatening
To be, for once, emphatic.

I tell myself, "This time he goes!"
This year the vow is firmest!
I swear I'll scrap this pride of some
Long-vanished taxidermist!

I put him back. I pat his head,
Smooth down that wing and this wing,
One never knows when one will need
An owl with one eye missing!

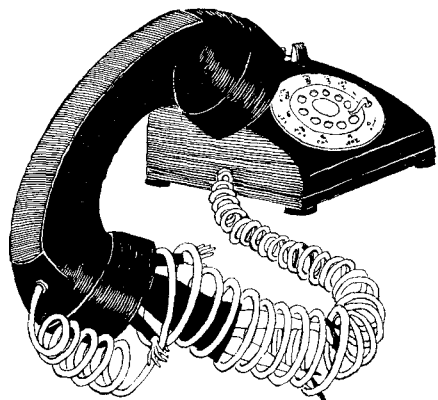
area code direct dial began to dawn on me, and, simultaneously, the telephone company ran a darling ad picturing a little girl wearing a blue bonnet and a string of pearls, holding a blue receiver to her ear over the caption, "Even the littlest girls like to visit by Long Distance." That's when I began to suspect that I was outclassed.

Why dial WE 4-1212 when you can have even more fun by dialing the new look in phone numbers — say, 506-594-7654 — and get Heart's Delight, Newfoundland, at Mommy's expense? ("You smile and say hello. Ask how are you? Laugh and say oh that's wonderful! Tell the news. Say I love you. Make one another feel good. Try it. The nicest things will happen.") The kiddies tried it: Hello, Sequoia National Park. Apache Junction, how are you? And are you feeling good, you pool hall in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan? Oh, that's wonderful! How's the weather up there in Walla Walla? It's raining here, and my Mommy has a cold. Ha-ha-ha. I love you, Tastie Home Bakery in Medicine Hat, Alberta. . . .

The warmth and delight of completed telephone calls were everywhere, and happiness lingered long after the three minutes were up, but not very long after the monthly bill arrived.

Puerto Rico will be next, and who knows how long before Rio, South Vietnam, and the moon? Am I to pay for intercontinental and then universal thoughtfulness, too? Isn't it somebody else's turn to be popular?

Operator, Operator, come back. Never mind that phone in the bathroom. My area code is 312, and my birthday's only two months off, but I can't afford to transmit any more good news. So why don't you ask Mary how long it has been since *she* called *me*?



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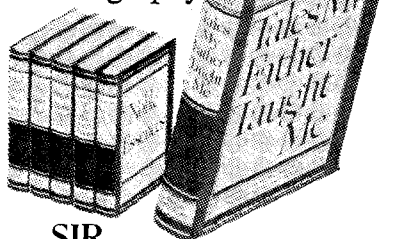
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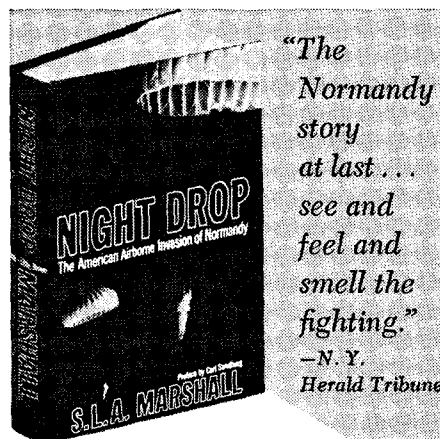


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ATLANTIC-LITTLE, BROWN



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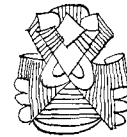
—*Saturday Review Syndicate*

Preface by CARL SANDBURG. Illustrated with maps and drawings. \$6.50

ATLANTIC-LITTLE, BROWN

The Neurotic's Notebook

BY MIGNON McLAUGHLIN



I once lamented my bad temper to a doctor, and he said of his own: I accept it, like a withered arm.

It upsets women to be, or not to be, stared at hungrily.

The excesses of love soon pass, but its insufficiencies torment us forever.

A child born suspicious will rummage around in a box of identical candies.

We are always apologizing to some of our friends for some of our other friends.

Practically nothing can interrupt pain, but ecstasy suspends at the lightest footstep.

It is romantic to expect that things will get better, cynical to suppose that they will not, bestial not to care.

There are people you can't give up till just once you've gained the advantage.

Most women would like to dress imaginatively, but they glare at any woman who does.

"I'll go quietly," says the psychotic. "Not I," says the neurotic. "I'll make a fuss."

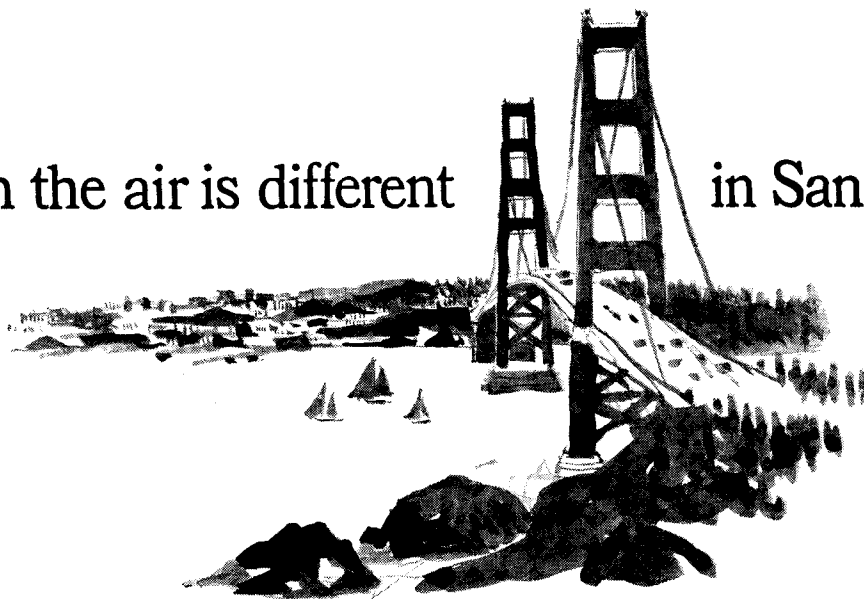
The fault we admit to is seldom the fault we have, but it bears a certain relationship to it, a somewhat similar shape, like that of a sleeve to an arm.

When we meet someone who genuinely sees good in everyone, it is hard to believe that he knows the same people we do.



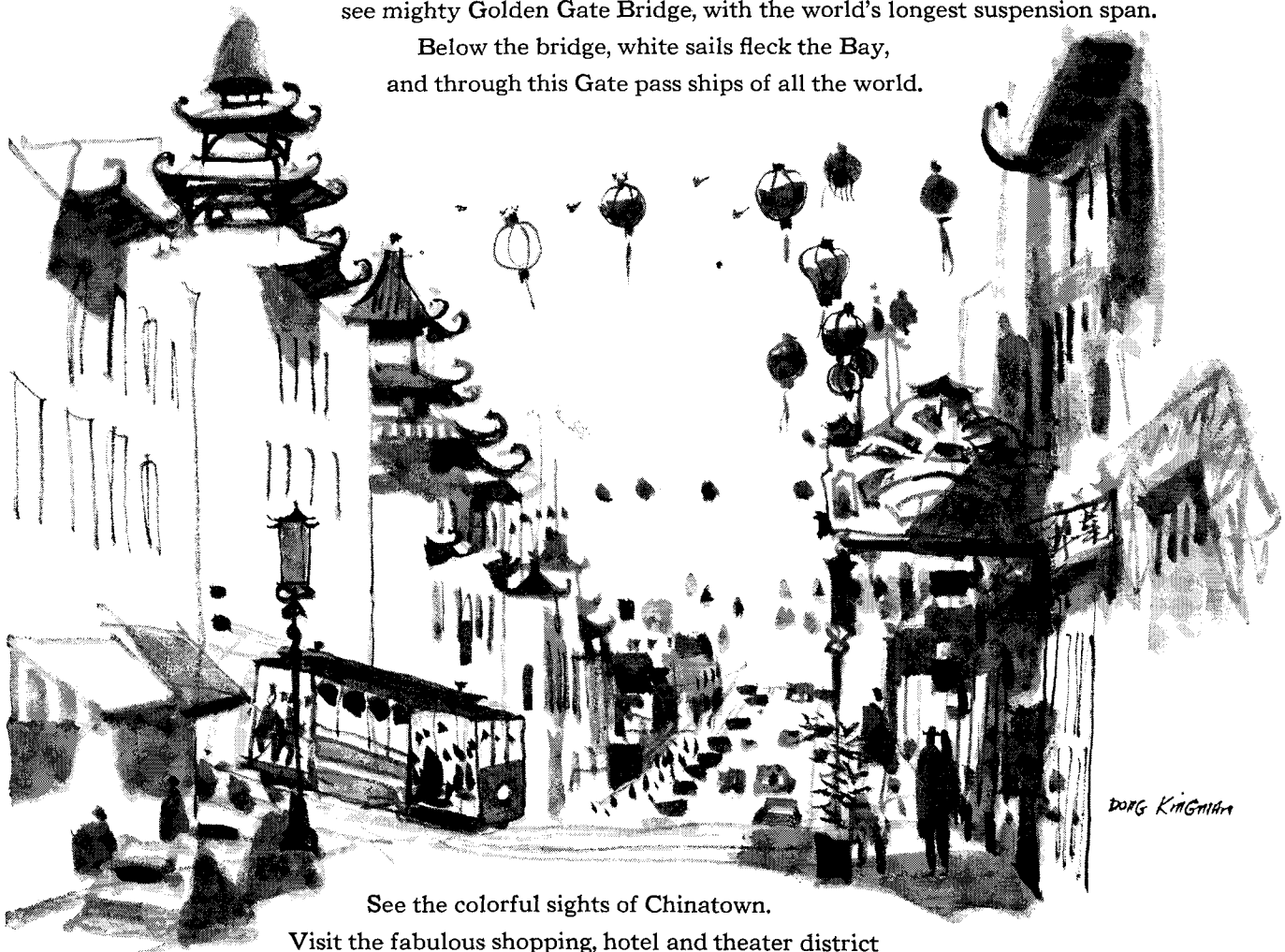
Doodles courtesy of Charles W. Morton.

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and through this Gate pass ships of all the world.



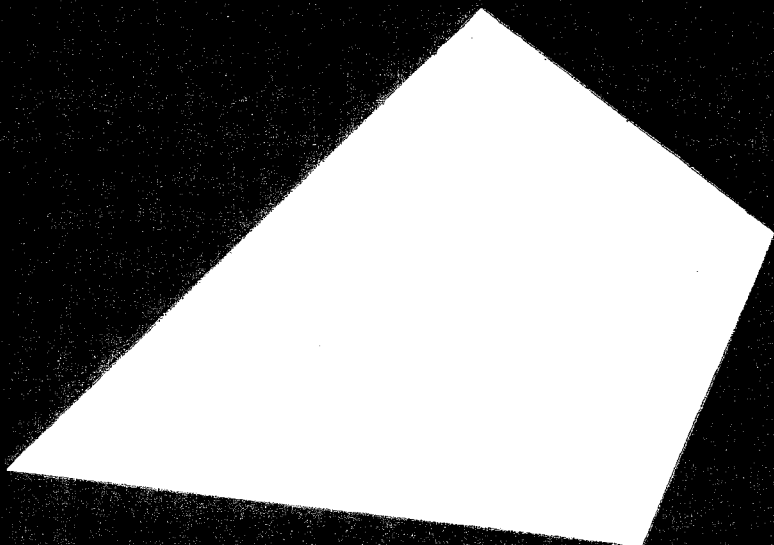
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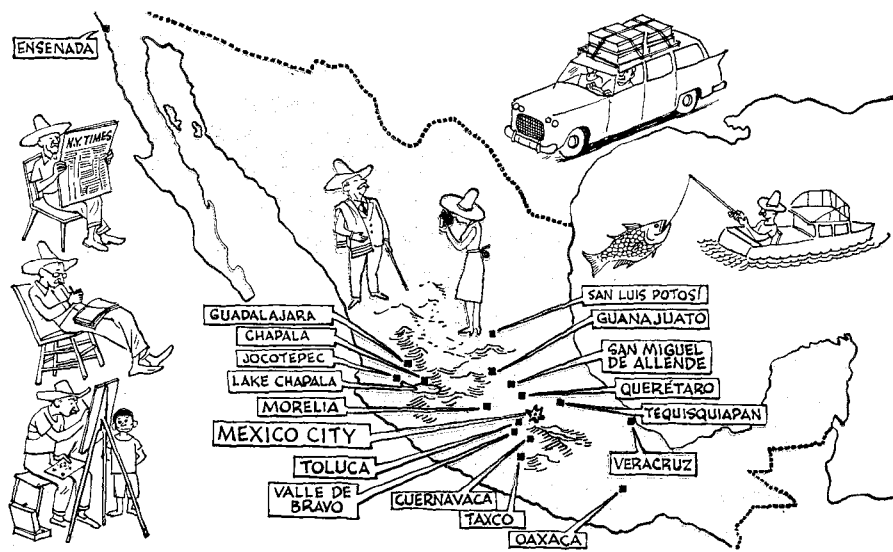
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pleasures and places



RETIRING IN MEXICO

BY NORMAN D. FORD

The same sunshine, warmth, and lower living costs which over the past decade prompted mass migration of the newly retired to Florida have led some of the more venturesome to experiment with retirement in Mexico. Today, at least six Mexican resort towns are home to colonies of several hundred Americans; and on the plateau of Mexico, hardly a colonial village is without at least the nucleus of a new colony.

Excluding a small proportion of the retired who have realigned their values in terms of Bacardi at \$3.60 a gallon, and a somewhat larger group who found the adjustment too severe and left, the majority appear to have discovered an eminently satisfactory way of life, rich in values which north of the border have long been absent from the scene.

To mention a few: efficient full-time maids at \$12 a month; gardeners at 50 cents a day; new home construction at \$4 to \$5 per square foot; modern private hospital rooms at \$4 to \$6 a day; king-size filter cigarettes at 8 to 16 cents a pack; pasteurized milk at 12 cents a quart; twenty-five bottles of excellent beer for \$1.80; a haircut, shave, and shoeshine for 56 cents; high-grade stocks, bonds, and mortgages which yield an average

tax-free 10 percent; and custom-made clothes, shoes, and furniture for less than their machine-made counterparts in the United States.

Such prices, which remind us of the 1930s, actually represent a far greater step back in time. Despite certain modern conveniences — medical care, automobile repair, and supermarkets which are thoroughly up-to-date — contemporary life in Mexico actually lags behind that of the United States by some seventy-five years. Fundamentally, then, retiring in Mexico means transferring the buying power of incomes geared to fast-paced, laborsaving, twentieth-century living to a leisurely paced nineteenth-century life in which it is cheaper to hire a laundress than to own a washing machine.

The result means complete freedom from all household and garden chores, thus providing a maximum of free time in which to enjoy the retirement years. To this challenge of time, Mexico offers a magnificent opportunity to discover one's latent talents and an entirely new life of stimulating interests and hobbies.

For those able to gain contentment through their own inner resources, the problem is not that of finding a hobby but of choosing from

the bewildering list available. Almost all the familiar pursuits — painting, photography, bird-watching, and so on — may be followed in new and inspiring settings, while, for such new pastimes as collecting artifacts, colonial furniture, and antiques, or studying archaeology, anthropology, and colonial architecture, the entire country is a living museum of conquest and pre-conquest history. First-rate opera and ballet are available in Mexico City and, on tour, in such popular retirement cities as Guadalajara. A good seat costs less than one dollar.

For many, however, the lack of ability to enjoy this extra leisure time, and not to kill it, marks the demarcation between success and failure. As elsewhere, the most successful retirees are those who have capitalized on and made the best of what the country offers.

Item: Two American ladies were shopping in a supermarket. One, unable to read Spanish labels, chose familiar imported American-brand goods at twice U.S. prices. The other, knowing Spanish, bought Mexican-brand goods of fairly equal quality at 20 percent below U.S. prices.

Item: Two American couples built two-bedroom homes of equal size. One couple, using a modern functional Mexican plan designed for outdoor living and built of concrete, paid \$4700. The other, using an American design and unfamiliar American-type materials, ended up with a boxlike house for \$6800.

Item: One American, unable to watch familiar TV programs, became a chronic alcoholic. Another, also a former TV enthusiast, became interested in colonial architecture and decorated his home with beautifully glazed antique tile, rough-hewn beams, and Indian-motif stonework bought from housewreckers for next to nothing.

Invited to lunch with a retired couple from Arizona, this writer was met at the door by the host, who was wearing a Mexican-tailored suit of finest Cotswold worsted and custom-made shoes. The home, a renovated colonial-era Mexican house with a central patio, looked inward on a charming garden open to the sky. Open walls turned rooms into an extension of the garden. Rooms were lofty and spacious, with tiled floors and heavily timbered ceilings. Exuberant folk art covered the

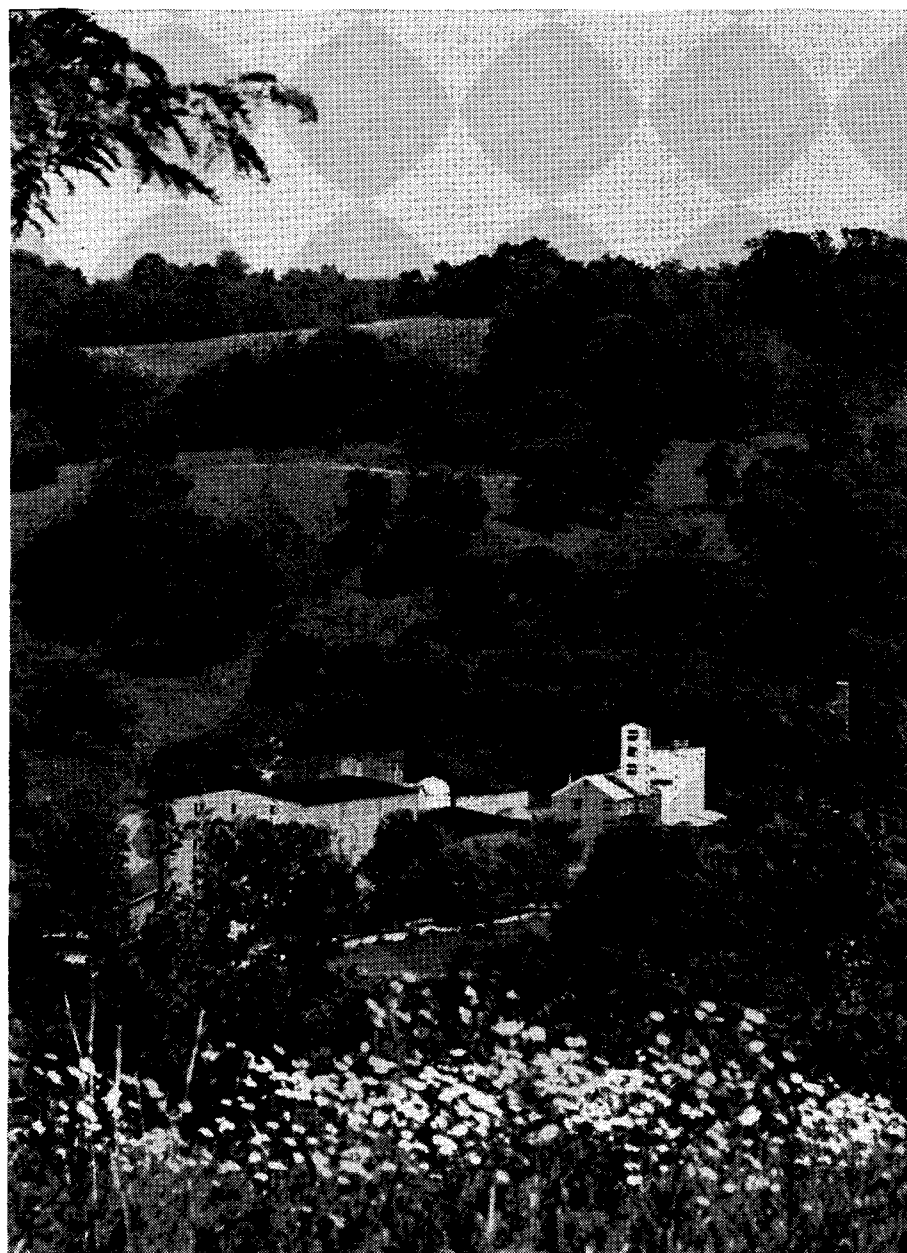
rough-textured walls. Each room had a fireplace. Leased for ten years, this home cost the couple \$35 a month plus \$1000 spent on modernization.

Lunch was served at an enormous refectory table set with local weavings and buff-colored Tlaquepaque tableware. Starting out with oyster cocktail, the meal passed on to delicious *caldo de pollo* (broth) followed by red snapper Veracruz style, charcoal-broiled *filete* with *guacamole* (salad), and a dessert of mangoes and cheese — all capped with strong unblended Mexican coffee and the truly superb Kahlua liqueur. Over afterdinner Dorado cigars, the host disclosed that the lunch had cost slightly over one dollar per head. On the same retirement income in Arizona, the couple had had to live quite modestly in a small house.

The easiest, best, and cheapest way of retiring to Mexico is simply to sell one's furniture, enter Mexico on a three-dollar 180-day tourist card, buy appropriate furniture of Mexican design and fabrics, and rent an *unfurnished* house or apartment. Typical rent for a spacious, modern two-bedroom home is \$35 to \$50 monthly in smaller places and \$45 to \$60 in larger cities, excluding Mexico City and very fashionable resorts. (Older homes cost less.) To furnish such a house in high-quality, contemporary Mexican styles would, with gas range and refrigerator, probably cost less than \$1500.

As a tourist-card holder, one must return to the border twice annually for a renewal. The trip takes three or four days by car, bus, or train and more than pays for itself when one uses the opportunity to purchase the few items, such as ready-made underwear, which are comparatively more expensive in Mexico. Upon entering as a tourist, one may import duty-free a car, trailer, boat, portable typewriter, and an astonishing variety of portable personal possessions. One is not required to show proof of financial capability or to possess any minimum fixed income. By the same token, a tourist may not seek employment or purchase real estate in his own name. To own property legally involves a cumbersome, expensive procedure which few Americans consider worth the trouble.

The reader contemplating Mexican retirement would do well first to spend a vacation touring the dozen



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or so most popular retirement locales. With two or three exceptions, all lie on the southern plateau of Mexico, a high tableland in which the climate is a compromise between the eternal summer of the tropics and the eternal winter of high mountains—in short, eternal springtime. Here, soon after the conquest, the Spaniards built their colonial cities in the most ideal locations. Perhaps nowhere else on earth is there such a concentration of fascinating towns in a climate so admirably suited for retirement.

For example, this writer's desk is located on a latitude of 20 degrees north, which is slightly south of Honolulu and well south of such notoriously hot cities as Hong Kong, Calcutta, and Cairo. Yet a temperature of 70 degrees in midafternoon in July is not unusual here. The elevation of five thousand feet is responsible. In January, the thermometer will read a balmy 61 degrees. From October until June, the skies are clear and sunny, and the relative humidity, a low 60 percent. From mid-June until September, short, sharp evening thundershowers keep temperatures at invigorating levels.

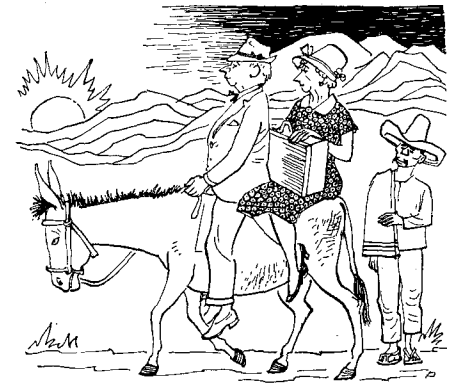
This uniformly ideal climate is found only in the south central plateau of Mexico in a rough triangle formed by the cities of Tepic, Pachuca, and Oaxaca and measuring approximately six hundred miles along the base. This relative compactness allows the area to be toured by car or by comfortable first-class buses in about twenty-one days.

As in the United States, each town has its own personality. Places like San Miguel de Allende and Taxco attract the industrious hobbyist; others, like do-nothing Ajijic, are better suited for rest and relaxation.

Armed with a good travel guide, the motorist will find driving most enjoyable. Highways are generally good; traffic, light. There are plenty of hotels, motels, and restaurants in all price brackets, gas stations, and repair shops in every city; and the scenery is magnificent. The bus traveler may duplicate a motorist's itinerary with the aid of the *Guía de Transportes Aereos y Autotransportes de Mexico*, a complete bus timetable on hand in most Mexican hotels and travel agencies.

En route from the border to pick up the circular retirement tour outlined below, the motorist should, if traveling Mexico's Highway 57,

pause to look over such potential retirement towns as Saltillo and San Luis Potosí, both within easy reach of the border. If following Highway 45, he should visit the health resort of Durango and the neat spa town of Aguascalientes; or if on Highway 15, the refurbished colonial town of Alamos and spick-and-span Tepic. Starting from Guadalajara and proceeding by main roads in a clockwise



circle, he would then encounter the following popular retirement towns, in the order given.

Guadalajara: Mexico's second largest city, a thriving, dignified metropolis with every modern convenience, a large expatriate colony, and quite reasonable prices. Guanajuato: a spotless and delightful colonial town tucked away in a deep Sierra gorge; it has a small retirement colony and is not very expensive. Querétaro: a pleasant colonial state capital almost unknown to retiring Americans, and with resultant low costs. San Miguel de Allende: so purely colonial it has been declared a national monument; the home of a large American-run school of fine arts and a correspondingly large Yankee colony; costs are nonetheless moderate. Tequisquiapan: a small, neat, clean health spa with a small colony and low costs. Mexico City: in most people's opinions, too high, cool, and expensive for retirement, but it has splendid cultural entertainment within easy reach of nearby retirement towns. Oaxaca: reached by a 345-mile side trip from Mexico City; a green-hued colonial town in southern Mexico with low costs and a well-established retirement colony.

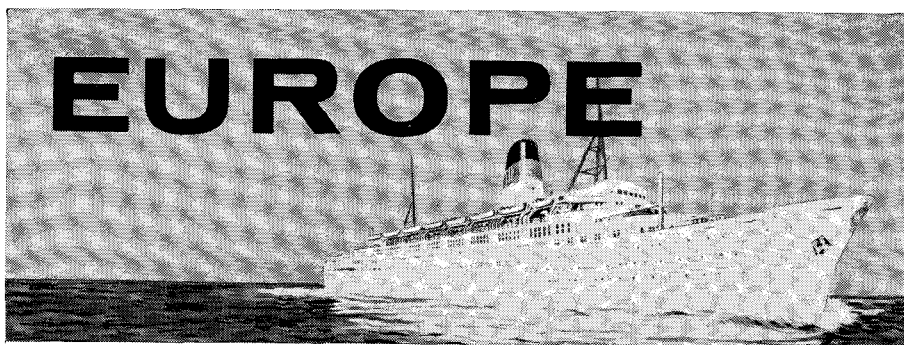
Cuernavaca: a busy, fashionable international resort within an hour of Mexico City; it has a large foreign colony, and correspondingly high prices; within a few miles are the atmospheric Aztec village of Te-

poztlán and the spa of Cuautla, both with lower costs. Taxco: a picturesque hillside silver-crafts village, rather touristy, but with an ideal climate, an art colony and school, and medium prices. Valle de Bravo: west of Toluca; a cool, tranquil, high lakeside resort that resembles Scotland and is home to a small colony of English, Americans, and Swiss. Morelia: an old refined Castilian city well known for its music and cultural activities; it has a small American-Canadian colony and reasonable costs.

Uruapan: a semitropical garden town with a small American colony and extremely reasonable prices. Jocotepec: a quaint Indian village on Lake Chapala with an American colony and fairly reasonable prices. Ajijic: a slightly raffish and bohemian Lake Chapala retirement village with an American colony of over three hundred and medium prices. Chapala: a bright, musical Lake Chapala resort with green plaza benches like those Saint Petersburg used to have, an extensive retirement colony, and medium costs. Guadalajara lies an easy forty-minute drive north of Chapala.

Although the same pattern of climate exists throughout the Mexican plateau, one may literally choose one's temperature by selecting a lower or higher altitude. For example, the average temperature at San Miguel de Allende (elevation 6157 feet) is 63 degrees; that at Cuautla (4271 feet) is 72 degrees. At 5000 feet, elevation of the average plateau city, the climate is mild all year, and the altitude considered safe for all but those with the most serious type of heart disorder, degenerative disease, or extreme nervousness. Sufferers from these ailments should, therefore, consult their physicians before deciding to live on the Mexican plateau.

For those to whom sea-level living is essential, the ideal area lies around Ensenada, which is just south of San Diego, California, and shares that city's delightful Mediterranean climate. Here, proximity to the border raises costs. But if a tropical climate is no obstruction, there are attractive coastal towns such as colonial Veracruz and Manzanillo and the charming fishing village of Puerto Vallarta — all having a climate similar to south Florida — where one may live quite regally on comparatively little.



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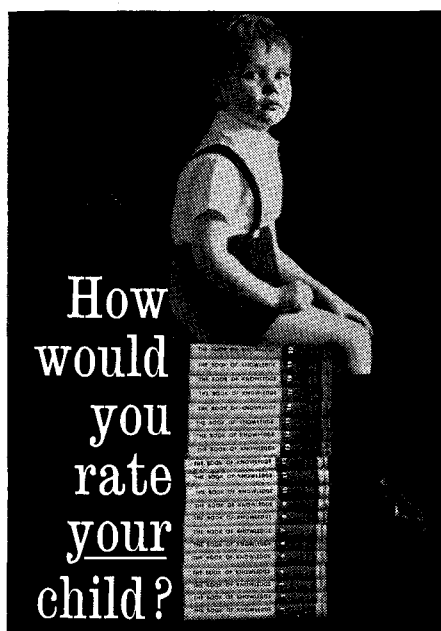


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Record Reviews

BY HERBERT KUPFERBERG

Mahler: Symphony No. 3 in D Minor

Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic with Martha Lipton, mezzo-soprano; the Women's Chorus of the Schola Cantorum; and the Boys' Choir of the Church of the Transfiguration; Columbia M2S-685 (stereo) and M2L-275: two records

Mahler's Third opens with eight unaccompanied horns playing in unison, and proceeds expansively and discursively through six movements—one with a mezzo-soprano soloist; one with a chorus and a mezzo—culminating in a funereally paced Finale. Some of it is banal and bombastic, but the music seems to gain in eloquence and cohesiveness as it goes along; the mezzo solo has some of the rhapsodic quality of Mahler's best songs, and there is an ingenuous appeal about the "Bimm bamm, bimm bamm" with which the boys' chorus imitates the sound of church bells in the fifth movement. The final Adagio, for all its glacial motion, provides an expressive, exalted conclusion. Bernstein lavishes on the music the freshness and tender, loving care of a Mahler enthusiast who is willing to accept the dross for the riches that go with it. The Philharmonic is in top form; the vocal and instrumental solos are skillfully handled; and the sound is sumptuous.

Mozart: String Quintet in G Minor, K. 516; String Quintet in D Major, K. 593

Amadeus String Quartet (Norbert Brainin and Siegmund Nissel, violins; Peter Schidlöf, viola; Martin Lovett, cello) with Cecil Aronowitz, viola; Deutsche Grammophon 138057 (stereo)

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Its members represent a confluence of London and Vienna, which perhaps shapes its distinctive blending of robustness and style. It is difficult to imagine a more immediately arresting or increasingly satisfying account of the G Minor Quintet, one of Mozart's most eloquent, probing, and personal masterpieces. To match it one must turn back to the old Budapest version with Milton Katims, which the Budapests themselves were unable to match on a later try. The D Major Quintet, more open and friendly, is a graceful and hearty running mate.

Poulenc: Suite Française; Les Animaux Modèles; Villageois; and other pieces
Grant Johannesen, pianist; Golden Crest 4042

Johannesen is a generally underrated pianist, and in this record of Francis Poulenc's piano music he plays as though he were determined not to remain one. Poulenc's pieces are bright and perky, full of amusing allusions and impish touches—hardly the sort of thing to test a performer's profundity. But Johannesen plays them with such immense brio and scintillating skill as to make them, and him, a delight to hear. Bigger and even better things would seem to be in order.

Wagner: Tannhäuser

Franz Konwitschny conducting orchestra and chorus of German State Opera, Berlin, with Elisabeth Grümmer and Marianne Schech, sopranos; Hans Hopf, tenor; Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; and Gottlob Frick, bass; Angel 3620 D/L and S-3620 D/L (stereo): four records Considering that Tannhäuser is among the most "operatic" of all Wagner's operas, with even a legitimate aria or two to lighten the leitmotifs, its recording history has been virtually nil. Angel has now given it one with a Berlin production that is musically solid without being opaque. Konwitschny's direction is its strongest element, maintaining the lyricism afloat on the surging dramatic tides. Of the singers, Fischer-Dieskau is a Wolfram of credible character and sumptuous sound; Hopf, a Tannhäuser who is perhaps more *Helden* than tenor; Grümmer and Schech, well schooled, if not outstandingly skilled, in the roles of Elisabeth and Venus. It is the deep-piled orchestral and choral fabric that provides most of the richness and color; the final scene of

Tannhäuser's redemption, with its massive outpouring of sound and emotion, is admirably clear and convincing.

Anyone Can Play the Harmonica

Alan Schackner, harmonica player and instructor; Epic LN-3730

Having accepted the challenge implicit in the title, this pupil suggests an emendation to *Practically Anyone Can Play the Harmonica* or *Anyone Can Practically Play the Harmonica*. Still, so exact and insistent are Mr. Schackner's instructions, spoken and written, that it took only an hour or so to play "Taps" reasonably recognizably. It isn't the teacher's fault that the student decided then and there to rest on his laurels. Not the least attractive element of this record is the businesslike Hohner Marine Band harmonica that comes packaged with it.

La Chanson de Roland

Lucie de Vienne directing the Proscenium Studio, Montreal, with Henri Barras, André Montmorency, Benoit Marleau, Ulrich Guttinger, and others; Folkways 9857: two records

This is a dramatic narration by a group of young Canadian actors of *La Chanson de Roland*, the twelfth-century poem which is France's national epic. Lucie de Vienne, the director, also serves as the narrator, reciting the purely descriptive passages in an expressive voice, while her associates deliver the words spoken by the main personages in this most celebrated *chanson de geste*: Charlemagne, Roland, the King of the Saracens, and Ganelon the traitor. The language that is used is Old French in Madame de Vienne's best approximation of the pronunciation of the time (Canadians, she says, are better at the twelfth-century rolled *r* than modern Frenchmen). The accompanying booklet prints the text in three parallel columns, of Old French, modern French, and English (the Dorothy Sayers translation). At times, the steady cadences become a bit numbing, even though the text has been trimmed. Nevertheless, the stately grandeur and controlled emotion make their effect. The sound effects of battle scenes seem unnecessary, but the musical flourishes brighten the text much as illuminations on an old manuscript, and the sound of the dying Roland's horn provides a supremely dramatic moment.

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BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC



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The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

LONDON, which has just survived the coldest spring since 1892, is wearing a new look, some, though not all, of it appealing to those who remember the old. I had my first glimpse the afternoon of my arrival as the bus from the airport swung us through Chelsea. Toward us, mincing, came a young thing practiced in the arts, whose black hair was piled as high as a busby. She was wearing a reefer coat with a black velvet collar, black skintight slacks, razor-pointed flats, and she was waving languidly a cigarette in a long black holder.

She put me on the alert, and I have been making note of other strange types ever since. I think you see the best assortment in the small pubs and restaurants of Chelsea, but I ceased, for the time being, to speculate about Les Girls when our bus got jammed in a bumper-to-bumper ice floe that looked as if it would never melt. The cars on the London streets have noticeably increased in the past year, and they are larger cars — the Mercedes-Benz is larger, the Rolls-Royces are larger and more numerous — whereas the streets are precisely the same size, all of which adds up to more congestion. The main arteries like Piccadilly and St. James's are now one-way, and this means faster movement except at peak hours. It also means greater danger to the pedestrian, especially if he is American and accustomed to looking to the wrong side when he starts to cross the street. To save our skins, the County Council has inscribed in large black letters at the pedestrian crossings, "Look Right" or "Look Left." Be sure you do.

In the late winter, when the buses went out on strike, commuting was done by train, car pool, taxi, and every form of wheeled vehicle, and the traffic tie-ups were the worst in London's memory. A friend of mine left his office in the City at 8:00 in the evening, bound for his home in Surrey, twelve miles distant. At 10:45, he and the man who was driving had crawled ten of the twelve miles.

At this point the driver turned off, and my boy did the last two miles on foot, reaching home and hearth at 11:20.

Town and county seem acutely aware of the increasing congestion, and tunnels, such as the one which has been completed at Hammersmith, and a greater one, which will be at least another year in building at Hyde Park Corner, are a partial answer. Bypasses are the only way of preserving the more famous of the old market towns such as Cambridge, Exeter, and Andover, with their narrow streets, where the old shops and cottage fronts seem to close in on each other and where the ancient bridges are too lovely to destroy. As for the thoroughways, by 1970 there will be a network of them as capacious as "M. 1" reaching all the way from London to Wales. Two hundred thousand trees and shrubs, including 40,000 oaks, 40,000 beeches, and 32,000 ashes, are being planted this year to make the motorways blend into the landscape. They are four-lane, almost as wide as the Maine or New Jersey turnpike; the only difference, as far as I could see, is that the British set no speed limit. The Jaguars and Bentleys go just as fast as the drivers dare, and the smaller breeds keep to the left. I am told that the only time M. 1 has ever been crowded was on opening day, when everyman and his wife went out in his car to test the new speedway, and children standing on the overpasses dropped ice cream cones into the open convertibles.

With all this building going on, there are bound to be roadblocks where the traffic slims down to one lane and where each driver must wait for his turn to thread the needle. The English road manners are still the best in the world, so much more quiet and orderly than the chaos in Paris or the hullabaloo in Rome with the Fiats and motor scooters. In England the lorry driver still extends his arm and beckons you forward when there is an open stretch, and if you hear a horn or hooter

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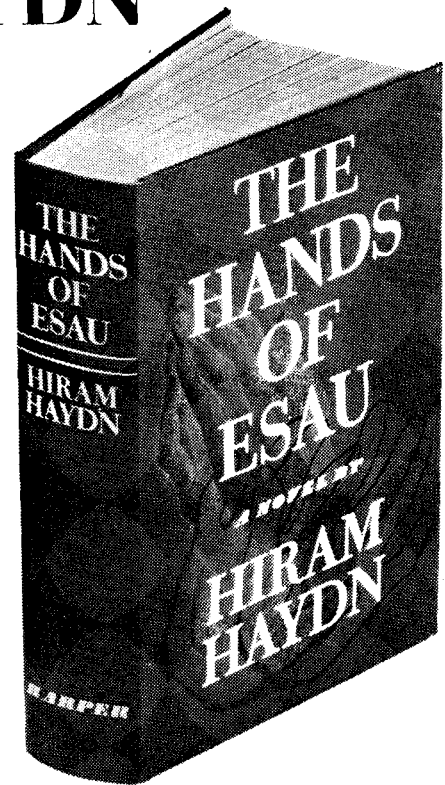
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mastery, the reader actually lives through Walton Herrick's agonies and triumphs, his loves and fears — to a shattering, purifying climax.

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blowing in anger, it is either a member of Parliament in a hurry or an American who thinks he is back home.

In view of all this traffic, it seems to me the more remarkable that people can produce a four-day demonstration as impressive as the Aldermaston March over a weekend as busy as Easter Bank Holiday — more than 20,000 persons marching in protest to demonstrate their abhorrence of the bomb and their demand for a ban. Half of them were under twenty, striding along with prams, babies, knapsacks, from Aldermaston through Reading and on to the final speechmaking in Hyde Park on Easter Monday. Elder adherents joined them along the way. The police good-naturedly shepherded them through the holiday traffic, and huge crowds which lined the London streets looked on in sympathy.

THE LONDON SKYLINE

The skyline is changing, and for the worse. I remember the ambitious plans which were projected in the lobby of the London County Council in 1943; the more feasible they then seemed because the Blitz had destroyed so much. But very little of what was erected followed that dream. I remember how St. Paul's was uncovered by the bombing and how for a time one saw it as Wren intended, from an open level approach. But before the war, this was the most expensive real estate in the British Isles, and as business and values returned it was natural for the great cathedral to be enclosed once more, with due conservatism.

What is unnatural is the appearance in London of the New York skyscraper. Despite the zoning laws, exceptions are being made, and in almost every case there are defacements. They were begun on the south bank of the Thames with the excuse that the shore was so unsightly that any new building would be an improvement; this let in the Shell-Mex skyscraper, which now sits like a huge waffle iron above the once-lovely view down St. James's Street to the Palace. This was followed on the north bank by the thirty-four-story Vickers building, which overshadows the Abbey and Houses of Parliament and, of course, cuts off the river view for many who used to enjoy it. Why should a multistoried Hilton be given a special permit in Park Lane, except for the prestige and profit of Mr. Hilton? And why should the next skyscraper be allowed to climb up over Buckingham Palace, except to give a stenographer's-eye view of the doings of the royal family down below? Is London really so crowded for office space that the English must commit all the blunders we have made, including the emulation of the boring monotony of Park Avenue?

Not to close on a sour note, let me pay an old debt of gratitude to an English institution that never changes — the London taxi, which one can enter without bruising a kneecap, denting a hat, or ripping a pocket. The London taxi is the most comfortable, inexpensive, and civil ride in the world.

THE BOY FROM FLINTSHIRE

EMLYN WILLIAMS, as the name suggests, is of Welsh origin. We know him for his plays and, more recently, for his admirable recitations and impersonations of Dickens and Dylan Thomas. How he emerged from the rural poverty of his native Flintshire and from the formidable density of the Welsh tongue to his self-possession in English and to his imaginative grasp of acting and playwriting is the gist of his early autobiography, *GEORGE* (Random House, \$5.95).

The cross which young Emlyn, the eldest of three brothers, had to bear was his father. Richard Williams the elder — "Dic" to the countryside — had run off to sea as a boy and there acquired a fathomless taste for the bottle and the fellowship that goes with it. When he came ashore to marry his Mary and set up in the grocery business, he needed his lubrication, and it seemed that he would have the best of both worlds when he made his bid for the White Lion Inn, which dominated the village of Glenrafon, a row of fourteen stone cottages. As the owner of a pub he was in his native element, but the trouble was that he drank with the best of them and did not always collect. Mary, tight-lipped, fended for the boys and for nine years fought a losing battle which left its scars on them all. But during World War I, when Dic should have been down and out, he recovered, and as a steelworker made a new home for them. Sober again, he had the gratification of seeing his eldest shoot ahead.

The delight in this book is the emergence of young George — he was christened George Emlyn — from a shy, inhibited Welsh youngster to the prizewinning scholar of Christ Church. For this successful evolution he has three women to thank: Annie, who came to the pub as a housemaid when she was thirteen and whose warmth and world of imagination he shared until she was driven away by his father; Sarah G. Cooke, whose prize pupil he was and whose vibrant, probing teaching made him fit for Oxford; and Mary, his brave, silent mother, who put the steel in him. His boyhood and adolescence are the best of it. At Oxford he overacted, had his infatuations with the stage and elsewhere, and missed the First he should have had. Some of the gaiety comes through, but the artist in him was formed before that.

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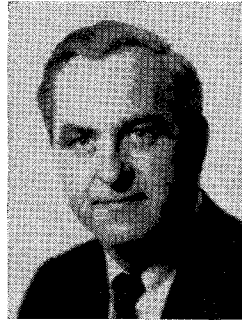
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Reader's Choice

BY WILLIAM BARRETT



In a literary, no less than in a musical, performance there is always a special delight provided by sheer virtuosity. A dazzling virtuoso of letters, perhaps the most dexterous now writing, VLADIMIR NABOKOV can always be counted on to do the unexpected thing. In *Lolita* he loosed a storm of scandal across the nation; *PALE FIRE* (Putnam, \$5.00) will hardly seem scandalous by comparison, but as a literary tour de force it surpasses anything else Mr. Nabokov has done. The story is told in the form of a poem and a commentary on the poem and deals with the escapades of a deposed Balkan King in a New England college town. Impossible, you say. Well, the impossible seems to be what Mr. Nabokov thrives on, and he not only brings off his complex project successfully, but does so with such brio and ease that we are reminded of the magician waving his hand deprecatingly at the conclusion of an amazing feat of conjuring, as if to say: It was nothing, really.

The poem itself is an altogether remarkable performance. A thousand lines long, divided into four cantos, it purports to be the composition of John Shade, a white-thatched and venerable poet in residence at a New England university. Though rambling and unpolished in spots — which is appropriate to the story, since John Shade is killed before he can complete the work — the poem is nevertheless so deft and contains so many moving passages that it establishes Mr. Nabokov beyond doubt as a respectable poet in English (for him, an acquired tongue!). As a novelistic device the poem is justified as the most immediate path into the mind and heart of John Shade. A deeper justification is provided by Shade's own remark that our lives are like a commentary to some great unfinished poem. All the small dissonances of life seem to strain after some great encompassing harmony that we never quite attain.

The commentator — hence, the first person singular of the novel — is revealed in the beginning as Charles Kinbote, a queer *émigré* teaching at Shade's university. The commentary loses no time in plunging us into the extracurricular bickerings and intrigues of the academic world

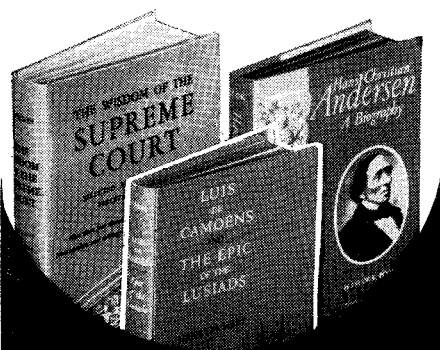
of New Wye, Appalachia. One target of Mr. Nabokov's satire is the literary scholarship now being practiced in our universities. But while line-by-line annotation has become in its real-life practitioners a dull revenge against poetry itself, Mr. Nabokov transforms this creeping scholarship into hilarious farce. Fortunately for us, Kinbote is an incurable gossip who cannot stick to his text.

Satire and burlesque are suddenly blended with the suspense of an ingenious mystery story. Gradually, it becomes clear that Kinbote is not what he seems. He is, in fact, the deposed King of Zembla, identified only as "a distant northern land," which would suggest the Russian province of Novaya Zemlya, but which in Mr. Nabokov's treatment has all the characteristics of a Balkan kingdom out of musical comedy. The tunes of musical comedy give way to the grim clashing chords of an organized spy system. A secret agent, Gradus, is dispatched from Zembla to kill the King, and his progress across continents is followed step by step in Kinbote's commentary until he arrives in New Wye. By mistake, Gradus kills John Shade. Modern dictatorships spare the buffoon (Kinbote) but kill the poet (Shade).

Shade and Kinbote are thoroughly antithetical men. Kinbote is an extravagant and baroque caricature of White Russian royalty; Shade, a sensitive, thoughtful, fine-grained New Englander. Yet it is just this bold counterpoint between the two opposing personalities that makes the central interest of *Pale Fire*. Mr. Nabokov's penchant for irony has often placed him in too great detachment from his characters; from his previous writings I could never have guessed that he could create so sympathetic and subtle an American as John Shade. Perhaps the poem in this book announces the emergence of a more profound, less ironic Nabokov. Among his other extraordinary talents, Mr. Nabokov is a learned scientist of butterflies; he has chosen here to cover the poet in himself with an intricate literary cocoon. It might be a beautiful sight if the butterfly were to take wing on its own.

ROSE WITH THORNS

In her last novel, *A Severed Head*, IRIS MURDOCH gave such a taut and incisive portrayal of an urban intellectual whose head was divorced from the rest of his being that the only critical reservation seemed to be the question of why the author had expended so much brilliance on so brittle a character. As if in response to this criticism, in *AN UNOFFICIAL ROSE* (Viking, \$4.95) Miss Murdoch has shifted from city to country and attempts to give her characters a more earthy and human substance. The human resonances are indeed



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deeper; there are more feeling and more breadth here than in anything Miss Murdoch has yet done. But the effect of the book as a whole is disappointing; its intentions are too diffuse and ambiguous to jell into any compact unity.

With this novel Miss Murdoch appears to be invading the territory of Ivy Compton-Burnett. There is the same large country house; the three generations of grandparents, parents, and grandchildren centering about this house; and the too close and intricate relationships of these generations as they seek to manipulate each other's lives.

For a few moments, at the very beginning, the whole family stands together beside the grave of grandfather Hugh Peronett's dead wife under a merciful rain that makes it impossible to tell who is really weeping. It is one of the most economical and moving scenes of the book. But this moment of family unity quickly fades, and things fall apart. Hugh's son, Randall, finds that his country roses have thorns, and, tired of growing them, he abandons his wife and runs off to the Continent with a beautiful young woman. Hugh himself goes ridiculously in chase of a former flame, Emma Sands, a rather fierce old lady who as an outsider fancies herself in the role of a fate spinning out the threads of family destiny. Her counterpart in the youngest generation is grandchild Miranda, an emotionally disturbed but guileful teenage witch who prevents her mother from finding happiness with the one man who has loved her honorably and steadfastly for years.

Perhaps Miss Murdoch has too many stories to tell here. Despite many fine chapters, both comic and touching, the net effect is of something not quite resolved in the author's own mind. Hugh Peronett is too blurred and vacuous to be the central figure uniting all these strands of family destiny that emanate from him.

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seems to want to preserve from his long and prolific career, and they bring out in very sharp relief all of his literary qualities, positive as well as negative.

The very conciseness of the short-story form, indeed, can give a greater intensity — like a harsh black-and-white drawing — to the macabre side of Mr. Greene's imagination. "In a Basement Room," a boy's glimpse into the marital tragedy of his beloved butler's life, is far more bleak and grim in its mood than the fine motion picture that was made from it some years ago by the distinguished English director Carol Reed. But the story, in its compression, has also more bite and power than the picture.

When the comic mood is upon him, Mr. Greene can be very funny, but the humor is never relaxing. "A Chance for Mr. Lever" tells the absurd tale of a middle-aged salesman chasing through the heart of Africa, swatting at flies and swearing at native bearers, in order to get a mining engineer's signature on a contract. He finds the engineer at last, dead of fever, and forges the signature. Does justice triumph? Of course — the once down-at-the-heels but righteous salesman, now prosperous but damned, leads the pleasant life of a *bon vivant* through all the capitals of Europe.

These stories are not evocations of mood, moment, or character, in the manner of Chekhov; they always revolve about some definite and very well plotted narrative idea. When they deal with children (as three of them do), the world of the child is never evoked; Mr. Greene is seeing the child's world through his own eyes and not through the eyes of the child. This, I think, is the clue to the final limitations of this extraordinary writer; Graham Greene never gets outside of Graham Greene, despite the range and intensity of situations and plots that his imagination can contrive. In "A Drive in the Country" an unemployed ne'er-do-well, hopeless for the future, proposes a suicide pact to his girl; she refuses, and while running away hears the fatal suicide shot behind her; calmly hitching a ride back to town, she steals unobserved into her father's house — the affair over. The story is absorbing; but halfway through we begin to feel uneasily that we are sitting in the dark watching upon the screen a melodrama in

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which the characters have their backs to us and never once turn around to show their faces as real people.

CARIBBEAN CAPER

Some few souls, overly sensitive to the loss of United States prestige in Latin America, may be further alarmed by PAUL HYDE BONNER'S *AMBASSADOR EXTRAORDINARY* (Scribner's, \$4.50). Most of us, however, will welcome this occasion for therapy by laughter and find relief in the thought that, however gauche and blundering we have been south of the border, we still have the wit and the wisdom to see our errors and laugh at them intelligently.

The setting for this diplomatic comedy is the island of Antilla, which resembles Cuba and the Dominican Republic, though no literal correspondence is intended by the author. The American ambassador, Sherman Biggs, a rich-born and lustful oaf, has no discernible qualifications for his office beyond his generous contributions to the party in power. Despite his official position, Sherm cannot check his roving eye, and when it lights upon Juanita, the beautiful wife of General de Cespedes, he goes as limp as a diplomatic pouch. Juanita is playing a double, eventually a triple, game; she is supposed to exploit her favor in the eyes of Ambassador Biggs to obtain information for the dictator Olmedo, while she is also working with the rebels in the hills for Olmedo's overthrow. Neither game succeeds, and Juanita winds up as an exile in Miami, her integrity miraculously restored since she has broken with the rebels after they have shown their real Communist sympathies. With a wink at the reader, the author allows poetic justice to make some surprising and tidy marital readjustments that no reviewer should divulge in advance.

Mr. Bonner's humor is broader and his plot more symmetrically manipulated than heretofore. But his touch is as sure, adult, and relaxed as ever; and his Caribbean tale goes down as smoothly and refreshingly as a well-made cuba libre.

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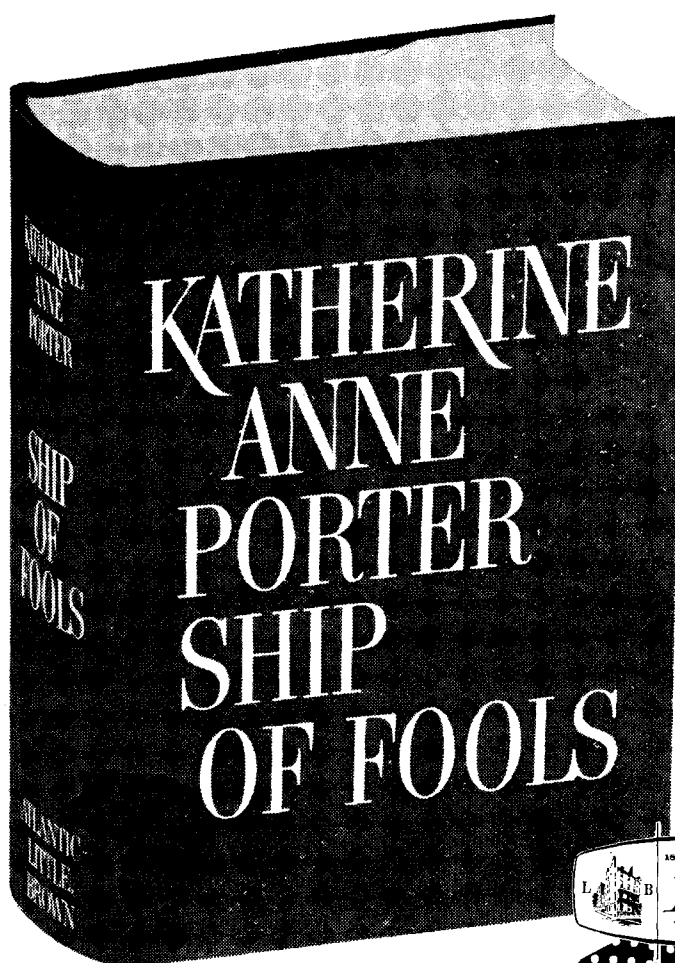
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the Siberian prison camps. What happened when they came back? What did they have to say to those who had survived the purges and remained at home? Some answer to these questions is suggested by VICTOR NEKRASOV'S *KIRA GEORGIEVNA* (Pantheon, \$3.50), which seems to me only moderately successful as a novel, but which is very well worth reading as a glimpse, however brief and veiled, of life on the other side of the Iron Curtain.

Kira Georgievna, a forty-two-year-old sculptress, is a self-centered and facile woman married to a man twenty years her senior. Without any qualms of conscience she takes her young male model as a lover. But she had not always been like this; once she, too, had been young and idealistic, blissfully if briefly married to a young poet, Vadim, whom Stalin snatched from her arms and exiled to Siberia. Now, twenty years later, Vadim returns and appears to threaten the neat little design for living that sculptress Kira has carved out for herself. But the past is dead; the exile cannot communicate with those who remained behind during the years of the purges. Vadim goes his way with the common-law wife and child he has acquired during his exile.

Everything in this novel is muted, understated — indeed, hardly stated at all. If there was intense heart-break in the return of the political exiles, we would never gather it from Mr. Nekrasov's novel. Far from being a scathing attack upon the Stalinist era, as it has been touted, this is merely a touching little story told strictly within the family. No note of revolt or dissent comes through, but only a depressing sense of passivity and fatalism. The Stalin years were a nightmare, but these Russians seem to shrug them off as if they were inevitable as the Russian winter.

NEW WAVE IN THE THEATER

Though some of the most boldly imaginative writing of our time is now being done for the theater, many of the new plays, because they are produced mostly by smaller theatrical groups, have not reached as wide an audience as they deserve. HAROLD CLURMAN, director, drama critic, and general man about the theater, has therefore performed a useful editing job by collecting SEVEN PLAYS OF THE MODERN THEATER

(Grove, \$8.50), for which he has also provided a brief but very illuminating introduction.

The seven playwrights collected are Samuel Beckett, Jean Genêt, Eugène Ionesco — the founding fathers of the new drama, all writing in Paris; two young English dramatists, Harold Pinter and Shelagh Delaney; an Irishman, Brendan Behan; and one American, Jack Gelber, whose *The Connection* has won several international prizes and, now in its fourth year, is enjoying one of the longest runs in the history of off-Broadway theater in New York.

Reading a play always requires the additional effort of making one's imagination do what the actors are supposed to do for one in the theater. If this effort is made, most of these plays will be found to stand up remarkably well in reading. Sometimes the reader may even have an advantage over the spectator of an actual production. In the case of Samuel Beckett's controversial *Waiting for Godot*, for example, I have always extracted more nuance and meaning from reading the text than from seeing it produced. The stark rhythms of Mr. Beckett's prose tend to get wrenched or lost in theatrical declamation. And to read Jean Genêt's *The Balcony* is to find one's imagination liberated for an encounter with a dramatist who for sheer theatrical inventiveness probably has no peer today.

No easy formula can sum up this new wave in the theater. Mr. Clurman once offered the label "theatre of negation," but now withdraws it, reminding us, with Albert Camus, that no work of literature can be purely negative, since the writer who takes pen in hand to address other human beings is already performing an act of affirmation. If these plays do sometimes seem to lead us to the edge of the abyss, they nevertheless summon us to face essential questions. And these questions, be it noted, were not concocted by the dramatists in an idle moment, but were thrust upon their doorstep by the ambivalent progress of our civilization.

For those who want to go further in exploring these new experiments in drama, I particularly recommend *THE THEATRE OF THE ABSURD* (Doubleday Anchor, \$1.45) by MARTIN ESSLIN. Here is a study that is thorough, sensitive, and highly intelligent, and that seeks to place the

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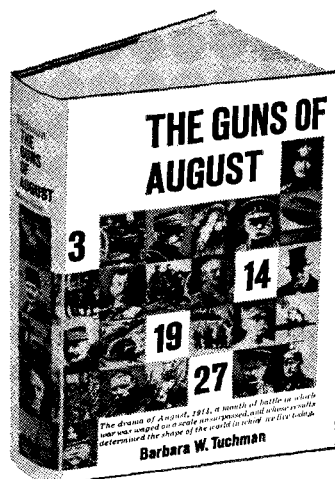
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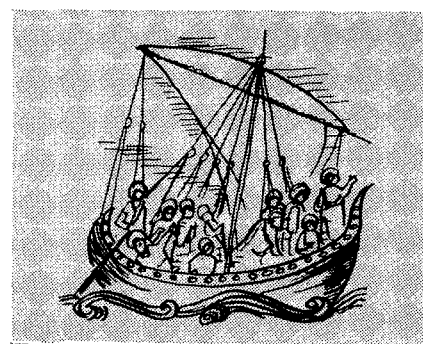
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newer style within a tradition extending from Shakespearean comedy through the nonsense verse of Lewis Carroll and Edward Lear.

Mr. Esslin's title is meant to convey that a good many dramatists today, unconvinced by any religious or philosophical explanation of man and the universe, find themselves confronting a reality that does not make sense; and in their dispassionate glance, the minute particulars of life seem a disjointed and illogical affair. Hence their favored genre is tragicomedy, and their comedy often turns into clowning, for the clown is a pathetic image of man's futile attempt to make sense of the world around him. In these plays logic often dissolves into non sequiturs and language cunningly assists in its own disintegration. Yet, despite this confusion on the surface, Mr. Esslin believes that these plays do have their own peculiar dramatic tension and unity, and that they make a very significant statement about contemporary life.

Though he is on the whole sound and convincing, Mr. Esslin does not seem to have found a satisfying formula for the forces at work in this new theater. Of the three principal playwrights he examines — Beckett, Genêt, Ionesco — his formula seems to fit only the last. M. Genêt has written in *The Maids* a psychological drama that is as classic and logical in its development as Racine. And though his characters do indulge in verbal absurdities, Samuel Beckett works out his themes — particularly in the plays after *Godot* — with the grim and remorseless logic of a geometrical proof. Perhaps we must let this movement run its course before we seek any defining formula.

I suspect, moreover, that no single philosophical idea moves these playwrights so much as the sheer excitement of rediscovering certain possibilities latent in the dramatic medium itself. Once freed from the bonds of literal realism, the theater has almost inexhaustible resources for producing direct dramatic images of its meanings. Take as an example one scene from *The American Dream*, a devastating satire on the commercialization of the family, by Edward Albee, one of our younger and more promising playwrights. Mother, Father, and Grandmother sit like lumps and spout clichés. When Grandmother becomes too saucy, Mother and Dad suspect that she has been



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looking at too much television, and go off to smash her set; from offstage come their confused cries that they cannot find the set, and then, that they cannot even find Grandma's room. Meanwhile, Grandma, on-stage, chuckles to the audience: "I've hidden that too." The whole action is burlesque, but it is also a direct dramatic image for the fact that the members of this family remain hidden from each other as human beings. They cannot find separate rooms where each lives.

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Until very recently, medicine had occupied itself almost exclusively with the problems of the body. In the last decade, however, a number of drugs have turned out to be surprisingly efficacious in the treatment of schizophrenia and other mental illnesses. Medical science thus took a bold step toward dealing with the enigma of man's mind. There now looms the possibility that newer drugs will be found that will help the sane but frustrated to live more complete and human lives.

One such promising drug is lysergic acid, which produces a peculiar dissociation of mind in which the subject seems at once awake and dreaming, able to observe directly all the fantasies of his unconscious self.

In *MY SELF AND I* (Coward-McCann, \$4.95), *CONSTANCE A. NEWLAND* gives a very interesting and valuable account of her experiences under this drug. Unlike some recent psychoanalytic confessionals, Mrs. Newland's does not begin on the far side of despair or in the depths of alcoholism and debauchery. On the contrary, she seemed so well adjusted a person that she had difficulty persuading the doctor to take her on as an experimental subject. Thus she writes with a convincing sobriety throughout, even though her experiences were often weird and sensational. Mrs. Newland's book is a fascinating glimpse beyond our present medical horizons. No doubt, there will be many ancient and stubborn prejudices against the use of drugs to cure the soul. But after the history of this century, can there be any doubt that mankind's worst foes are no longer the floods and earthquakes of material nature, but the evils that lurk in the human mind?



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BY PHOEBE ADAMS

THE FAVOURITE (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, \$4.50), the latest book by **FRANÇOISE MALLET-JORIS**, is an unusual historical novel. Set at the court of Louis XIII, it contains not a single duel and not a dollop of poison. It does contain, however, an intrigue of exceptional psychological subtlety—an attempt to remove from court, by legal and even kindly methods, the rather prissy young gentlewoman who has become the friend and confidante of the King. The object of the plotters is to induce Louise de La Fayette to enter a nunnery, not because she is willfully dangerous but because her lack of greed, ambition, and malice makes her monstrous in a society entirely governed by these qualities. The surface of the story is largely boudoir frippery involving dressmakers' bills, recalcitrant coiffures, and picturesque visits to the poor, who have been washed and rehearsed for the occasion. Beneath the glitter lurks a cold, ironic horror. Miss Mallet-Joris does not admire the human race, but she makes a fine story of its misdeeds.

BROM WEBER, associate professor of English at the University of Minnesota, has edited **AN ANTHOLOGY OF AMERICAN HUMOR** (Crowell, \$8.75). Historically, it is as comprehensive a collection as anyone could ask for, beginning with a pawky seventeenth-century clergyman and ending with Bernard Malamud. It is large, well intentioned, and so solemn in its devotion to duty that it includes a number of items, like E. A. Robinson's "Richard Cory," of very dubious comic intent.

In **THE WORLD OF ICE** (Knopf, \$6.95) **JAMES LINDSAY DYSON**, professor of geology and geography at Lafayette College, has assembled and reported, in pleasantly nontechnical language, everything about glaciers and ice sheets, past and present, that a reasonable person can possibly want to know. The book is illustrated with handsome photographs.

VERA PANOVA'S A SUMMER TO REMEMBER (Yoseloff, \$3.95) arrives in the wake of the Russian motion picture based upon it. It's a charming little book, acute and unsentimental, about a small boy, his dealings with

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ATLANTIC-LITTLE, BROWN

friends and relatives, and his delighted acquisition of an ideal stepfather. Little Serioja's view of the world as his own large, interesting, but unfortunately somewhat uncontrollable property is deftly maintained throughout the book, which contrives, without any detectable literary artfulness, to be both very funny and very touching. No translator is mentioned, but the style is British.

CYRANO DE BERGERAC'S VOYAGES TO THE MOON AND THE SUN (Orion, \$6.00) makes a belated appearance in English thanks to Richard Aldington, who has translated these neglected oddities, providing notes and an introductory essay which reveals Cyrano as a man very far from Rostand's romantic Gascon. The voyages themselves are sprinkled with amusing bits of satire, for the moon and the sun were not what Cyrano really had his eye on.

WILLIAM HAZLITT (Harvard University Press, \$10.00) by HERSCHEL BAKER, professor of English at Harvard University, can best be described as a laborsaving device for readers who have no interest in early nineteenth-century English literature but feel obliged to learn something about it. The book is a stout and sturdy biography, demonstrating that Mr. Baker has read every word ever written by or about the brilliant boor, his friends, his enemies, and the eighteenth-century liberal philosophers from whom Hazlitt derived many of his ideas. All this material has been paraphrased and digested by Mr. Baker. My only objection to the result is that the original works of Godwin, Lamb, Keats, and company are readily available and considerably livelier.

TIM DINSDALE, aeronautical engineer and photographer, became interested in the Loch Ness monster in a very casual way, but once started, he pursued the question with such persistence and ingenuity that he ended by writing *LOCH NESS MONSTER* (Chilton, \$4.50). This book, with an introduction by Ivan T. Sanderson, describes Mr. Dinsdale's campaign to corner the monster and photograph it, or possibly them, thereby settling the problem for good. If this sort of thing is carried much further, the world is going to be pitifully devoid of mysterious monsters, and booksellers, magazine publishers, and conversationalists will have to scratch for interesting subject matter.

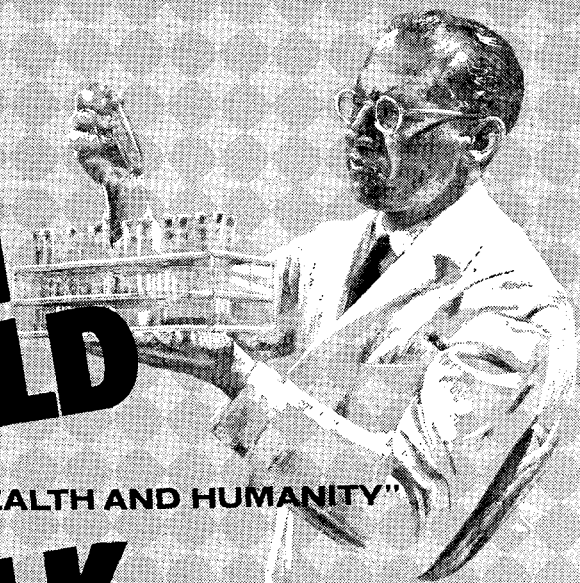
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